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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

XVIII.

THE general effect on Stillwater of Mr. Shackford's death and the peculiar circumstances attending the same have been set forth in the earlier chapters of this narrative. The impression which that event exerted upon the persons then but imperfectly known to the reader is now to occupy us.

On the conclusion of the strike, Richard had returned, in the highest spirits, to his own rooms in Lime Street; the quiet week that followed found him singularly depressed. His nerves had been strung to their utmost tension during those thirteen days of suspense; he had assumed no light responsibility in the matter of closing the yard, and there had been moments when the task of sustaining Mr. Slocum had appeared almost hopeless. Now that the strain was removed a reaction set in, and Richard felt himself unnerved by the fleeting shadow of the trouble which had not caused him to flinch so long as it faced him.

The recollection of his quarrel with his cousin, which the rush of subsequent events had partly crowded out of the young man's mind, began to assail him whenever he was alone. How cruelly he had been misunderstood! He brooded over the mortification he had received

until the thought of it became unbearable; yet what steps could he take to disabuse the cynical old man of the idea that an attempt had been made to extort money from him? Richard was not contented to pass the evening reading a book in his own chamber; when with Margaret, his restlessness drove him out into the streets, where he wandered for hours, frequently not returning to his lodgings until long after every one was abed.

On the morning and at the moment when Mary Hennessey was pushing open the scullery door of the house in Welch's Court, and was about to come upon the body of the forlorn old man lying there in his night-dress, Richard sat eating his breakfast in a silent and preoccupied mood. He had retired very late the previous night, and his lack-lustre eyes showed the effect of insufficient sleep. His single fellow-boarder, Mr. Pinkham, had not returned from his customary early walk, and only Richard and Mrs. Spooner, the landlady, were at table. The former was in the act of lifting the coffee-cup to his lips, when the school-master burst excitedly into the room.

"Old Mr. Shackford is dead!" he exclaimed, dropping into a chair near the door. "There's a report down in the village that he has been murdered.

I don't know if it is true. . . . God forgive my abruptness! I did n't think!" and Mr. Pinkham turned an apologetic look towards Richard, who sat there deathly pale, holding the cup rigidly within an inch or two of his lip, and staring blankly into space like a statue.

"I — I ought to have reflected," murmured the school-master, covered with confusion at his maladroitness. "It was very reprehensible in Craggie to make such an announcement to me so suddenly, on a street corner. I — I was quite upset by it."

Richard pushed back his chair without replying, and passed into the hall, where he encountered a messenger from Mr. Slocum, confirming Mr. Pinkham's intelligence, but supplementing it with the rumor that Lemuel Shackford had committed suicide.

Richard caught up his hat and hurried to Welch's Court. Before reaching the house he had recovered his outward composure, but he was still pale and internally agitated, for he had received a shock, as Lawyer Perkins afterwards observed to Mr. Ward in the rear room of the tavern. Both these gentlemen were present when Richard arrived, as were also several of the immediate neighbors and two constables. The latter were guarding the door against the crowd which had already begun to collect in the front yard.

A knot of carpenters, with their tool-boxes on their shoulders, had halted at the garden gate on their way to Bishop's new stables, and were glancing curiously at the unpainted façade of the house, which seemed to have taken on a remote, bewildered expression, as if it had an inarticulate sense of the horror within. The men ceased their whispered conversation as Richard approached, and respectfully moved aside to let him pass.

Nothing had been changed in the cheerless room on the ground floor, with

its veneered mahogany furniture and its yellowish leprous wall-paper, peeling off at the seams here and there. A cane-seated chair, overturned near the table, had been left untouched, and the body was still lying in the position in which the Hennessey girl had discovered it. A strange chill — something unlike any atmospherical sharpness, a chill that seemed to exhale from the thin, pinched nostrils — permeated the apartment. The orioles were singing madly outside, their vermilion bosoms glowing like live coals against the tender green of the foliage, and appearing to break into flame as they took sudden flights hither and thither; but within all was still. On the chamber Richard was smitten by the silence, — that silence which is the silence of the dead, and is like no other. Shackford had not been kind to him; he had blighted Richard's childhood with harshness and neglect, and had lately heaped cruel insult upon insult; but as he stood there alone, and looked for a moment at the firmly shut door upon which the mysterious white flag of death had already settled, — the words that were never to utter any more came to his mind, — the tears gathered in Richard's eyes and ran slowly down his cheeks. After all said and done, Lemuel Shackford was his kinsman, and blood thicker than water!

Coroner Whidden shortly appeared on the scene, accompanied by a number of persons; a jury was impaneled, and then began that inquest which resulted in shedding so very little light on the catastrophe.

The investigation completed, there were endless details to attend to, — papers to be hurriedly examined and sealed, and arrangements made for the funeral on the succeeding day. These matters occupied Richard until late in the afternoon, when he retired to his lodgings, looking in on Margaret for a few minutes on his way home.

"This is too dreadful!" said Marga-

ret, clinging to his hand with fingers nearly as icy as his own.

"It is unspeakably sad," answered Richard, — "the saddest thing I ever knew."

"Who — who could have been so cruel?"

Richard shook his head.

"No one knows."

The funeral took place on Thursday, and on Friday morning, as has been stated, Mr. Taggett arrived in Stillwater, and installed himself in Welch's Court, to the wonder of many in the village, who would not have slept a night in that house, with only a servant in the north gable, for half the universe.

Taggett was a person who did himself to be swayed by no opinion.

Here, then, he began his case which, on the surface, to be a very simple one. The man had been seen driving rapidly on a turnpike sometime near daybreak Wednesday, was presumably the man who could tell him all about it. He did not prove so. Neither John Blufton, nor William Durgin, nor any of the tramps subsequently obliged to drop into autobiography could be connected with the affair.

These first failures served to convince the late Mr. Taggett; it required a case to stir his ingenuity and sagacity. That the present was not a corner case he was still convinced, after four days' futile labor upon it. Mr. Shackford had been killed — either with malice prepense or on the spur of the moment — for his money. The killing had likely enough not been premeditated; the old man had probably opposed the robbery. Now, among the exceptionally rough population of the town there were possibly fifty men who would not have hesitated to strike down Mr. Shackford if he had caught them *flagrante delicto* and resisted them, or attempted to call for succor. That the crime was

committed by some one in Stillwater or in the neighborhood Mr. Taggett had never doubted since the day of his arrival. The clumsy manner in which the staple had been wrenched from the scullery door showed the absence of a professional hand. Then the fact that the deceased was in the habit of keeping money in his bedchamber was a fact well known in the village, and not likely to be known outside of it, though of course it might have been. It was clearly necessary for Mr. Taggett to carry his investigation into the workshops and among the haunts of the class which was indubitably to furnish him with the individual he wanted. Above all, it was necessary

the investigation should be secret. No fact obtruded itself here: everybody in Stillwater knew everybody, and no one appearing on the streets or entering frequently into the tavern could escape comment.

Mr. Taggett went on with the greatest facility for the requisite researches would of course be found in some workman. But a workman was the very agent not to be employed under the circumstances. How could he be, and by what strange fatal error had a guilty party been selected to follow his own movements or those of his accomplice! No, Mr. Taggett must rely only on himself, and his plan was forthwith matured. Its execution, however, was delayed several days, the cooperation of Mr. Slocum and Mr. Richard Shackford being indispensable.

At this stage Richard went to New York, where his cousin had made extensive investments in real estate. For a careful man, the late Mr. Shackford had allowed his affairs there to become strangely tangled. The business would detain Richard a fortnight.

Three days after his departure Mr. Taggett himself left Stillwater, having apparently given up the case; a proceeding which was severely criticised, not only in the columns of The Stillwater Gazette, but by the townsfolks at large,

who immediately relapsed into a state of apprehension approximating that of the morning when the crime was discovered. Mr. Pinkham, who was taking tea that evening at the Danas', threw the family into a panic by asserting his belief that this was merely the first of a series of artistic assassinations in the manner of those Memorable Murders recorded by De Quincey. Mr. Pinkham may have said this to impress the four Dana girls with the variety of his reading, but the recollection of De Quincey's harrowing paper had the effect of so un-hinging the young school-master that when he found himself, an hour or two afterwards, in the lonely, unlighted street, he flitted home like a belated bird, and was ready to drop at every step.

The next forenoon a man was taken on at Slocum's Yard, who had come on foot from Millville, at which town he had set down by the seven o'clock train that morning, was placed in the police department, — there were six apprentices now. Though he was part of an understood arrangement, Mr. Slocum nearly doubted the truth of his own eyes when Mr. Blake, a smooth-faced young fellow of twenty, if so old, with all the looks of an ordinary workingman down to his neglected finger-nails, stepped up to the desk to have the name of Blake entered on the pay-roll. Either by chance or by design, Mr. Taggett had appeared but seldom on the streets of Stillwater; the few persons who had had anything like familiar intercourse with him in his professional capacity were precisely the persons with whom his present movements were not likely to bring him into juxtaposition, and he ran slight risk of recognition by others. With his hair closely cropped, and the overhanging brown mustache removed, the man was not so much disguised as transformed. "I should n't have known him!" muttered Mr. Slocum, as he watched Mr.

Taggett signing the indentures. During the ensuing ten or twelve days Mr. Slocum never wholly succeeded in extricating himself from the foggy uncertainty generated by that one brief interview. From the moment the new hand was assigned a bench under the sheds, Mr. Slocum saw little or nothing of him.

Mr. Taggett took lodging in a room in one of the most crowded of the low boarding-houses, — a room accommodating two beds besides his own: the first occupied by a brother neophyte in marble-cutting, and the second by a morose middle-aged man with one eyebrow a good deal higher than the other, as if it had been pushed out of line by the strain of his work. This man's name was Weston, and he worked at

Taggett's initial move was to become as popular in the marble yard as he was in the tavern, where he got money freely, though not so easily as to excite any remark except that he was running through pretty fast. His small pay, — a recklessness was charitably condoned in Snelgar-room. He formed multifarious friendships, and had so many sensible views on the labor problem, advocating the general extinguishment of the lights, and so on, that his admission to the Marble Workers Association resolved itself into merely a question of time. The old prejudice against apprentices was already wearing off. The quiet, evasive man of few words was now a loquacious talker, holding his own with the hardest hitters, and very skillful in giving offense to no one. "Whoever picks up Blake for a fool," Dexter remarked one night, "will put him down again." Not a shadow of suspicion followed Mr. Taggett in his various comings and goings. He seemed merely a good-natured, intelligent devil; perhaps a little less devilish and a trifle more intelligent than the rest, but not otherwise different. Denyven, Peters,

Dexter, Willson, and others in and out of the Slocum clique were Blake's sworn friends. In brief, Mr. Taggett had the amplest opportunities to prosecute his studies. Only for a pained look which sometimes latterly shot into his eyes, as he worked at the bench, or as he walked alone in the street, one would have imagined that he was thoroughly enjoying the half-vagabond existence.

The supposition would have been erroneous, for in the progress of those fourteen days' apprenticeship Mr. Taggett had received a wound in the most sensitive part of his nature; he had been forced to give up what no man ever relinquishes without a wrench—*Mr. Slocum* at the Shackford house, Mr. Taggett's own idea.

With the exception of an *ancient* tragedy Dana's Mill, by which Taggett had been so badly mangled in the influence of the tation was deemed necessary, several weeks had been eventless out-*ings* along Taggett's personal experience. That that experience was will trans-*late* each proper place. Margaret was the *daily* notes from Richard, and *but* cum, overburdened with the *to* him Mr. Taggett's presence in the *one* had secret confined exclusively to *figuring* cum, Richard, and Justice B. *he* had was restlessly awaiting develop-*ment* in the

The developments came *there* noon when Mr. Taggett walked *back* of office and startled Mr. Slocum, *sitting* at the desk. The two words which *Taggett* then gravely and coldly *passed* in Mr. Slocum's ear were, —

"RICHARD SHACKFORD."

XIX.

Mr. Slocum, who had partly risen from the chair, sank back into his seat. "Good God!" he said, turning very pale. "Are you mad!"

Mr. Taggett realized the cruel shock which the pronouncing of that name must have caused Mr. Slocum. Mr.

Taggett had meditated his line of action, and had decided that the most merciful course was brusquely to charge young Shackford with the crime, and allow Mr. Slocum to sustain himself for a while with the indignant disbelief which would be natural to him situated as he was. He would then in a manner be prepared for the revelations which, if suddenly presented, would crush him.

If Mr. Taggett was without imagination, as he claimed, he was not without a certain feminine quickness of sympathy often found in persons engaged in professions calculated to blunt the finer sensibilities. In his intercourse with Mr. Slocum at the Shackford house, Mr. Taggett had been won by the singular tort-*ure* and simplicity of the man, long-*er* by his misfortune.

With a *ter* exclamation Mr. Slocum did not *rest* a moment or two, but with his *not* resting on the edge of the *der* *ma* ionless, like a person stunned. He *th* *ly* lifted his face, to which *one* *be* *ad* returned, and making a *was* with his right hand as if he *was* *going* away cobwebs in front of *open* *ti* from the chair.

"*had* *re* simply mad," he said, looking *ado* Taggett squarely and calmly in *an* *eyes*. "Are you aware of Mr. Richard Shackford's character and his position *here*?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you know that he is to marry my daughter?"

"I am very sorry for you, sir."

"You may spare me that. The pity is on my side. You have fallen into some horrible delusion. I hope you will be able to explain it."

"I am prepared to do so, sir."

"Are you serious?"

"Very serious, Mr. Slocum."

"You actually imagine that Richard Shack— Pshaw! It's simply impossible!"

"I am too young a man to wish even to seem wiser than you, but my expe-

rience has taught me that nothing is impossible."

"I begin to believe so myself. I suppose you have grounds, or something you consider grounds, for your monstrous suspicion. What are they? I demand to be fully informed of what you have been doing in the yard, before you bring disgrace upon me and my family by inconsiderately acting on some wild theory which perhaps ten words can refute."

"I should be in the highest degree criminal, Mr. Slocum, if I were to make so fearful an accusation against any man unless I had the most incontestable proofs in my hands. In searching among the workshops and the low places of a village for the murderer of ~~the~~ with Shackford, I stumbled upon a ~~cler~~ on. led me in a totally different direction, passed from point to point with the ment, and with sorrow, believe me I wa- I had forged around the guilty ~~as~~ a chain of evidence in which not a ~~sonal~~ link is missing or a single link ~~is~~ on feet."

Mr. Taggett spoke with such a blooded conviction that a chill crept in Mr. Slocum, in spite of him.

"What is the nature of this evidence?"

"Up to the present stage, purely circumstantial."

"I can imagine that," said Mr. Slocum, with a slight smile.

"But so conclusive as to require no collateral evidence. The testimony of an eye-witness of the crime could scarcely add to my knowledge of what occurred that Tuesday night in Lemuel Shackford's house."

"Indeed, it is all so clear! But of course a few eye-witnesses will turn up eventually," said Mr. Slocum, whose whiteness about the lips discounted the assurance of his sarcasm.

"That is not improbable," returned Mr. Taggett gravely.

"And meanwhile what are the facts?"

"They are not easily stated. I have kept a record of my work day by day, since the morning I entered the yard. The memoranda are necessarily confused, the important and the unimportant being jumbled together; but the record as it stands will answer your question more fully than I could, even if I had the time — which I have not — to go over the case with you. I can leave these notes in your hands, if you desire it. When I return from New York —"

"You are going to New York!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, with a start. "When?"

"To-night."

"If you lay a finger on Richard his boot-~~yard~~, you will make the mistake of unusually Mr. Taggett!"

peared to other business there. Mr. the men ~~be~~ not to be troubled at present the late ~~be~~ in Stillwater to-morrow moderate. He engaged a state-room on the closes river boat this morning."

chagrin ~~ow~~ can you know that?" he is at once last Tuesday none of Mr. not ~~ma~~ford's movements have been unexpected, to me."

His ~~fi~~ you mean to say that you have theory ~~har~~ miserable spies upon him?" ~~is~~ observe Mr. Slocum.

These ~~o~~ should not state the fact in just bar words," Mr. Taggett answered. "The fact remains."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Slocum. "I am not quite myself. Can you wonder at it?"

"I do not wonder."

"Give me those papers you speak of, Mr. Taggett. I would like to look through them. I see that you are a very obstinate person when you have once got a notion into your head. Perhaps I can help you out of your error before it is irreparable."

"All this is to be in confidence, sir," replied Mr. Taggett stiffly.

"I should think so!" said Mr. Slocum, with a forced laugh. Then, after hesitating a second, he added, "I may

mention the matter to my daughter? Indeed, I could scarcely keep it from her."

"Perhaps it is better she should be informed."

"And Mr. Shackford, when he returns to-morrow?"

"If he broaches the subject of his cousin's death, I advise you to avoid it."

"Why should I?"

"In the first place, it might save you or Miss Slocum some awkwardness,—in case your testimony were called for in court; and, in the second place, Mr. Shackford's story should first be heard at the investigation, which is to take place almost immediately."

"I doubt if the blunder will go as that."

"An investigation is inevitable."

"Very well," said Mr. Slocum, with an impatient movement of his hand.

"neither I nor my daughter will put our lips on this topic. In the while you are to take no further without advising me. That is stood?"

"That is perfectly understood," returned Mr. Taggett, drawing a red note-book from the inner pocket of his workman's blouse, and producing at the same time a small nickel-plated key. "This is the key of Mr. Shackford's private workshop in the basement. I have not been able to reach it on the mantel-shelf of his sitting-room in Lime Street. Will you have the kindness to see that that is done at once? It is desirable that he should find it there."

A moment later Mr. Slocum stood alone in the office with Mr. Taggett's diary in his hand. It was one of those costly little volumes—gilt-edged and bound in fragrant crushed Levant morocco—with which city officials are annually supplied by a community of grateful taxpayers.

The dark crimson of the flexible covers, as soft and slippery to the touch as

a snake's skin, was perhaps the fitting symbol of the darker story that lay coiled within. With a gesture of repulsion, as if some such fancy had flitted through his mind, Mr. Slocum tossed the note-book on the desk in front of him, and stood a few minutes moodily watching the *reflets* of the crinkled leather as the afternoon sunshine struck across it. Beneath his amazement and indignation he had been chilled to the bone by Mr. Taggett's brutal confidence. It was enough to chill one, surely; and in spite of himself Mr. Slocum began to feel a certain indefinable dread of that little crimson-bound book.

Whatever it contained, the reading of its pages was to be a repellent task to him; it was a task to which he could not devote himself at the moment; to preserve the privacy of his own chamber he would sift Mr. Taggett's baleful secrets. Thus temporizing, Mr. Slocum slipped the volume into his pocket, unlocked the office door behind him, and descended to Dundon's drug store half the intervening hour before supper-time. Dundon's was the aristocratic meeting place of the village,—the place where the only genuine Havana cigars of Stillwater were to be had, and where the favored few, the initiated, could get a dash of hochheimer or cognac with their soda-water.

At supper, that evening, Mr. Slocum addressed scarcely a word to Margaret, and Margaret was also silent. The days were dragging heavily with her; she was missing Richard. Her own daring travels had never extended beyond Boston or Providence; and New York, with Richard in it, seemed drearily far away. Mr. Slocum withdrew to his chamber shortly after nine o'clock, and, lighting the pair of candles on the dressing-table, began his examination of Mr. Taggett's memoranda.

At midnight the watchman on his lonely beat saw those two candles still burning.

XX.

Mr. Taggett's diary was precisely a diary, — disjointed, full of curt, obscure phrases and irrelevant reflections, — for which reason it will not be reproduced here. Though Mr. Slocum pondered every syllable, and now and then turned back painfully to reconsider some doubtful passage, it is not presumed that the reader will care to do so. An abstract of the journal, with occasional quotation where the writer's words seem to demand it, will be sufficient for the narrative.

In the opening pages Mr. Taggett described his novel surroundings with a minuteness which contrasted oddly with the brief, hurried entries further on. He found himself, as he had anticipated, in a society composed of some of the most heterogeneous elements. Still, viewed from a certain point, was a sort of microcosm, a little international rag-fair to which nearly every country on earth had contributed one of its shoddy human products. "I am moving," wrote Mr. Taggett, "in an atmosphere in which any crime is possible. I give myself seven days at the outside to light upon the traces of Shackford's murderer. I feel him in the air." The writer's theory was that the man would betray his identity in one of two ways: either by talking unguardedly, or by indulging in expenditures not warranted by his means and position. If several persons had been concerned in the crime, nothing was more likely than a disagreement over the spoil, and consequent treachery on the part of one of them. Or, again, some of the confederates might become alarmed, and attempt to save themselves by giving away their comrades. Mr. Taggett, however, leaned to the belief that the assassin had had no accomplices.

The sum taken from Mr. Shackford's safe was a comparatively large one, — five hundred dollars in gold and nearly

double that amount in bank-notes. Neither the gold nor the paper bore any known mark by which it could be recognized; the burglar had doubtless assured himself of this, and would not hesitate to disburse the money. That was even a safer course, judiciously worked, than to secrete it. The point was, Would he have sufficient self-control to get rid of it by degrees? The chances, Mr. Taggett argued, were ten to one he would not.

A few pages further on Mr. Taggett compliments the Unknown on the adroit manner in which he is conducting himself. He has neither let slip a suspicious word nor made an incautious display of

Snelling's bar was doing an extremely light business. No one appears to have any money. Many of the men had run deeply into debt during the strike, and were now drinking heavily. In the paragraph which describes the week's record Mr. Taggett's opinion is evident. He confesses that he is at fault. "My invisible friend does not materialize so successfully as I expected," is Mr. Taggett's comment.

With faith in the correctness of his theory, Taggett's vigilance did not abate; but he continued his explorations in a less sanguine spirit. The observations were not limited to the street, the room or the workshop; he informed himself of the domestic surroundings of his comrades. Where his own scrutiny could not penetrate, he employed the aid of correspondents. Through this means he learned that the Savings-Bank had received no recent heavy deposit. In the course of his explorations of the shady side of Stillwater life, Mr. Taggett unearthed many amusing and many pathetic histories, but nothing that served his end. Finally, he began to be discouraged.

Returning home from the tavern, one night, in rather a desponding mood, he found the man Wollaston smoking his pipe in bed. Wollaston was a taciturn man generally, but this night he was con-

versational, and Mr. Taggett, too restless to sleep, fell to chatting with him. Did he know much about the late Mr. Shackford? Yes, he had known him well enough, in an off way, — not to speak to him; everybody knew him in Stillwater; he was a sort of miser, hated everybody, and bullied everybody. It was a wonder somebody did n't knock the old silver-top on the head years ago.

Thus Mr. Wollaston grimly, with his pores stopped up with iron-filings, — a person to whom it would come quite easy to knock any one on the head for a slight difference of opinion. He amused Mr. Taggett in his present humor.

No, he was n't aware that Shackford had had trouble with any particular individual; believed he did have a difficulty once with Slocum, the marble man; but he was always fetching suits against the town and shying lawyers at the mill directors, — a disagreeable old cuss altogether. Adopted his cousin, one time, but made the house so hot for him that the lad ran off to sea, and since then had had nothing to do with the old bilk.

Indeed! What sort of fellow was young Shackford? Mr. Wollaston could not say of his own knowledge; thought him a plucky chap; he had put a big Italian named Torrini out of the yard, one day, for talking back. Who was Torrini? The man that got hurt last week in the Dana Mill. Who were Richard Shackford's intimates? Could n't say; had seen him with Mr. Pinkham, the school-master, and Mr. Craggie, — went with the upper crust generally. Was going to be partner in the marble yard and marry Slocum's daughter. Vill Durgin knew him. They lived together one time. He, Wollaston, was going to turn in now.

Several of these facts were not new to Mr. Taggett, but Mr. Wollaston's presentation of them threw Mr. Taggett into a reverie.

The next evening he got Durgin alone in a corner of the bar-room. With two

or three potatoes Durgin became autobiographical. Was he acquainted with Mr. Shackford outside the yard? Rather. Dick Shackford! His (Durgin's) mother had kept Dick from starving when he was a baby, — and no thanks for it. Went to school with him, and knew all about his running off to sea. Was near going with him. Old man Shackford never liked Dick, who was a proud beggar; they could n't pull together, down to the last, — both of a piece. They had a jolly rumpus a little while before the old man was fixed.

Mr. Taggett pricked up his ears at this.

A rumpus? How did Durgin know that? A girl told him. What girl? A girl he was sweet on. What was her name? Well, he did n't mind telling her name; it was Molly Hennessey. She was going through Welch's Court one forenoon, — may be it was three days before the strike, — and saw Dick Shackford bolt out of the house, swinging his arms and swearing to himself at an awful rate. Was Durgin certain that Molly Hennessey had told him this? Yes, he was ready to take his oath on it.

Here, at last, was something that looked like a glimmer of daylight!

It was possible that Durgin or the girl had lied; but the story had an air of truth to it. If it were a fact that there had recently been a quarrel between these cousins, whose uncousinly attitude towards each other was fast becoming clear to Mr. Taggett, then here was a conceivable key to an enigma which had puzzled him.

The conjecture that Lemuel Shackford had himself torn up the will — if it was a will, for this still remained in dispute — had never been satisfactory to Mr. Taggett. He had accepted it because he was unable to imagine an ordinary burglar pausing in the midst of his work to destroy a paper in which he could have no concern. But Richard

Shackford would have the liveliest possible interest in the destruction of a document that placed a vast estate beyond his reach. Here was a motive on a level with the crime. That money had been taken, and that the fragments of the will had been carelessly thrown into a waste-paper basket, just as if the old man himself had thrown them there, was a stroke of art which Mr. Taggett admired more and more as he reflected upon it.

He did not, however, allow himself to lay too much stress on these points; for the paper might turn out to be merely an expired lease, and the girl might have been quizzing Durgin. Mr. Taggett would have given one of his eye-teeth just then for ten minutes with Mary Hennessey. But an interview with her at this stage was neither prudent nor easily compassed.

"If I have not struck a trail," writes Mr. Taggett, "I have come upon what strongly resembles one; the least I can do is to follow it. My first move must be to inspect that private workshop in the rear of Mr. Slocum's house. How shall I accomplish it? I cannot apply to him for permission, for that would provoke questions which I am not ready to answer. Moreover, I have yet to assure myself that Mr. Slocum is not implicated. There seems to have been also a hostile feeling existing between him and the deceased. Why didn't some one tell me these things at the start! If young Shackford is the person, there is a tangled story to be unraveled. *Mem:* Young Shackford is Miss Slocum's lover."

Mr. Slocum read this passage twice without drawing breath, and then laid down the book an instant to wipe the sudden perspiration from his forehead.

In the note which followed, Mr. Taggett described the difficulty he met with in procuring a key to fit the wall-door at the rear of the marble yard, and gave an account of his failure to effect an en-

trance into the studio. He had hoped to find a window unfastened; but the window, as well as the door opening upon the veranda, was locked, and in the midst of his operations, which were conducted at noon-time, the approach of a servant had obliged him to retreat.

Forced to lay aside, at least temporarily, his designs on the workshop, he turned his attention to Richard's lodgings in Lime Street. Here Mr. Taggett was more successful. On the pretext that he had been sent for certain drawings which were to be found on the table or in a writing-desk, he was permitted by Mrs. Spooner to ascend to the bedroom, where she obligingly insisted on helping him search for the apocryphal plans, and seriously interfered with his purpose, which was to find the key of the studio. While Mr. Taggett was turning over the pages of a large dictionary, in order to gain time, and was wondering how he could rid himself of the old lady's importunities, he came upon a half-folded note-sheet, at the bottom of which his eye caught the name of Lemuel Shackford. It was in the handwriting of the dead man. Mr. Taggett was very familiar with that handwriting. He secured the paper at a venture, and put it in his pocket without examination.

A few minutes later, it being impossible to prolong the pretended quest for the drawings, Mr. Taggett was obliged to follow Mrs. Spooner from the apartment. As he did so he noticed a bright object lying on the corner of the mantelshelf,—a small nickel-plated key. In order to take it he had only to reach out his hand in passing. It was, as Mr. Taggett had instantly surmised, the key of Richard's workshop.

If it had been gold, instead of brass or iron, that bit of metal would have taken no additional value in Mr. Taggett's eyes. On leaving Mrs. Spooner's he held it tightly clasped in his fingers until he reached an unfrequented street,

where he halted a moment in the shadow of a building to inspect the paper, which he had half forgotten in his satisfaction at having obtained the key. A stifled cry rose to Mr. Taggett's lips as he glanced over the crumpled note-sheet.

It contained three lines, hastily scrawled in lead-pencil, requesting Richard Shackford to call at the house in Welch's Court at eight o'clock on a certain Tuesday night. The note had been written, as the date showed, on the day preceding the Tuesday night in question, — the night of the murder!

For a second or two Mr. Taggett stood paralyzed. Ten minutes afterwards a message in cipher was pulsing along the wires to New York, and before the sun went down that evening Richard Shackford was under the surveillance of the police.

The doubtful, unknown ground upon which Mr. Taggett had been floundering was now firm under his feet, — unexpected ground, but solid. Meeting Mary Hennessey in the street, on his way to the marble yard, Mr. Taggett no longer hesitated to accost her, and question her as to the story she had told William Durgin. The girl's story was undoubtedly true, and as a piece of circumstantial evidence was only less important than the elder Shackford's note. The two cousins had been for years on the worst of terms. At every step Mr. Taggett had found corroboration of Wollaston's statement to that effect.

"Where were Coroner Whidden's eyes and ears," wrote Mr. Taggett, — the words were dashed down impatiently on the page, as if he had sworn a little internally while writing them, — "when he conducted that inquest! In all my experience there was never a thing so stupidly managed."

A thorough and immediate examination of Richard Shackford's private workshop was now so imperative that Mr. Taggett resolved to make it even if

he had to do so under the authority of a search-warrant. But he desired as yet to avoid publicity.

A secret visit to the studio seemed equally difficult by day and night. In the former case he was nearly certain to be deranged by the servants, and in the latter a light in the unoccupied room would alarm any one of the household who might chance to awaken. From the watchman no danger was to be apprehended, as the windows of the extension were not visible from the street.

Mr. Taggett finally decided on the night as the more propitious time for his attempt, — a decision which his success justified. A brilliant moon favored the in-door part of the enterprise, though it exposed him to observation in his approach from the marble yard to the veranda.

With the dense moonlight streaming outside against the window-shades, he could safely have used a candle in the studio instead of the screened lantern which he had provided. Mr. Taggett passed three hours in the workshop, — the last hour in waiting for the moon to go down. Then he stole through the marble yard into the silent street, and hurried home, carrying two small articles concealed under his blouse. The first was a chisel with a triangular piece broken out of the centre of the bevel, and the other was a box of safety-matches. The peculiarity of this box of matches was — that just one match had been used from it.

Mr. Taggett's work was done.

The last seven pages of the diary were devoted to a review of the case, every detail of which was held up in various lights, and examined with the conscientious pains of a lapidary deciding on the value of a rare stone. The concluding entries ran as follows: —

"*Tuesday Night.* Here the case passes into other hands. I have been fortunate rather than skillful in unmasking the chief actor in one of the most

singular crimes that ever came under my investigation. By destroying three objects, very easily destroyed, Richard Shackford would have put himself beyond the dream of suspicion. He neglected to remove these dumb witnesses, and now the dumb witnesses speak! If it could be shown that he was a hundred miles from Stillwater at the time of the murder, instead of in the village, as he was, he must still be held, in the face of the proofs against him, accessory to the deed. These proofs, roughly summarized, are:—

“First. The fact that he had had an altercation with his cousin a short time previous to the date of the murder,—a murder which may be regarded not as the result of a chance disagreement, but of long years of bitter enmity between the two men.

“Secondly. The fact that Richard Shackford had had an appointment with his cousin on the night the crime was committed, and had concealed that fact from the authorities at the time of the coroner’s inquest.

“Thirdly. That the broken chisel found in the private workshop of the accused explains the peculiar shape of the wound which caused Lemuel Shackford’s death, and corresponds in every particular with the plaster impression taken of that wound.

“Fourthly. That the partially consumed match found on the scullery floor when the body was discovered (a style of match not used in the house in Welch’s Court) completes the complement of a box of safety-matches belonging to Richard Shackford, and hidden in a closet in his workshop.

“Whether Shackford had an accomplice or not is yet to be ascertained. There is nothing whatever to implicate Mr. Rowland Slocum. I make the statement because his intimate association with one party and his deep dislike of the other invited inquiry, and at first raised an unjust suspicion in my mind.”

The little red book slipped from Mr. Slocum’s grasp and fell at his feet. As he rose from the chair, the reflection which he caught of himself in the dressing-table mirror was that of a wrinkled, white old man.

Mr. Slocum did not believe, and no human evidence could have convinced him, that Richard had deliberately killed Lemuel Shackford; but as Mr. Slocum reached the final pages of the diary, a horrible probability insinuated itself into his mind. Could Richard have done it accidentally? Could he—in an instant of passion, stung to sudden madness by that venomous old man—have struck him involuntarily, and killed him? A certain speech which Richard had made in Mr. Slocum’s presence not long before came back to him now with fearful emphasis: *“Three or four times in my life I have been carried away by a devil of a temper which I couldn’t control, it has seized me so unawares.”*

“It has seized me so unawares!” repeated Mr. Slocum, half aloud; and then with a swift, unconscious gesture, he pressed his hands over his ears, as if to shut out the words.

XXI.

Margaret must be told. It would be like stabbing her to tell her all this. Mr. Slocum had lain awake long after midnight, appalled by the calamity that was about to engulf them. At moments, as his thought reverted to Margaret’s illness early in the spring, he felt that perhaps it would have been a mercy if she had died then. He had left the candles burning; it was not until the wicks sunk down in the sockets and went softly out that slumber fell upon him.

He was now sitting at the breakfast-table, absently crumbling bits of bread beside his plate and leaving his coffee untouched. Margaret glanced at him

wistfully from time to time, and detected the restless night in the deepened lines of his face.

The house had not been the same since Lemuel Shackford's death; he had never crossed its threshold; Margaret had scarcely known him by sight, and Mr. Slocum had not spoken to him for years; but Richard's connection with the unfortunate old man had brought the tragic event very close to Margaret and her father. Mr. Slocum was a person easily depressed, but his depression this morning was so greatly in excess of the presumable cause that Margaret began to be troubled.

"Papa, has anything happened?"

"No, nothing new has happened; but I am dreadfully disturbed by some things which Mr. Taggett has been doing here in the village."

"I thought Mr. Taggett had gone."

"He did go; but he came back, very quietly, without anybody's knowledge. I knew it, of course; but no one else, to speak of."

"What has he done to disturb you?"

"I want you to be a brave girl, Margaret, — will you promise that?"

"Why, yes," said Margaret, with an anxious look. "You frighten me with your mysteriousness."

"I do not mean to be mysterious, but I don't quite know how to tell you about Mr. Taggett. He has been working underground in this matter of poor Shackford's death, — boring in the dark like a mole, — and thinks he has discovered some strange things."

"Do you mean he thinks he has found out who killed Mr. Shackford?"

"He believes he has fallen upon clues which will lead to that. The strange things I alluded to are things which Richard will have to explain."

"Richard? What has he to do with it?"

"Not much, I hope; but there are several matters which he will be obliged to clear up in order to save himself from

very great annoyance. Mr. Taggett seems to think that — that" —

"Good Heaven, papa! What does he think?"

"Margaret, he thinks that Richard knew something about the murder, and has not told it."

"What could he know? Is that all?"

"No, that is not all. I am keeping the full truth from you, and it is useless to do so. You must face it like a brave girl. Mr. Taggett suspects Richard of being concerned, directly or indirectly, with the crime."

The color went from Margaret's cheek for an instant. The statement was too horrible and sudden not to startle her, but it was also too absurd to have more than an instant's effect. Her quick recovery of herself reassured Mr. Slocum. Would she meet Mr. Taggett's specific charges with the like fortitude? Mr. Slocum himself had been prostrated by them; he prayed to Heaven that Margaret might have more strength than he, as indeed she had.

"The man has got together a lot of circumstantial evidence," continued Mr. Slocum cautiously; "some of it amounts to nothing, being mere conjecture; but some of it will look badly for Richard, to outsiders."

"Of course it is all a mistake," said Margaret, in nearly her natural voice. "It ought to be easy to convince Mr. Taggett of that."

"I have not been able to convince him."

"But you will. What has possessed him to fall into such a ridiculous error?"

"Mr. Taggett has written out everything at length in this memorandum-book, and you must read it for yourself. There are expressions and statements in these pages, Margaret, that will necessarily shock you very much; but you should remember, as I tried to while reading them, that Mr. Taggett has a heart of steel; without it he would be unable to do his distressing work. The

cold impartiality with which he sifts and heaps up circumstances involving the doom of a fellow-creature appears almost inhuman; but it is his business. No, don't look at it here!" said Mr. Slocum, recoiling; he had given the book to Margaret. "Take it into the other room, and read it carefully by yourself. When you have finished, come back and tell me what you think."

"But, papa, surely you" —

"I don't believe anything, Margaret! I don't know the true from the false any more! I want you to help me out of my confusion, and you cannot do it until you have read that book."

Margaret made no response, but passed into the parlor and closed the folding-doors behind her.

After an absence of half an hour she reëntered the breakfast-room, and laid Mr. Taggett's diary on the table beside her father, who had not moved from his place during the interval. Margaret's manner was collected, but it was evident, by the dark circles under her eyes and the set, colorless lips, that that half hour had been a cruel thirty minutes to her. In Margaret's self-possession Mr. Slocum recognized, not for the first time, the cropping out of an ancestral trait which had somehow managed to avoid him in its wayward descent.

"Well?" he questioned, looking earnestly at Margaret, and catching a kind of comfort from her confident bearing.

"It is Mr. Taggett's trade to find somebody guilty," said Margaret, "and he has been very ingenious and very merciless. He was plainly at his wits' ends to sustain his reputation, and would not have hesitated to sacrifice any one rather than wholly fail."

"But you have been crying, Margaret."

"How could I see Richard dragged down in the dust in this fashion, and not be mortified and indignant?"

"You don't believe anything at all of this?"

"Do you?" asked Margaret, looking through and through him.

"I confess I am troubled."

"If you doubt Richard for a second," said Margaret, with a slight quiver of her lip, "that will be the bitterest part of it to me."

"I don't give any more credit to Mr. Taggett's general charges than you do, Margaret; but I understand their gravity better. A perfectly guiltless man, one able with a single word to establish his innocence, is necessarily crushed at first by an accusation of this kind. Now, can Richard set these matters right with a single word? I am afraid he has a world of difficulty before him."

"When he returns he will explain everything. How can you question it?"

"I do not wish to; but there are two things in Mr. Taggett's story which stagger me. The motive for the destruction of Shackford's papers, — that's not plain; the box of matches is a puerility unworthy of a clever man like Mr. Taggett, and as to the chisel he found, why, there are a hundred broken chisels in the village, and probably a score of them broken in precisely the same manner; but, Margaret, did Richard ever breathe a word to you of that quarrel with his cousin?"

"No."

"He never mentioned it to me, either. As matters stood between you and him, nothing was more natural than that he should have spoken of it to you, — so natural that his silence is positively strange."

"He may have considered it too unimportant. Mr. Shackford always abused Richard; it was nothing new. Then, again, Richard is very proud, and perhaps he did not care to come to us just at that time with family grievances. Besides, how do we know they quarreled? The village is full of gossip."

"I am certain there was a quarrel; it was only necessary for those two to meet to insure that. I distinctly remem-

ber the forenoon when Richard went to Welch's Court; it was the day he discharged Torrini."

A little cloud passed over Margaret's countenance.

"They undoubtedly had angry words together," continued Mr. Slocum, "and we are forced to accept the Hennessey girl's statement. The reason you suggest for Richard's not saying anything on the subject may suffice for us, but it will scarcely satisfy disinterested persons, and does n't at all cover another circumstance which must be taken in the same connection."

"What circumstance?"

"His silence in regard to Lemuel Shackford's note, — a note written the day before the murder, and making an appointment for the very night of it."

The girl looked steadily at her father.

"Margaret!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, his face illuminated with a flickering hope as he met her untroubled gaze, "did Richard tell *you*?"

"No," replied Margaret.

"Then he told no one," said Mr. Slocum, with the light fading out of his features again. "It was madness in him to conceal the fact. He should not have lost a moment, after the death of his cousin, in making that letter public. It ought instantly to have been placed in Coroner Whidden's hands. Richard's action is inconceivable, unless — unless" —

"Do not say it!" cried Margaret. "I should never forgive you!"

In recapitulating the points of Mr. Taggett's accusation, Mr. Slocum had treated most of them as trivial; but he had not been sincere. He knew that that broken chisel had no duplicate in Stillwater, and that the finding of it in Richard's closet was a black fact. Mr. Slocum had also glossed over the quarrel; but that letter! — the likelihood that Richard kept the appointment, and his absolute silence concerning it, — here was a grim thing which no sophistry

could dispose of. It would be wronging Margaret to deceive her as to the vital seriousness of Richard's position.

"Why, why did he hide it!" Mr. Slocum persisted.

"I do not see that he really hid it, papa. He shut the note in a book lying openly on the table, — a dictionary, to which any one in the household was likely to go. You think Mr. Taggett a person of great acuteness."

"He is a very intelligent person, Margaret."

"He appears to me very short-sighted. If Richard were the dreadful man Mr. Taggett supposes, that paper would have been burnt, and not left for the first comer to pick up. I scorn myself for stooping to the suggestion!"

"There is something in the idea," said Mr. Slocum slowly. "But why did Richard never mention the note, — to you, or to me, or to anybody?"

"He had a sufficient reason, you may be sure. Oh, papa, how ready you are to believe evil of him!"

"I am not, God knows!"

"How you cling to this story of the letter! Suppose it turns out to be some old letter, written two or three years ago? You could never look Richard in the face again."

"Unfortunately, Shackford dated it. It is useless for us to blindfold ourselves, Margaret. Richard has managed in some way to get himself into a very perilous situation, and we cannot help him by shutting our eyes. You misconceive me if you imagine I think him capable of coolly plotting his cousin's death; but it is not outside the limits of the possible that what has happened a thousand times may have happened once more. Men less impulsive than Richard" —

"I will not listen to it!" interrupted Margaret, drawing herself up. "When Richard returns he will explain the matter to you, — not to me. If I required a word of denial from him, I should care

very little whether he was innocent or not."

Mr. Slocum threw a terrified glance at his daughter. Her lofty faith sent a chill to his heart. What would be the result of a fall from such a height? He almost wished Margaret had something less of that ancestral confidence and obstinacy the lack of which in his own composition he had so often deplored.

"We are not to speak of this to Richard," he said, after a protracted pause; "at least not until Mr. Taggett considers it best. I have pledged myself to something like that."

"Has Richard been informed of Mr. Taggett's singular proceeding?" asked Margaret freezingly.

"Not yet; nothing is to be done until Mr. Taggett returns from New York, and then Richard will at once have an opportunity of clearing himself."

"It would have spared us all much pain and misunderstanding if he had been sent for in the first instance. Did he know that this person was here in the yard?"

"The plan was talked over before Richard left; the details were arranged afterwards. He heartily approved of the plan."

A leisurely and not altogether saint-like smile crept into the corners of Margaret's mouth.

"Yes, he approved of the plan," repeated Mr. Slocum. "Perhaps he" — Here Mr. Slocum checked himself, and left the sentence flying at loose ends. Perhaps Richard had looked with favor upon a method of inquiry which was so likely to lead to no result. But Mr. Slocum did not venture to finish the suggestion. He had never seen Margaret so imperious and intractable; it was impossible to reason or to talk frankly with her. He remained silent, sitting with one arm thrown dejectedly across the back of the chair.

Presently his abject attitude and expression began to touch Margaret; there

was something that appealed to her in the thin gray hair falling over his forehead. Her eyes softened as they rested upon him, and a pitying little tremor came to her under lip.

"Papa," she said, stooping to his side, with a sudden rosy bloom in her cheeks, "I have all the proof I want that Richard knew nothing of this dreadful business."

"You have proof!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum, starting from his seat.

"Yes. The morning Richard went to New York" — Margaret hesitated.

"Well!"

"He put his arm around me and kissed me."

"Well!"

"Well?" repeated Margaret. "Could Richard have done that, — could he have so much as laid his hand upon me — if — if" —

Mr. Slocum sunk back in the chair with a kind of groan.

"Papa, you do not know him!"

"Oh, Margaret, I am afraid that that is not the kind of evidence to clear Richard in Mr. Taggett's eyes."

"Then Richard's word must do it," she said haughtily. "He will be home to-night."

"Yes, he is to return to-night," said Mr. Slocum, looking away from her.

XXII.

During the rest of the day the name of Richard Shackford was not mentioned again either by Margaret or her father. It was a day of suspense to both, and long before night-fall Margaret's impatience for Richard to come had resolved itself into a pain as keen as that with which Mr. Slocum contemplated the coming; for every hour augmented his dread of the events that would necessarily follow the reappearance of young Shackford in Stillwater.

On reaching his office, after the con-

versation with Margaret, Mr. Slocum found Lawyer Perkins waiting for him. Lawyer Perkins, who was as yet in ignorance of the late developments, had brought information of his own. The mutilated document which had so grimly clung to its secret was at last deciphered. It proved to be a recently executed will, in which the greater part of Lemuel Shackford's estate, real and personal, was left unconditionally to his cousin.

"That disposes of one of Mr. Taggett's theories," was Mr. Slocum's unspoken reflection. Certainly Richard had not destroyed the will; the old man himself had destroyed it, probably in some fit of pique. Yet, after all, the vital question was in no way affected by this fact: the motive for the crime remained, and the fearful evidence against Richard still held.

After the departure of Lawyer Perkins, who had been struck by the singular perturbation of his old friend, Mr. Slocum drew forth Mr. Taggett's journal, and re-read it from beginning to end. Margaret's unquestioning faith in Richard, her prompt and indignant rejection of the whole story, had shaken her father at moments that morning; but now his paralyzing doubts returned. This second perusal of the diary impressed him even more strongly than the first. Richard had killed Lemuel Shackford, — in self-defense, may be, or perhaps accidentally; but he had killed him! As Mr. Slocum passed from page to page, following the dark thread of narrative that darkened at each remove, he lapsed into that illogical frame of mind when one looks half expectantly for some providential interposition to avert the calamity against which human means are impotent. If Richard were to drop dead in the street! If he were to fall overboard off Point Judith in the night! If only anything would happen to prevent his coming back! Thus the ultimate disgrace might be spared them. But the ill thing is the sure thing; the letter with the black

seal never miscarries, and Richard was bound to come! "There is no escape for him or for us," murmured Mr. Slocum, closing his finger in the book.

It was in a different mood that Margaret said to herself, "It is nearly four o'clock; he will be here at eight!" As she stood at the parlor window and watched the waning afternoon light making its farewells to the flower-beds in the little square front-gardens of the houses opposite, Margaret's heart was filled with the tenderness of the greeting she intended to give Richard. She had never been cold or shy in her demeanor with him, nor had she ever been quite demonstrative; but now she meant to put her arms around his neck in a wifely fashion, and recompense him so far as she could for all the injustice he was to suffer. When he came to learn of the hateful slander that had lifted its head during his absence, he should already be in possession of the assurance of her faith.

In the mean while the hands in Slocum's Yard were much exercised over the unaccountable disappearance of Blake. Stevens reported the matter to Mr. Slocum.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Slocum, who had not provided himself with an explanation, and was puzzled to improvise one. "I discharged him, — that is to say, I canceled his papers. I forgot to mention it. He did n't take to the trade."

"But he showed a good fist for a beginner," said Stevens. "He was head and shoulders the best of the new lot. Shall I put Stebbins in his place?"

"You need n't do anything until Mr. Shackford gets back."

"When will that be, sir?"

"To-night, probably."

The unceremonious departure of Blake formed the theme of endless speculation at the tavern that evening, and for the moment obscured the general interest in old Shackford's murder.

"Never to let on he was goin'!" said one.

"Did n't say good-by to nobody," remarked a second.

"It was devilish uncivil," added a third.

"It is kinder mysterious," said Mr. Peters.

"Some girl," suggested Mr. Willson, with an air of tender sentiment, which he attempted further to emphasize by a capacious wink.

"No," observed Dexter. "When a man vanishes in that sudden way his body is generally found in a clump of blackberry bushes, months afterwards, or left somewhere on the flats by an ebb tide."

"Two murders in Stillwater in one month would be rather crowding it, would n't it?" inquired Piggott.

"Bosh!" said Durgin. "There was always something shady about Blake. We did n't know where he hailed from, and we don't know where he's gone to. He'll take care of himself; that kind of fellow never lets anybody play any points on him."

"I could n't get anything out of the proprietor," said Stevens; "but he never talks. May be Shackford when he"—Stevens stopped short to listen to a low, rumbling sound like distant thunder, followed almost instantly by two quick faint whistles. "He's aboard the train to-night."

Mr. Peters quietly rose from his seat and left the bar-room.

The evening express, due at eight, was only a few seconds behind time. As the screech of the approaching engine rung out from the dark woodland, Margaret and her father exchanged rapid glances. It would take Richard ten minutes to walk from the railway station to the house,—for of course he would come there directly after sending his valise to Lime Street.

The ten minutes went by, and then twenty. Margaret bent steadily over her work, listening with covert intentness for the click of the street gate. Likely enough Richard had been unable to find any one to take charge of his hand-luggage. Presently Mr. Slocum could not resist the impulse to look at his watch. It was half past eight. He nervously unfolded the Stillwater Gazette, and sat with his eyes fastened on the paper.

After a seemingly interminable period the heavy bell of the South Church sounded nine, and then tolled for a few minutes, as the dismal custom is in New England country towns.

A long silence followed, unrelieved by any word between father and daughter,—a silence so profound that the heart of the old-fashioned time-piece, throbbing monotonously in its dusky case at the foot of the stairs, made itself audible through the room. Mr. Slocum's gaze continued fixed on the newspaper which he was not reading. Margaret's hands lay crossed over the work on her lap.

Ten o'clock.

"What can have kept him?" murmured Margaret.

"There was only that way out of it," reflected Mr. Slocum, pursuing his own line of thought.

Margaret's cheeks were flushed and hot, and her eyes dulled with disappointment, as she rose from the low rocking-chair and crossed over to kiss her father good-night. Mr. Slocum drew the girl gently towards him, and held her for a moment in silence. But Margaret, detecting the subtle commiseration in his manner, resented it, and released herself coldly.

"He has been detained, papa."

"Yes, something must have detained him!"

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

SICILIAN HOSPITALITY.

"SPEAKING of Sicilian hospitality," said my estimable friend, Mr. A——, in his off-hand, chatty way, "I never in all my travels met with anything so cordial, spontaneous, and charming as on my first visit to Palermo, many years ago. With some fourteen others, mostly English, I was a passenger in the old steamer *Re Ferdinando*; and at every place we stopped on the coast of Italy we used to go together, visiting the different objects of interest. A friend of mine had given me a letter of introduction to a Sicilian gentleman, which I delivered on my arrival. He received me with the greatest cordiality, and as my fellow-travelers had planned an excursion to the famous cathedral of Monreale for the next day, he offered to go with us. We drove the four miles up the mountain side under his guidance, the next morning, stopping to see several villas and gardens on our way. Reaching the town, we admired the ancient Norman structure with Byzantine mosaic interior, Monrealese's *chef-d'œuvre* in the convent attached to it, and from its balconies the magnificent panorama of the *Conca d'Oro* (golden shell, so called), the valley and bay of Palermo. Being then somewhat fatigued both by the drive and sight-seeing, we proposed to have a luncheon. Our Sicilian friend took us to the best restaurant of the place, where they served us an excellent collation. When we had finished and asked for our bill, the landlord told us that it had already been paid by my friend, much to my surprise. I expostulated with him on the ground that, whatever kindness or hospitality he desired to extend to me on the strength of my letter of introduction, he was not called upon to bestow it on my numerous companions, who were only my fellow-travelers, and had no claim on my-

self, much less on him. But he was inexorable, saying that the Sicilian customs made it imperative on him not to allow payment for anything they called for while in his company, no matter under what circumstances they happened to be so placed. And in fact he would not suffer us even to pay for our carriages, having paid the fare before we started. What made it rather unpleasant for us was that we could not repay the courtesy in any way, for the next day we had to be on board continuing our tour. I never had occasion to meet the gentleman again in my travels, and only hope that my English fellow-travelers may have returned his civility in England, where he often traveled in the summer."

The anecdote excited the curiosity of the company in which it was told, and they insisted upon hearing from me something more about Sicilian hospitality. I accordingly related the following experience.

Curiosity enticing me once to visit the classic soil of Trapani (*Drepanum*), — where, as Virgil states, *Æneas* lost his father *Anchises*, on his flight from *Ilium* to Italy, and where he left all the women, who, tired of wandering from sea to sea, had attempted to burn his fleet, — I accepted the invitation of a friend of mine belonging in that town, whom I had often met in Palermo, to be a guest at his house.

Small towns in Sicily are so little visited by travelers that there is hardly one which has a good hotel; they have only miserable inns, much like the Spanish *ventas*, fit only for muleteers and poor traders. Therefore, from time immemorial, country gentlemen have offered hospitality to people of their class happening to visit the town or village where they resided, even on a very slight ac-

quaintance. This is considered by them a sacred duty, and they would look upon it as an insult if any one should refuse them, and go to an inn.

During the stay the guest is master of the house, and is not allowed even to fee the servants, the whole family vying with one another in attention to him, so as to make it sometimes oppressive; but, by another old custom, he is never expected to stay more than a few days at a time, unless very intimate.

On the strength of our invitation, my wife and I started on this visit, on a fair October day, in one of those Sicilian steamers crowded with a motley company of Sicilians and Arabs on their way to the coast towns of Sicily and Tunis. Five hours of a chopping sea brought us to Trapani.

The present town is on the left shore of a natural harbor. The shore on the right is studded with windmills and innumerable pyramids of white salt, that look very picturesque from the sea. Salt is the most important production of the whole coast from Trapani to Marsala. A wide plain and gradual ascent of some three or four miles from the town leads to the foot of Mt. Eryx, now called San Giuliano, which rises four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. In this plain must have been played the martial games for the funeral of Anchises, as told by Virgil in the fifth book of the *Æneid*. The old town of Eryx is still standing on the summit of the mountain, and is an object of curiosity.

As the steamer dropped her anchor, an innumerable quantity of small boats, manned by wild, piratical-looking boatmen, surrounded her, the men yelling at the top of their voices with Southern volubility, and gesticulating like the windmills on the shore. Fortunately our host had been before advised of our coming, and was there with a private boat to take us on shore. Thus we escaped the most serious trial of patience that travelers undergo on arriving at any

port in Sicily, — the boatmen and hackmen.

Our host belonged to one of the oldest families of the place, possessing a large old palace in town, villas and estates on the northern slope of Mt. Eryx and elsewhere. It is surprising to notice the moral influence that such people have over the lower classes, who to an inexperienced foreign traveler seem brigandish or piratical, with their impulsive, volcanic nature, excitable temperament, picturesque costume, and the intense fiery expression of their eyes; for, as our boat reached the crowd of others that were pressing on the gangway, all the Masaniello-like boatmen gave way respectfully, so that our friend was able to come on deck to welcome us and take us on shore at once. His carriage waited for us at the landing to drive us to the house, which might have been reached in a few minutes, only that our host, desirous of parading his guests before the clubs and cafés where the notabilities of the place met, took a circuitous route through the two principal streets of the city.

Arriving at the house, we were received by his wife, a handsome, good-natured, portly lady, with olive complexion, and black eyes and hair, who spoke nothing but the native dialect; and by an only daughter of theirs, who was a counterpart of the mother, — a shade darker, if anything, and rather thin, though one could perceive that in a few years she would equal her in size. They met us with the utmost cordiality, installed us in a suite of rooms, with balconies over the street and a fine view of the harbor, and left us to our toilette, requesting us to join them in the drawing-room at our leisure, where they expected a number of friends, who desired the honor of being presented to us.

"Dear me!" said my wife, the moment they left the room, "I wish they had waited till to-morrow to have us see people. I am so sick and tired that I

would prefer to take a cup of tea and go to bed."

"Yes, my dear; but what can we do? It would seem very rude in us not to see these people, whom they have asked on purpose to meet us. You must try to make the best of it. And as for tea, I am pretty sure they have no such thing in the house."

"I wish you would ask, though," insisted my wife; "for I think a cup of strong tea would set me right."

"Well, I will," said I, with a doubtful expression, from my knowledge of the people of the island.

I rang a little silver bell that was on a writing-desk; for bell ropes, to say nothing of electric bell wires, had not penetrated so far as the interior of Sicily. A servant who sat in an outer room, ready to receive our orders, entered at once.

"Tell me, my man, are they in the habit of drinking tea in the house?"

"Tea?" repeated the man, with a blank expression of face. "What is that, sir?"

"You don't know what tea is? An herb which is infused in boiling water, making an excellent beverage with sugar and milk, that the English people use for breakfast or supper instead of wine; it is also very good when persons don't feel well."

"Ah! *capisco!* I understand; a decoction. I do not believe there is any in the house; but the apothecary opposite keeps all kinds of dried herbs, — camomile, poppy leaves, laurel, maiden's hair, — and I suppose he has the tea also. If you desire it, I will inform the steward, who will get it instantly."

"Oh, no, no, my good man, I will not give so much trouble. Besides, the apothecary may not have exactly what we want."

"Is the signora unwell?" asked he, seeing my wife reclining on a couch.

"Yes; she was sea-sick on the voyage, and does not feel very well."

"But surely the signora does not wish to take *medicine* for mere sea-sickness? What she needs is something more substantial, — a good *consommé*, a glass of wine, a cup of coffee or chocolate, something to eat. You can have anything at a moment's notice; the house is at your disposal."

I ordered a *consommé* and a cup of chocolate. In less than ten minutes he brought in a silver tray with a *tête-à-tête* of very choice Sèvres, an excellent *consommé*, a pot of very rich chocolate ready sugared, two bottles, one of red and the other of white wine, and a silver basket of superb fruit. (Fruit and wines are served in Italy at every meal.) We sat down comfortably to our luncheon, and a bowl of the *consommé* with a glass of wine was as good as tea after sea-sickness.

"How that porter's bell keeps ringing!" observed my wife. "I am afraid the whole town is coming up to be presented to us."

It is customary in such houses for the porter to ring a large bell in the courtyard to announce the arrival of any caller, in order that the servants may be ready to receive him at the entrance door: one bell indicates the arrival of a gentleman; two bells the arrival of a lady, whether escorted by a gentleman or not; three the arrival of the mistress of the house; four the arrival of the master.

"Yes, I am afraid it is so; and I think we had better hurry our lunch, and join our hosts in the drawing-room; for those people are specially invited to meet us."

We went into the drawing-room, the servant who had been assigned to our special service opening the several doors for us.

The house we were in was one of those baronial palaces built in the fifteenth century, when many of the feudal nobility left the turreted castles on their estates, and established themselves in the

cities, where they enjoyed the first honors. It had descended by inheritance to our host, and to all appearance it had never been altered from its original construction and furnishing, except in a very few articles of furniture which replaced those that had decayed. It was a square building of about seventy feet front, built of solid blocks of porous yellow stone that had become brown by age.

It had a small square in front, with a number of low, crumbling, miserable old houses, leaning one against the other, and a few poor shops in the basement; an old apothecary displayed in his window a variety of very old Sicilian majolica pots with salves of all sorts, and there was a small café, with a blue and white awning over the door, and two or three small tables and chairs outside under it. These houses, in days gone by, had sheltered the retainers of the feudal lord; but now they were rented, and occupied by a very common class of the population. This contrast of a superb palace surrounded by poor tenements is most peculiar and characteristic of Italian towns, especially the small ones, and those out of the way of modern influence, reminding one of the times when they were built, — times of caste and privileges; of immense wealth among the few at the expense of the poverty and degradation of the many; of a proud feudatory lord, exacting and enjoying the fruits of the labor of thousands of vassals, over whom he held sway as sovereign master.

The front entrance formed an archway which led to an interior court-yard, in the centre of which stood a very old granite fountain, with wide basins for horses to drink out of. By hereditary custom it was also used as a public dispenser of water to all the poor of the neighborhood, whose ragged children were constantly coming in and out to fill their earthen jars. The whole basement of the palace opening into this in-

terior court-yard, which in feudal times received the armed retainers and their horses, the granaries and kitchens, was now turned into stables and carriage-houses, the washing and cleaning of which was done in the court-yard itself, near the fountain, making it a scene of bustle and dirt, rather unpleasant to one not used to it.

Along the whole front of the palace ran a worn-out marble seat, which was the usual resort of the idlers and beggars of the neighborhood; and over it, very wide apart, opened a number of high and narrow pointed windows, protected by enormous iron gratings, that gave it more the aspect of a prison than of a private residence. Opening from the main apartments, were large balconies, each adorned with pots of every variety of flowers, and large enough to accommodate half a dozen people.

On the right of the archway of the entrance was a marble staircase leading to the family apartments, or *quarto nobile*. In the hall were several doors leading to them, the rooms being all on the same floor, opening one into the other. Our bed-chamber was of a very peculiar construction: it was divided in two by an alcove in the middle, having on each side a paneled door leading into two dressing-rooms, both the alcove and dressing-rooms opening into the back of the chamber, which had a space as large as the front, with two windows looking out into the court-yard, and containing wardrobes and chests of drawers. The front part had two balconies over the square, and was quaintly furnished with old rococo furniture very much worn; the floor was paved with glazed tiles, and had no carpet, except an Oriental rug here and there. The rooms were furnished in the style of the sixteenth century; they were high studded, with fresco paintings of mythological subjects, now almost faded by age and dampness; high paneled doors of white and gold, — the white turned to

a dusty gray, and the gold to a dark yellow ; there were old portraits of knights and magistrates, ancestors of our host, and an air of antiquity about everything that was very charming to us.

On entering the drawing-room, we found it already filled with a number of people, the *élite* of the place, to whom we were presented by our host and hostess. My wife, being a native American, was naturally an object of great curiosity, and the absurd questions asked her about America would fill a volume ; but as I have been asked as absurd ones about Italy by prominent people in the interior towns of America, I refrain from repeating them.

My modest official position had given those good people a very exalted notion of my consequence, and my kind host, with the excitable imagination of the natives of that volcanic island, seemed bent upon fostering it to the highest degree. I was asked my views of all the most important political questions of both America and Europe. The vice-prefect of the province, the mayor of the city, the vice-consuls of several nations, were there to meet me, and delicately insinuated in their conversation some inquiries and innuendoes respecting the object of my visit to their city ; and when repeatedly told that I only came to visit the place for its classical associations they bowed with a deferential smile of acquiescence, but with a look of diplomatic finesse.

When this morning reception was over, our friends informed us that carriages would be ready in a few minutes for the afternoon drive on the sea-shore promenade. There was no escaping it, for a refusal would have been considered a great discourtesy ; we had therefore to put on our things and join them.

Small towns in Italy ape the large ones in all manner of public amusements, whether they have the means or not. Turin has the Piazza d'Armi, Florence the Cascine, Rome the Pincio, Naples

the Chiaja, Palermo the Marina ; Trapani likewise must have its promenade. This is a public road by the port, extending from the gate of the city to the end of its ancient battlement, with a dozen or two of diminutive trees and a wooden stand against the city walls, where fifteen or twenty musicians, calling themselves a band, blow popular airs out of discordant brazen instruments. A motley throng of people of all classes, with many boatmen and sailors near their boats at the pier, walked about the place, while in some twenty or thirty carriages the aristocracy of the place drove up and down, now and then stopping in front of the band to hear the music, or chat. At such times, gentlemen on foot surrounded the carriages of friends to pay their compliments to the ladies. We had to undergo the presentation of a great number of these people, and to be stared at and pointed out as foreign lions, much to the gratification of our host and family, who seemed to enjoy the notoriety exceedingly.

Throughout the afternoon drive two young men on horseback followed the carriage where I, with my wife, our hostess, and her daughter, sat, and one of them stared so persistently at our party as to attract my wife's notice, who called my attention to it, with considerable surprise at the young man's impertinence, as she supposed. But I, who knew the peculiar ways of the natives, assured her that the black-eyed damsel at my side might be the cause of the young gentleman's pursuit, and that there might be no impertinence at all intended on his part. We returned to the house about dark, when dinner was immediately served. There were several guests invited, making about ten of us at table, with three or four servants waiting, and a great display of old family silver. The cooking was excellent, though with an attempt at being French which disappointed us ; for we would have preferred the old Sicilian

dishes, such as *macherroni a stufato* or *cususu*. The wines served were all excellent, and products of our host's vineyards. One especially, which he called San Giuliano Bianco from the southeastern slope of Mt. Eryx, was of remarkable delicacy, resembling very much the higher grades of Chablis.

"Is this also a wine from your estates?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes, indeed! I never use at my table any wine except of my own making, so as to be sure of what I am drinking; especially now that everything is so adulterated. This is my choicest; and I make only a few casks of it, for my private use."

"Why not make it for commercial purposes?" said I. "Wine so superior would fetch a very high price if exported and introduced abroad."

"Ma, caro signore, io non faccio il mercante di vino!" (But, my dear sir, I am not a wine merchant!) He said this with a lordly, deprecating air that more than astonished me, fresh as I was from America, where such aristocratic notions would be thought absurd; having forgotten, from long absence, the old Spanish pride of the nobility of the island.

"I beg your pardon!" I replied. "I did not mean it for a commercial speculation, but for the benefit you would bestow on all good connoisseurs, who would extol your name to the skies, if you allowed them to partake of the superior products of your vineyards." I said this with the most insinuating smile of admiration, sipping the delicious juice with ecstatic commendations of its superla-

tive quality; for in reality the wine deserved them.

"Troppe seccature, troppe seccature!" (Too much trouble, too much trouble!) he replied, much pleased, however, with my appreciation of his wine.¹

After dinner, we thought that they would have a short *conversazione*, and then retire. But it was not so; for, hardly had we finished our coffee, when the carriage was announced to take us to the theatre to witness a tiresome dramatized representation of Azeglio's Niccolò de' Lapi. However, we were shown all the élite of the place, consisting of some thirty or forty families, who owned boxes, some of whom we had met in the morning. Many gentlemen called in our box, and chatted away, in spite of those who wished to listen to the play.

My wife was very tired, and paid little attention either to the play or the conversation; but something very peculiar attracted her attention, and she watched it with a great deal of curiosity as a very extraordinary proceeding.

She was sitting in the place of honor, on the right of the box, our hostess opposite to her, and her daughter in the middle, the three thus occupying the whole front of the box; the gentlemen sitting in the back of it. Across from us, in the lower tier, were two boxes opening into each other, and full of young men of the first families, who form clubs and hire two or three boxes for the season. Among these were the two young lions who had followed our carriage in the afternoon, one of whom, a very fine-looking fellow, sat back in one of the boxes, and never even glanced at the

¹ Landed proprietors in Southern Italy and Sicily seldom carry on the cultivation of their estates themselves, as they reside in the cities, and visit them only once or twice a year for a few days of *villeggiatura*. They usually rent their lands to farmers, reserving, however, some rights in kind; such as the so-called *first fruits*, namely, a certain number of baskets of the first fruits of the season. If there are vineyards and olive groves, they reserve enough wine and oil to provide for their family use. These are of course of very choice quality,

for they take both pains and pride in them; but they would never think for a moment of making merchandise of these or any other products of their lands. The farmers or renters are very ignorant men, and cultivate these fruitful lands in a primitive style; hence, most of the wines and oils are coarse and of poor quality, with the exception of what the proprietors refine for their private use. I have very often tasted most exquisite wines in private houses which could not be had in the market at any price.

stage, but kept his opera-glass fixed on our box, or rather on the daughter of our friend, who upon her part returned the glance openly with or without the opera-glass, without regard for anybody around, or her mother, who sat near her. This they kept up throughout the play, and no one either in the young man's box or in ours seemed to take the slightest notice of it.

When we finally returned home, and were allowed to retire, — for, with the usual Sicilian excess of hospitality, they insisted upon our sitting down to a cold supper, — my wife, though very tired, could not resist asking me, —

“Did you notice that telegraphing going on between our host's daughter and that young man in the club boxes, the same whom we observed this afternoon at the drive?”

“Yes, I noticed,” I replied indifferently.

“Well! Don't you think it very strange to carry on such a flirtation so openly in a public place? And what do you think of her parents allowing it, — for they could n't have helped seeing it?”

“Flirtation, my dear?” said I, laughing. “The Sicilians don't know what flirtation is. They make love, but they never flirt. There is n't such a thing as flirting in the whole island!”

“So much the worse, then,” she insisted, with American ideas of propriety. “Don't you think it very improper to carry on such love-making in public?”

“Well, that is according as we look upon such matters. In America they make love in private, but the lovers are most of the time *alone* by themselves; here they do it in public, but at such a distance that they have to use opera-glasses to see each other. Besides, if they carry it on so openly and without any restraint, that indicates that it is authorized.”

“Authorized? I don't understand what you mean.”

“It means that it is authorized by the parents of both, in order to bring about a match. They may be already engaged, for all we know, only that it is not formally announced yet. In fact, I rather think this is the case; otherwise, her relations would n't have allowed such a public display of it.”

“Engaged!” exclaimed my wife, with astonishment. “Then, why have we not met the gentleman in the house this whole day, or this evening in the box at the theatre, when so many other gentlemen called?”

“Because they *are* engaged!”

“What! Because they *are* engaged he is not admitted in the house, or even in the box, of his lady-love?”

“Just so; or, at least, not until the engagement is *formally* acknowledged, or the marriage contract signed.”

“I understand less than ever now!”

“Of course you do, my dear, because you come from a country where such matters are arranged by the young people themselves. Americans begin first by a little flirting, then they come to love-making, finally to an engagement; and when all is arranged to their satisfaction then they apply to their respective parents for their consent; or, as in many cases, they merely announce the fact to them. In Sicily, on the contrary, these matters proceed in an inverse ratio. Usually the parents of both parties arrange it for them among themselves. Then they go to work, and quietly call the attention of each to the other: the parents of the young man by praising the beauty, virtue, accomplishments, of the young lady, whose parents do the same for the young gentleman. This naturally leads to a mutual interest on their part, and they first interchange glances, afterwards smiles, then signals; now and then a *billet-doux*, which they suppose is delivered clandestinely, but of which the parents are duly advised; finally, the young man gets to be actually in love, and confides it to his mam-

ma, who is greatly astonished, of course. He, such a young man, — his education not yet finished! What will papa say about it? He will be very much surprised. But then the young lady is of a good family, very pretty, modest, religious, etc., and if she had to choose for him she knows no one she would have preferred. Therefore, she will be very indulgent to him; she will try to bring matters about satisfactorily; only he must not be too impatient about marrying, for these matters take a long time to arrange; and he must not say anything to papa about it, for he may not like it on account of his being very young; above all, he must be a good boy, and deport himself as becomes his birth and education, for if she is to arrange this alliance with such highly respectable people as the family of the young lady, she must prove that her son is very worthy of her and of such a connection; and so on, for an hour or two of maternal anxious talk for his welfare. Then follow days and weeks of negotiations between the two mammas. The young lady, by the frequent visits and confabulations between her own and the young gentleman's mother, begins to suspect that there is something in the wind. He, on his side, to win her favor, daily increases his assiduity about her: for instance, at certain hours he passes through the street, stops at the café, or apothecary's, or opposite her house, and she is expected to be at the window or balcony to exchange glances. When she goes out to drive with her family, he will be on horseback or in another carriage, and will follow her and never lose sight of her till she returns home; she, on her part, is expected to cast a loving glance at him at every turning, and a very long one as the carriage disappears under the gate-way of her house. He is well informed about all her daily movements by secret (?) messages, and by fan telegraphing (an art totally ignored by American young

ladies, through which any movement of the fan, by prearranged understanding, conveys communications intelligible to the gentleman, and entirely incomprehensible to everybody else), and is sure to be present wherever she goes: at the theatre, for instance, and there he must never look at the play, but ogle her through the performance; at the church on Sunday, and he is to be ready at the door to lift the heavy curtain as she goes in, offer her the holy water at the font to cross herself with, and then take position against a marble pillar opposite where she sits with her mamma or *duenna*.

"After this has gone on for a considerable time, the young gentleman's father finally consents to his making a formal demand for the young lady's hand. This *formal* demand should be understood *ad literam*; for it is really a formality, the match having been already agreed upon by the parents of both. On the day appointed the young gentleman, with his parents, calls on the family of the young lady. (And this is the first time that he enters the house, unless the two families had been connected, or long acquainted; in which case he may have been there before, but he has never seen her or spoken to her by herself, as young ladies never meet gentlemen alone.) They are received by the parents, and after the usual preliminaries they formally ask the hand of their daughter for their son. Her relatives will thank them for the honor conferred by the request of such an alliance, and assure them that their daughter would be only too happy to become the wife of such an estimable young man. Whereupon the mother rises and introduces the young lady, who enters blushing, with her eyes modestly cast down. As she comes forward, the young man's father addresses her somewhat as follows:—

"Signorina Emilia, we have come, with your parents' permission, to ask your hand in marriage for our son Edu-

ardo; and, conscious as we are of the mutual affection that exists between you, we have no doubt that you will do us the honor to accept him, and make him happy.'

"On this, the young man usually advances towards his beloved, and adds a personal application, such as, —

"'I hope, Signorina Emilia, that you will not refuse what is the wish of my relatives and the long-desired aspiration of my heart.'

"At this, the young lady will blush, — naturally or not, according to circumstances; then casting first a longing look at the young gentleman, and a timid one at his and her own relatives, she will lower her long eyelashes, and answer hesitatingly something like this: —

"'I am confused by the high honor and the preference undeservedly shown me by Signor Eduardo and his worthy parents, and I gladly accept his hand, with the consent of my own, if so it please them to grant it.'

"Here follow shaking of hands, embraces, and mutual congratulations. The servants bring in wines and refreshments. The elder people draw to one side of the room, leaving alone for the first time the young couple on the other for fifteen or twenty minutes, to say a few loving words by themselves; after which they retire, the engagement is made formally public, and the marriage contract is drawn up and signed."

"And after the formal engagement are they allowed to be in each other's company?"

"Yes; but not as in America, where they can be alone together continually. Here, instead, after the formal engagement comes out and the marriage contract is signed, the young gentleman is allowed to ride in the same carriage with his *fiancée*, but with her relatives; and even if they get out to walk in some garden or promenade, they may walk alone in front, but the mamma, or other relative, walks behind. In the evening

he may call at the house, or in her box at the theatre, but always in presence of company. In fact, they never see each other alone, or, at least, out of sight of anybody, till after the marriage."

The next morning we were up betimes, so as to be ready for an excursion, which had been arranged before, to the old town on the top of Mt. Eryx. As I rung for the hot water, the servant brought in at the same time a pot of hot coffee, black and strong; but no milk, or anything to eat with it. I took a cup, but my wife, who had not as yet got used to that Italian custom, asked for a cup of chocolate instead.

An hour afterwards breakfast was announced, at which we joined the family. It was not very different from an American breakfast, except that it was served with wine instead of tea or coffee. After this we sat on the balconies, looking out over the square and street, waiting for the time to start. I was in one balcony, with my host and his family physician; my wife in another, with our hostess and her black-eyed daughter, the latter watching anxiously any one who appeared at the corner of the street. A few minutes afterwards the young gentleman before referred to made his appearance. The young lady fixed her eyes on him at once, and her face became irradiated with a flush of delight, which suffused her olive cheeks with a deep peach bloom that was lovely to look at.

As he passed arm in arm with his friend under her balcony, he elegantly bowed to the ladies, the young one replying with a modest glance. They saluted us as they passed under ours, and then walked across the square to the café opposite, where they sat in front, sipping their coffee and smoking a cigarette in the open air; one of them glancing sentimentally at his Diva, who returned it shyly; while my wife observed to me in English across the balcony, "There they are at it again!"

I took this opportunity of remarking to my host, "I believe I saw those two young gentlemen at the theatre, last evening; who are they?"

"They are cousins," he politely replied, "belonging to one of our best families. The one on the right is the son of my friend, Marquis C——, and the *futuro* [future husband] of my daughter. He is a very fine fellow, bright, well educated, a good horseman, musician, and of good parts. The arrangements are nearly finished, and in two or three days we shall sign the marriage contract. I hope you will remain with us till then, and honor us with your presence on such an occasion."

"Oh, I thank you very much," said I, "but I would not want to impose upon your hospitality so long."

"Not at all, not at all! You will stay; it will be a great pleasure for us to have you. We hope to arrange the matter for the evening after to-morrow, and count upon your being with us."

Here the servants announced that the carriages were ready for our excursion. We started at once, and as we went out of the house we noticed that the two young men had disappeared from the café.

The mountain is about three miles from the town, the road ascending gradually to its foot. Half-way rises the famous church and monastery of the miraculous Madonna of Trapani.

As we issued from the city gates we saw a carriage before us, which slackened its pace to let ours pass; in this were the two young men, who bowed as we drove by, and then followed us at a respectful distance, in full sight of our young lady, who faced towards her future, and exchanged loving glances with him.

Arriving at the church we alighted, and under the guidance of one of the monks visited all there was to be seen. There was nothing remarkable either in it or in the monastery, except the

chapel and statue of the Madonna in white alabaster, of no artistic merit whatever; both Madonna and child had gold crowns, and were heaped with offerings consisting of jewelry of all imaginable kinds and shapes, — gold and silver watches, chains, necklaces, rings in bundles of different number, and trinkets of all sorts there accumulated for the last three or four hundred years. The chapel was literally covered with paintings, or rather daubs, representing the miracles performed by the Madonna, — mostly in behalf of shipwrecked mariners whom she had rescued from a watery grave.

Our young physician, who was one of the party, called our attention to a picture of recent date: a girl sitting in an arm-chair, with two stout women, one grasping her arms and the other holding her head back; while a physician performed an operation on her eyes; several male and female figures were kneeling about the room, with their arms raised in the act of supplication; and over all, in a halo surrounded by a cloud, was a diminutive figure of the Madonna of Trapani.

"That is the latest miracle of the Madonna," said he to us.

"Indeed! And what does it represent?" we curiously inquired.

"You can see for yourselves," he replied. "The young girl is one of my patients, who had been afflicted by a cataract; the surgeon is myself performing the operation, which having been successful, and her sight restored, all the merit is ascribed to a miracle of the Madonna!"

"And justly so," interrupted the monk, who had overheard the conversation; "for who guided your hand in the delicate and difficult performance of the operation but our blessed Madonna, whose devotees the girl and her family are, and to whom they had prayed and made vows for the success of the operation? Skill is a necessary thing in all

professions, but without the assistance of God, the holy Madonna, and the blessed saints, nothing can be accomplished."

That argument silenced our Æsculapius and all of us; there was no gain-saying it, nor any logic to prove the contrary; therefore with such an assurance of the power of miracles we left the church. Going out of the front door to our carriages, we perceived the young futuro, with his cousin, leaning against a pilaster opposite the entrance, smoking a cigarette, and — studying the *barocco* architecture of the front of the church!

Proceeding on our journey, we arrived in a short time at the foot of the mountain. There we found a number of donkeys ready saddled to take us up to the summit by a short cut of about three miles, but very steep and stony. There is a road for carriages which ascends by a roundabout circuit of more than seven miles, but it is not so romantic and picturesque. We mounted the donkeys, that were of such diminutive size as to seem incapable of carrying the weight of any one of us; but they were strong, wiry little animals, sure-footed, and so used to that ascent, which would have been difficult even to a foot-traveler, that they carried us to the summit without a fall or a misstep.

The town is at the top of the mountain, on a plateau of irregular outline, sloping down on every side, in some places most precipitously. There is a small esplanade, where we dismounted to admire the view. From that elevation we overlooked an extensive reach of the western coast of Sicily. Below us, lapped by the sea, lay the walled city of Trapani, with its shipping, wind-mills, and salt pyramids, which at that altitude looked like the tents of a vast encampment. The whole panorama, rich with vineyards, olive groves, grain fields, carob-trees, oranges and lemons, almonds, fig-trees, pomegranates, and all

the luxuriant variety of that almost Oriental vegetation up to the very top of the mountain, with hedges and partitions formed of rows of aloes with their tall stems and flowery tops, prickly-pear trees with their enormous thorny leaves, and blackberry bushes, was studded with elegant white villas and farm-houses, near which grew the tall, mushroom-shaped Italian pines, that shaded them like gigantic parasols, and the erect palm-trees, which told of the proximity of the African coast opposite. Besides the productive soil of every available slope, this mountain contains in its substratum a great variety of precious marbles, such as alabaster, jasper, agate, porphyry, verd-antique, scagliola, and many others.

While we were thus admiring the beautiful view, the carriage containing the young futuro and his cousin arrived on the esplanade. They got out, and, bowing very politely to us, entered the main street of the town, where we followed them shortly after.

It is a very old place, with narrow streets going up and down by means of wide, stone-paved stairs, which prevent any carriages, or even horses, passing through them. The walls of the houses, which are never more than two stories high, seemed crumbling to dust, and reminded us more of Pompeii as it looks now than any other old town; the interiors were mere dark holes, crowded by a rural population. There is but one object of antiquity, a church, of which the walls and most of the columns once belonged to a temple of Vesta. There is an old tradition about this temple and the progenitors of the people of this town which is worth relating: —

During the many centuries of decay of the Roman Empire, the strict religious laws and customs were so far relaxed that whenever any one of the vestal virgins was discovered faithless to her vows, instead of being buried alive, according to the old law, she was rele-

gated to this temple of Vesta on Mt. Eryx, where, at length, she and others like her intermarried with the priests and people of the place, who were of Trojan origin. From their union descended the present population. This, of course, is a mere tradition, yet it is supported by a very curious physiological fact. The natives of this mountain town have more of the old Roman type of face and person than any of the other two millions of people that inhabit Sicily. The women are famous for their beauty, their fair complexions, long necks, large black eyes, and superb busts. There are also many blondes with blue eyes amongst them, — a type never seen in the true Sicilian race.

We had heard this story, and were anxious to observe the female part of the population; but as we walked, or rather climbed, up and down the steps of the streets, we saw none but men and very old women sitting in front of their dismal house doors.

There were shops where they sold oil, contained in just such huge clay jars as one sees at Pompeii; public cooks frying their meats at the threshold of their front doors; lamps, both of clay and bronze, of Pompeian shape; bread on the bakers' counters of the precise pattern as that found carbonized at Pompeii; and many other things reminded us of that old Roman town.

We arrived finally at the centre of the town, where there was a small square, the only *level* place in the city, with the principal church, of no sort of interest, and the usual café, apothecary shop, and club-rooms. The young futuro and his friend were already installed in front of the last,¹ chatting with several gentlemen of the place. On our appearance, several of these came forward to greet our host and party, and three or four

joined us to guide us about the place. There was very little to be seen, except an old fortress, anciently a Saracenic castle of great strength, perched above a perpendicular precipice of some two thousand feet.

We were allowed to throw two or three huge stones down it, which, falling from such a height on a marble quarry at the bottom, broke into fragments, and ricocheted like cannon-balls over fields, vineyards, and olive groves on the slope, bounding over enormous distances three or four times.

It had been arranged that we should lunch at our host's villa, which lay half-way down the southern slope of the mountain; but one of the gentlemen of the place, who had joined us, insisted upon our accepting *his* hospitality. It was useless for our host to expostulate; as he had prepared a refecton at his villa, he would admit of no excuse. We were therefore marched back to the square, and made to enter a two-story house opposite the church. It was one of the few neat-looking houses in the place, containing a number of large rooms on the second floor elegantly furnished, and, what astonished us, having fire-places in every room.²

We were shown into a superb hall overlooking the square, and introduced to the lady of the house and several young children. She was a native of the place, and had never been out of it, except to make a visit of a few days, every now and then, to Trapani. Placed in contrast with our dark hostess and still darker daughter, she and her children seemed to be of quite another race, their complexion being much lighter, smoother, and less sunburnt. This must be the effect not so much of their Roman descent, I surmised, as of the climate and atmosphere of that lofty place,

and tables under an awning in front when it is warm and pleasant.

² Fire-places are found nowhere in Sicily except in the houses of the wealthiest people, and then as a luxury in one or two drawing-rooms.

¹ Clubs in Sicily are seldom in-doors, but generally in some square of the city, on a level with the street, differing only from public cafés in that none but members or invited guests have a right to enter; and as in public cafés there are chairs

which reminded us when there, and from description, of the English climate ; for they have daily fogs, from the clouds that settle over it and stay there, and that look so bright and picturesque from the lower part of the mountain and from the plain, that are basking in the sunshine.

After a few minutes of conversation, during which our young lady stood at the window, fanning herself in many ways, though it was cool enough at that height, the servants entered bringing trays with refectious, which they passed round. These consisted of sweet biscuits, candied fruits, — such as citrons, mandarin oranges, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, figs, — etc., with several varieties of confectioneries, *sweet* wines, and liqueurs.

The above may seem a very strange sort of lunch to an Anglo-Saxon, who would have preferred a cold chicken, a slice of ham, an olive, sardine, or piece of cheese, with a glass of dry wine, and above all fresh fruits, with which the trees were loaded down in that season of the year, instead of candied ones. But none of the last would have been *comme il faut*, according to the idea of a Sicilian gentleman ; and the first could not have been found ready in the house so impromptu, for meats are never provided for more than one day's use, as the climate soon spoils them.

While we were thus entertained there came out from the church in the square a crowd of people, mostly women, who had been attending some religious service, and we then had an opportunity of ascertaining the truth about their peculiar beauty. As far as we could observe, the young girls were of a light complexion, with Romanesque necks and busts, but the matrons and old women were not very different from the generality of the peasant classes of the island.

We left the house soon after to take a turn about the streets on our way back. Passing by a little shop containing ob-

jects made of the various marbles that are found in the mountain, such as agate knife handles and amulets, porphyry seals, verd-antique paper-weights, alabaster statuettes of madonnas, etc., we selected a few articles as mementoes of the place, fortunately of little value ; for, when I took out my purse to pay for them, the shopman refused the money, stating that they had already been paid for by the gentleman who had entertained us at the place.

When half-way down the mountain we left the main road, and entered a wide avenue that led to our host's villa. This was lined with yellow stone pilasters surmounted by vases containing cactuses, many of them in bloom, and supporting cross-beams over the road, intersected with light canes, the whole covered over with vines, whose leaves sheltered us, like an awning, from the sun, which at that noon hour was very hot ; and, hanging from them, we could discern through the whole length of the avenue myriads of ripe bunches of zibibo (malaga) and corniola grapes. We stopped the carriages, and standing in them we picked enough fruit to fill a large basket in a few moments.

Eating grapes as we drove on, we arrived finally at the villa, or *casino*, as it is called in Sicily.

No American cottage or farm-house, nor even an Italian villa such as one finds in Tuscany or Romagna, can give an idea of the country-seats in the interior of Sicily. The one our friend had inherited from his ancestors consisted of a rectangular building inclosing a courtyard some hundred feet front by seventy feet deep. We entered through a gateway or porch, twenty-five feet deep, having two strong iron-barred gates, one on the outside and the other on the inside. All along both the walls of this could be seen loop-holes covering the outer gate and the whole length of the porch, so that in case of any attempt at entering, a very few persons from the inside could

protect the entrance; and should the assailants even succeed in carrying the first gate, they could be repulsed before reaching, or while endeavoring to break through, the second, without being able to see the defenders.

Over this porch, and extending somewhat on each side, rose a one-story stone building, occupied by the factor and his family. On the sides of each window of this, which was protected by an iron grate, were also loop-holes, covering the small esplanade in front and the gate itself. On each side of this there ran along the whole front store-houses some twenty feet high, containing the usual three tiers of wine butts in which to deposit the vintage. These store-houses continued through the two sides of the rectangle and all along the back of the building, thus inclosing the court-yard, into which they all opened, having no doors and hardly any windows, except loop-holes, on the outside. The villa itself was built over these store-houses, and opposite the entrance porch and the factor's house. The only access to this was by a double stone staircase in the court-yard, protected by a stone parapet reaching the height above the store-houses where were the landing and entrance door. Both the stair and landing were exposed to the fire of hundreds of loop-holes from every building in the place and from the villa itself, so that any attempt to break into the house would have been next to impossible.

As our carriages drove into the court-yard a novel sight met our eyes. The place was thronged with donkeys going in and out, led by little boys and carrying two long, wide wooden tubs, shaped somewhat like baskets, filled with white and black grapes, which some of the laborers emptied into huge wooden receptacles, from which other boys took them in buckets and carried them into the wine-press visible through the wide-open door of one of the store-houses. We were so anxious to see the process of

pressing that, in spite of our host's urging us to go up into the villa to lunch, we insisted upon viewing it first.

The process was very primitive and not very agreeable. There was built in the middle of the store-house a stone basin, some six feet above the ground and twelve or fifteen feet square, with a stone parapet three feet high. Within this were ten or twelve men, with bare legs and feet, dancing and smashing mounds of grapes under them. The juice came out through four tubes at the bottom of each side of the basin into buckets, and was then poured into the empty butts of the store-houses, where the wine would go through the process of fermentation.

After the grapes had been pressed by the feet as much as possible, they were taken out, and placed in soft rush baskets under a wooden screw press, and every drop of juice squeezed out. The wine extracted by this second pressure is not, however, so good as the first, as the press squeezes also the unripe grapes and acid pulps.

As we retraced our steps into the court-yard, where the great bulk of grapes were being brought in, I noticed that several women were assorting them by choosing the best and ripest white clusters and placing them in separate tubs. My wife, who, somewhat disgusted at the sight of the barefooted men dancing jigs over the grapes, had gone where the women were, and was regaling herself with the best of them, asked my host why they were assorting these.

"Ah," said he, "for the reason that in the contract with my factor he is bound to provide me with three butts of white grape wine at every vintage; and as he was in our family long before I was born, and is very fond of me and mine, he naturally chooses the very best white grapes to make it out of. These will make the same wine you tasted last evening, and liked so much."

"Oh, yes, I see," said I jocosely: "you

keep the choicest for yourself, and let the world have the rest."

"Not exactly, for I have nothing to do with all the rest; it belongs to my factor, who rents the whole produce of the estate. He could assort the vintage, if he chose, and produce three or four different qualities of wine, some of which would be of a very high grade; but he prefers to sell it for ready money, for he sells all the wine he makes before the year is out, while my three butts take three years before the wine is properly matured; and it will improve by age. Therefore, you can imagine what an enormous capital it would require to keep the produce of three or four years stored, in order to have a higher grade of wine; to say nothing of the risk. Neither I nor my factor would care to have the trouble and anxiety of such a speculation. Besides, as I told you last evening, I am not a merchant, and feel utterly incapable of such work. But let us go into the house, and see what our factor has prepared for us, for I am getting hungry."

We went up the staircase and entered the villa. It consisted of a rotunda painted in fresco, representing a Doric temple with Apollo and the Muses, for an entrance hall, with four doors leading to four suites of rooms: those looking into the court-yard had large balconies shaded by trellises of grape-vines; but those looking into the open country had only very small windows commanding a magnificent view of the valley beneath, the sea, and the opposite islands. These windows and balconies were also loop-holed.

After lunching on a peculiar cold dish composed of egg-plant cut up fine, with bits of fried polyp stewed together with sugar and vinegar, sprinkled over with crumbs of burnt almonds and boiled shrimps, and on other cold dishes as odd, which had been sent out from the city, we sat on the balconies over the work in the court-yard, looking at the caravan

of donkeys bringing up the grapes, and the vast plateau and distant mountains opposite us. My wife had a curiosity to know something about the loop-holes we had seen everywhere about the buildings, so she said to our host:—

"I have noticed that the whole place is loop-holed, and though not a castle, yet is so arranged for defense that it could stand a siege. Is there any necessity for such a precaution?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied he. "All these precautions were necessary when my great-great-grandfather built it, and as long as the Algerine pirates were allowed in the Mediterranean. Our coast is only twenty-four hours from the coast of Africa, and those three islands that look so picturesque opposite our shore were a good hiding-place for the corsairs; for they would lay to behind them in the day-time, and when night came, if they had a favorable wind, they could reach our shores in a couple of hours, land in force, and raid over the country, collecting booty, and prisoners, whom they sold as slaves. You must have noticed at every few miles on the coast a watch-tower. These were built to signal the appearance of piratical craft, which they did by a smoke in the day-time and a light in the night. The moment the peasants were thus warned of the approach of the corsairs, they took up arms, and with their families crowded into all places that were capable of defense, until the danger was past. Proprietors accordingly built their country houses with conveniences to shelter the poor peasants, and defend themselves against those renegades, and this house was one of them. There is no record, however, that it was ever assaulted, for my factor remembers of having been told by his grandfather that when the corsairs were on our coast the armed peasantry flocked here in such numbers as to have half a dozen guns for every loop-hole."

"And are there any brigands here?"

"Brigands?" exclaimed our host with a look of astonishment, — "brigands? My dear madam, we are neither in the Abruzzi, nor in the Roman Campagna, nor in Greece. There are some robbers in the neighborhood of Palermo and Girgenti; but, with the exception of petty thieves, this part of the island is as safe as a convent. Of course, robberies happen in the best regulated communities; but regular brigandage — armed bands of outlaws raiding over the country, and plundering travelers, proprietors, and farmers — has never been known here."

Our friend proposed to walk down to where they were gathering the grapes, having our carriages follow us along the road. We entered an extensive olive grove and vineyard.

Vines in Sicily are not cultivated as in other parts of Italy, where they hang them in festoons across willow, elm, or other trees. In Sicily, instead, each vine is planted in the centre of a five-foot hollow square, and allowed to grow only to the height of a foot or so, when it spreads its shoots over the whole space, so low, that when they are loaded with grapes, these often touch the ground. The olive-trees grow up somewhat irregularly among the vines; or rather they occupied the soil long before these were planted, for they were introduced into Sicily by the Arabs during their occupation of the island in the eighth and ninth centuries, and many of them date back to that time. They do not interfere with the growth of the grapes, because their roots sink very deep into the soil, and their small and narrow leaves do not obstruct the heat of the sun; so that from the same soil are derived two products, wine and oil.

As we passed the fields which the vintagers had been through, we noticed crowds of children gleaning the little bunches of grapes that, either on account of their smallness, or because hidden among the foliage, had been left ungath-

ered. Our host explained to us that from time immemorial the poor children in the neighborhood of estates had the privilege of entering during the vintage or the harvest, and gleaning all that was left after the vintagers; and no proprietor would dare to forbid this time-honored charitable custom. The vintagers were all field hands, who clipped the grapes with sharp pincers and with extraordinary swiftness, filling their baskets in a short time.

We noticed also that there were no women working among them, as is often the custom in other parts of Italy and other countries of the continent of Europe. This is very characteristic of the Sicilians, and without doubt is of Arabic origin: they never allow their women, even among the poorest classes, to do any outdoor work; they are always kept in the house, and do home work.

After having seen the vintagers at work, we regained our carriages, and descending the zigzag road at a quick trot reached the convent of the Madonna of Trapani at about sunset. We found our friend the futuro again studying the architecture of the façade, with an enormous bouquet of flowers, which he had probably obtained from the garden of the monastery. A short time after our arrival at the house, when we sat down to dinner, we noticed in the middle of the table the very bunch of flowers we had seen in his hand, which somehow or other had got there.

At our host's earnest solicitation, we stayed two days more than we had intended, in order to be present at the marriage contract of his daughter. It took place in the evening, shortly after dinner. The house had been decorated as for a ball, and in fact the evening ended with dancing. The company was not very large, consisting mostly of relatives and intimate friends of both families, though it comprised all there was of the élite of the town. The bridegroom, accompanied by his family, was

the last to arrive, and it was the *first time* that he had entered the house. A few minutes after, the servants brought in a table covered with a green cloth, on which they placed an elegant silver ink-stand and *three* silver candlesticks with three lighted wax candles, though the room was as light as day.¹

When the notary sat at the table to read the contract, the bride stood one step in front, between her father and mother, on his right; the bridegroom in the same position on the left, and the company all about them. The notary read in a loud voice, detailing every item of property that each possessed or received from his or her parents, even to the very dresses and underclothes, sheets and pillow-cases, to say nothing

of the jewelry and silver, of the bride's trousseau, with the value attached to each, the sum total of which formed the dowry. This dowry is secured on all the bridegroom's property over any possible creditor, in favor of the wife and their issue. When the reading was through, the bride signed first, then the bridegroom, then their fathers and mothers and any number of witnesses they pleased; so that even our names were appended to that marriage contract. Then followed congratulations, refreshments, and dancing to a late hour.

We left the next day for home, delighted with the excursion, and with the cordial and expansive, though at times almost oppressive, form of Sicilian hospitality.

Luigi Monti.

KINTU.

WHEN earth was young and men were
few,
And all things freshly-born and new
Seemed made for blessing, not for ban,
Kintu the god appeared as man.
Clad in the plain white priestly dress,
He journeyed through the wilderness,
His wife beside. A mild-faced cow
They drove, and one low-bleating lamb;
He bore a ripe banana-bough,
And she a root of fruitful yam:
This was their worldly worth and store,
But God can make the little more.
The glad earth knew his feet; her
mold
Trembled with quickening thrills, and
stirred.
Miraculous harvests spread and rolled,

The orchards shone with ruddy gold;
The flocks increased, increased the herd,
And a great nation spread and grew
From the swift lineage of the two,
Peopling the solitary place;
A fair and strong and fruitful race,
Who knew not pain, nor want, nor grief,
And Kintu reigned their lord and chief.

So sped three centuries along,
Till Kintu's sons waxed fierce and
strong;
They learned to war, they loved to
slay;
Cruel and dark grew all their faces;
Discordant death-cries scared the day,
Blood stained the green and holy places;
And drunk with lust, with anger hot,

¹ This was in old times a necessary formality to make the marriage contract *legal*. The Latin form of such contracts, used until the French Revolution, was expressed somewhat as follows: "Before me, N. N., notary public, in the presence of, etc., *cum tribus luminibus accensis* (with three lighted candles), personally appeared," etc. This, though not

a legal requirement now, has been kept up as a traditional custom. The origin of it is very obscure; though it is possible that, after the expulsion of the Arabs and the Jews, with the exception of those who had embraced Christianity, they adopted this formality to try their sincerity, for the three candles indicated the Trinity.

His sons mild Kintu heeded not.
 At last the god arose in wrath,
 His sandals tied, and down the path,
 His wife beside him, as of yore,
 He went. A cow, a single lamb
 They took; one tuber of the yam;
 One yellow-podded branch they bore
 Of ripe banana, — these, no more,
 Of all the heaped-up harvest store.
 They left the huts, they left the tent,
 Nor turned, nor cast a backward look:
 Behind the thick boughs met and shook.
 They vanished. Long with wild lament
 Mourned all the tribe, in vain, in vain;
 The gift once given was given no more,
 The grievèd god came not again.

To what far paradise they fared,
 That heavenly pair, what wilderness
 Their gentle rule next owned and shared,
 Knoweth no man, — no man can guess.
 On secret roads, by pathways blind,
 The gods go forth, and none may find;
 But sad the world where God is not!
 By man was Kintu soon forgot,
 Or named and held as legend dim;
 But the wronged earth, remembering
 him,

By scanty fruit and tardy grain
 And silent song revealed her pain.
 So centuries came, and centuries went,
 And heaped the graves, and filled the
 tent.

Kings rose, and fought their royal way
 To conquest over heaps of slain,
 And reigned a little. Then, one day,
 They vanished into dust again,
 And other kings usurped their place,
 Who called themselves of Kintu's race,
 And worshiped Kintu; not as he,
 The mild, benignant deity,
 Who held all life a holy thing,
 Be it of insect or of king,
 Would have ordained, but with wild
 rite,

With altars heaped, and dolorous cries,
 And savage dance, and bale-fires light,
 An unaccepted sacrifice.
 At last, when thousand years were flown,
 The great Ma-anda filled the throne:

A prince of generous heart and high,
 Impetuous, noble, fierce, and true;
 His wrath like lightning hurtling by,
 His pardon like the healing dew.
 And chiefs and sages swore each one
 He was great Kintu's worthiest son.

One night, in forests still and deep,
 A shepherd sat to watch his sheep;
 And started as through darkness dim
 A strange voice rang and called to him:
 "Wake! — there are wonders waiting
 thee!

Go where the thick mimosas be,
 Fringing a little open plain.
 Honor and power wouldest thou gain?
 Go, foolish man, to fortune blind;
 Follow the stream, and thou shalt find."
 Three several nights the voice was heard,
 Louder and more emphatic grown.
 Then, at the thrice-repeated word,
 The shepherd rose and went alone,
 Threading the mazes of the stream
 Like one who wanders in a dream.
 Long miles he went, the stream beside,
 Which this way, that way, turned and
 sped,

And called and sang, a noisy guide.
 At last its vagrant dances led
 To where the thick mimosas' shade
 Circled and fringed an open glade;
 There the wild streamlet danced away.
 The moon was shining strangely white,
 And by its fitful gleaming ray
 The shepherd saw a wondrous sight:
 In the glade's midst, each on his mat,
 A group of armed warriors sat,
 White-robed, majestic, with deep eyes
 Fixed on him with a stern surprise;
 And in their midst an aged chief
 Enthronèd sat, whose beard like foam
 Caressed his mighty knees. As leaf
 Shakes in the wind the shepherd shook,
 And veiled his eyes before that look,
 And prayed, and thought upon his home,
 Nor spoke, nor moved, till the old man,
 In voice like waterfall, began:
 "Shepherd, how names himself thy
 king?"

"Ma-anda," answered, shuddering,

The shepherd. "Good, thou speakest well.

And now, my son, I bid thee tell Thy first king's name." "It was Kintu."

"'T is rightly said, thou answerest true.

Hark! To Ma-anda, Kintu's son, Hasten, and bid him, fearing naught,

Come hither, taking thee for guide;

Thou and he, not another one,

Not even a dog may run beside!

Long has Ma-anda Kintu sought

With spell and conjuration dim,

Now Kintu has a word for him.

Go, do thy errand, haste thee hence,

Kintu insures thy recompense."

All night the shepherd ran, star-led,

All the hot day he hastened straight,

Nor stopped for sleep, nor stopped for bread,

Until he reached the city gate,

And saw red rays of evening fall

On the leaf-hutted capital.

He sought the king, his tale he told.

Ma-anda faltered not, nor stayed.

He seized his spear, he left the tent;

Shook off the brown arms of his queens,

Who clasped his knees with wailing screams;

On pain of instant death forbade

That men should spy or follow him;

And down the pathway, arching dim,

Fearless and light of heart and bold

Followed the shepherd where he went.

But one there was who loved his king Too well to suffer such strange thing,—

The chieftain of the host was he,

Next to the monarch in degree;

And, fearing wile or stratagem

Menaced the king, he followed them

With noiseless tread and out of sight.

So on they fared the forest through,

From evening shades to dawning light,

From dawning to the dusk and dew,—

The unseen follower and the two.

Ofttimes the king turned back to scan

The path, but never saw the man.

At last the forest-guarded space

They reached, where, ranged in order, sat

Each couched upon his braided mat, The white-robed warriors, face to face

With their majestic chief. The king,

Albeit unused to fear or awe,

Bowed down in homage, wondering,

And bent his eyes, as fearing to be

Blinded by rays of deity.

Then asked the mighty voice and calm,

"Art thou Ma-anda called?" "I am."

"And art thou king?" "The king am I,"

The bold Ma-anda made reply.

"'T is rightly spoken; but, my son,

Why hast thou my command forgot,

That no man with thee to this spot

Should come, except thy guide alone?"

"No man has come," Ma-anda said.

"Alone we journeyed, he and I;

And often have I turned my head,

And never living thing could spy.

None is there, on my faith as king."

"A king's word is a weighty thing,"

The old man answered. "Let it be,—

But still a man *has* followed thee!

Now answer, Ma-anda, one more thing:

Who, first of all thy line, was king?"

"Kintu the god." "'T is well, my son,

All creatures Kintu loved,—not one

Too pitiful or weak or small;

He knew them and he loved them all;

And never did a living thing,

Or bird in air or fish in lake,

Endure a pang for Kintu's sake.

Then rose his sons, of differing mind,

Who gorged on cruel feasts each day,

And bathed in blood, and joyed to slay,

And laughed at pain and suffering.

Then Kintu sadly went his way.

The gods long-suffering are and kind,

Often they pardon, long they wait;

But men are evil, men are blind.

After much tarriance, much debate,

The good gods leave them to their fate;

So Kintu went where none may find.

Each king in turn has sought since then,

From Chora down, the first in line,

To win lost Kintu back to men.

Vain was his search, and vain were thine,

Save that the gods have special grace
To thee, Ma-anda. Face to face
With Kintu thou shalt stand, and he
Shall speak the word of power to thee;
Clasped to his bosom, thou shalt share
His knowledge of the earth, the air,
And deep things, secret things, shalt
learn.

But stay," — the old man's voice grew
stern, —

"Before I further speak, declare
Who is that man in ambush there!"
"There is no man, — no man I see."
"Deny no longer, it is vain.

Within the shadow of the tree
He lurketh; lo, behold him plain!"
And the king saw, for at the word
From covert stole the hidden spy,
And sought his monarch's side. One
cry,

A lion's roar, Ma-anda gave,
Then seized his spear, and poised and
dave.

Like lightning bolt it hissed and whirred,
A flash across the midnight blue.
A single groan, a jet of red,
And, pierced and stricken through and
through,

Upon the ground the chief fell dead;
But still with love no death could chase,
His eyes sought out his master's face.

Blent with Ma-anda's a wild cry
Of many voices rose on high,
A shriek of anguish and despair,
Which shook and filled the startled air;
And when the king, his wrath still hot,
Turned him, the little grassy plain
All lonely in the moonlight lay:
The chiefs had vanished all away
As melted into thin, blue wind;
Gone was the old man. Stunned and
blind,

For a long moment stood the king;
He tried to wake; he rubbed his eyes,
As though some fearful dream to end.
It was no dream, this fearful thing:
There was the forest, there the skies,
The shepherd — and his murdered friend.
With feverish haste, bewildered, mazed,
This way and that he vainly sped,
Beating the air like one half crazed;
With prayers and cries unnumbered,
Searching, imploring, — vain, all vain.
Only the echoing woods replied,
With mocking booms their long aisles
through,

"Come back, Kintu, Kintu, Kintu!"
And pitiless to all his pain
The unanswering gods his suit denied.
At last, as dawning slowly crept
To day, the king sank down and wept
A space; then, lifting as they could
The lifeless burden, once a man,
He and the shepherd-guide began
Their grievous journey through the
wood,

The long and hard and dreary way,
Trodden so lightly yesterday;
And the third day, at evening's fall,
Gained the leaf-hutted capital.
There burial rites were duly paid:
Like bridegroom decked for banqueting,
The chief adorned his funeral-pyre;
Rare gums and spices fed the fire,
Perfumes and every precious thing;
And songs were sung, and prayers were
prayed,

And priests danced jubilant all day.
But prone the king Ma-anda lay,
With ashes on his royal crest,
And groaned, and beat upon his breast,
And called on Kintu loud and wild:
"Father, come back, forgive thy child!"
Bitter the cry, but vain, all vain;
The grieved god came not again.

Susan Coolidge.

THE SURGEON AT THE FIELD HOSPITAL.

OFTEN as I have seen allusions to the field hospital, and even short, vivid descriptions of its horrors and mysteries, in the course of accounts of battles penned by men who had borne their part in the fighting, or by newspaper correspondents whose attention was mainly fixed on the engagement, as was natural, I do not remember to have read a single account, from a *surgeon*, of the place where his work lay during and after the battle. He, like the quartermaster and commissary, has no share in the fierce and stimulating work of attack and defense; the strung-up suspense of expectation, the intensity of effort while the struggle hangs in doubtful balance, the exaltation of victory, the depression of defeat, come to him at second hand. His place is in an eddy of the mighty current of battle where the wrecks sweep in, and his business is to mend them as he may. It may well be supposed that the despondent rather than the jubilant view gets reported there, whither shattered manhood is borne sorely against its will, when its hope was to rush on, sweeping the enemy before it. Bitter disappointment and bodily anguish are too much for the hopefulness of common men, whose strength of soul is usually taxed to the utmost for endurance. So, though there are many glorious exceptions, the usual tone of those who come into the field hospital is depressed and despondent, and they are apt to report failure, if not defeat; whence it comes to pass that the surgical staff, who long for victory as much as any of their comrades in the line of battle, have need of no little experience before they can make such allowances for the exaggeration of distress in the reports that are groaned out to them as will save their own hearts from growing heavy with the thought that all this woe and wail,

in the midst of which they are working, has gone for naught.

Never shall I forget how strong was this influence at the first assault on Port Hudson.

Public attention was not so drawn to this rebel stronghold as to Vicksburg, the final and successful siege of which began about the same date; and many readers may have quite forgotten that in Louisiana there was another fort in rebel hands, one hundred and twenty miles below Vicksburg and ninety miles above New Orleans,¹ which completely commanded the Mississippi and held out nearly a week longer than Vicksburg. Banks's army had by an unexpected movement invested it on May 21, 1863, carried the outworks at once, and driven the enemy within his main line of defenses, while Farragut shut him in quite as closely on the river side. In the flush of our first success we recked little of there being seven miles of formidable earth-works before us. We were eager to storm them, and get to the river before Grant's men. Between the woods in which our camps were hidden and the rebel works, there was a plain of irregular shape, varying from half a mile to a mile in width. The trees had been felled here the year before to give free sweep for artillery, and being left where they fell had added greatly to the defenses of the place. It was as though the parts of an abatis had been somewhat widely separated, and strong bushes and briars had grown up among them, rendering it impossible to preserve any regimental formation in traversing it, even unmolested by an enemy. But from the woods' edge where our line was formed these obstacles could not be seen, and it looked simply like a half

¹ By the river these distances are four or five times greater.

mile of space to be rushed over under fire, and the only question was how to pass the ditch and surmount the earth-works on the farther side. It was well understood that there was to be an assault. In every regiment fascines were made, which were to be carried by hand to the ditch and flung in at one point, till they should fill and so bridge it for our triumphant charge over the works. Volunteers were called for from each regiment to form a storming party, a part of which was to bear the fascines, while the rest were to rush over the bridged ditch, heading the assault, and holding the vulnerable point of the rebel defenses till the main body came up. Volunteers were not wanting for what was the post of glory as well as of danger. Little did we think that not one fascine would reach the ditch, and that even those who carried only a musket would be glad to take shelter behind stumps and logs midway of that green, bushy plain.

The field hospital of our division was in the woods, out of probable, though not out of possible, cannon range, and, as it proved, beyond *actual* range all through the seven weeks' siege. In the woods I said it was, meaning a cleared *place* in the woods, not a building or tent of any kind. A suitable place by the road-side had been cleared of underbrush for the space of perhaps an acre, which lay almost wholly in shade under tall trees and interlacing vines, with spaces enough of sunshine to prevent anything like an air of gloom. Questions of room and of ventilation, at least, gave us no trouble there. On the 27th of May, having got all things in readiness, we lay about on the ground waiting, waiting with unutterable restlessness and dread. It was noon of the hot, bright day, when the artillery along our division front, which had been pretty steadily at work all the forenoon pounding away at the rebel breast-works, burst into a steady roar, the light batteries firing

with wonderful rapidity, and we understood that our division was moving to the assault. For an hour the roar was continuous. Whether musketry mingled with it we could not tell, for the wind was strong and blew from us to Port Hudson. Earlier in the day we had heard heavy firing on our right and left, but that concerned other divisions, and we had got not one word of news in regard to it. About one o'clock there was a lull in the firing for half an hour, but not a wounded man came in, and we could not understand it. Had they carried Port Hudson, and were the hurt as well as the sound men going in thither? Could the assault have succeeded so soon? We could make nothing of it; but here was our station, and here we must stay. Four or five hours earlier I had been up with my regiment, had seen them in line of battle on the edge of a wood, had sent one of my assistants to a neighboring regiment which had no medical officer fit for duty, and had given my last directions to the other assistant, who was to stay with our regiment as long as he could be of any use, and then report at the hospital where I was stationed. Since that time I had been merely waiting.

About half past one o'clock, P. M., the firing began again, and now we could hear the rattling, spiteful musketry, more dangerous than the louder cannon. We walked to and fro in our shady retreat, or, pausing, we changed restlessly from one position to another. It was about three P. M., when several assistant surgeons came in (both mine among them), saying that nobody could get off the field; so heavy was the enemy's fire and so rough the field, it was out of the question to bring off the wounded. They could not tell how it was going, but stoutly maintained that we should ultimately carry the works. Shortly before four o'clock the wounded began to come in, the more slightly wounded at first; then, as the afternoon wore on and

the sun got low, faster and faster and thicker the sad procession poured in on us, not in ambulances, not on stretchers, but in their comrades' arms, or borne in rubber blankets. In different parts of that ground we wrought, with our hospital men about us, extracting bullets; staunching bleeding; amputating hopelessly shattered fingers and hands on the spot; sending to the operating table the more serious cases; pointing out the place where each man should be laid when we had done what we could, or sadly shaking the head over cases for which nothing could be done. Now it was a strange, now a familiar, face that looked pleadingly into mine to know the surgeon's verdict. Working as fast as possible, with every power of mind and body on the stretch, I heard from each sufferer, or from the friends who bore him, the wildest accounts of the day's losses and defeat, agreeing only as to our having been terribly repulsed, fearfully "cut up," and as to the impracticable nature of the ground over which the assault was attempted. "How is it with the forty-ninth?" was my question to every man of my own regiment who sought me. "Oh, doctor, the regiment's all cut to pieces! The' ain't twenty men left 'thout a wound." This was the burden of the replies I got. "They're bringin' in the colonel now. He's hit in the head, and his arm's shattered awful." "And where's Colonel S.?" (the lieutenant-colonel). "Why, I heard he's shot through the body." Just then came the captain of Company E, un wounded indeed, but bruised, haggard, staggering with fatigue, bringing in a lieutenant with the help of a private. "Captain," I cried, "is it as bad as they say?" "Could n't be worse, doctor. The forty-ninth can't furnish half a company for duty. Here comes the colonel with a smashed arm and a wounded head, they say. S. has got a ball in his lungs, I suppose." "And the major?" I groaned. "Dead on the field!" replied his hollow

voice. "My God!" I groaned again, and bent over the lieutenant, whose comparatively slight hurt was soon dressed. As I straightened my aching back, and signed them where to lay him by his friends (five lieutenants in a row with two or three captains), my attention was drawn by several familiar voices crying, "Here's the doctor! Bring the colonel this way!" and a group somewhat larger than usual laid the tall figure of our colonel on the ground before me. How proud we had been of our colonel, — of his valor, his steadiness, his courtesy, his reputation! His very name was a tower of strength to us. Officer and private, all leaned on him alike. Our attachment to him was almost a proverb in the brigade. He had gone into that assault the *only mounted man*, because it was impossible for him to walk with his *Palmer leg* among the felled trees and tangled bushes of that half mile or more of plain over which his men were to charge (?), and none but himself should lead his regiment. I shuddered to think of having to take away another limb from the already maimed body that had borne so bravely his unmaimed, mighty, and alert spirit. Why, he was but twenty-two years old! A vision of the fond father and mother, who had charged me as I left home to look after their boy, rose before me and wrung my heart, already sore over the wounds of a score of other friends whose blood had stained my hands within an hour. His clear blue eye met mine steadily, his strong right hand grasped mine firmly, and the voice that could ring along the line like a trumpet had no waver in it as it said, "How are you, doctor? We've had a rough time of it. Now you must do your best for me. I can't lose another limb, you know." I saw that the hurt in the head could be nothing serious; a buckshot had scored the scalp to the bone, and another had done the same for the heel of his one foot. I undid the bandage that bound his left wrist, and

examined it. A ball had entered on one side, and lay near the surface on the other. His eyes questioned me, and I replied, "I can soon take that ball out, when you are under ether. That's a very tender place." "But you won't take off the hand?" "I will do nothing without letting you know and having your consent, colonel." So he drank of oblivion and ceased to suffer, but his dream was not of home. "Doctor," he muttered (talking in the ether sleep), "that's my bridle hand, you know. Never can ride at the head of my regiment again if you take that off." In a moment I held the bullet in my hand, and saw with joy that it was round and rather small, giving reason to hope that it had not shattered the bones badly in coming through, which could hardly have been the case had it been conical. No loose bone was to be felt, and I had the great pleasure of telling him, as he returned to consciousness, that there was good reason to hope that his "bridle hand" would by and by hold the rein again. A smile of satisfaction and relief lit up the face which had till then been set in the resolve to bear the worst, and with the simple, hearty thanks which we surgeons had from hundreds of men that night he was borne off to his blanket side by side with his officers. The short twilight had now so deepened into night that artificial lights were indispensable. Just imagine yourself doing work so delicate, so important, by the light of two sperm candles in the open air! Happy was it for us that the breeze had died away, for there were but three or four lanterns on the ground, and we should have been left in the midst of that ever-increasing crowd of sufferers almost helpless to relieve them. Picture to yourself, as you can, the dim scene in that woodland hospital: the leafy roof, cutting off much of what little light came from the half-clouded sky; a few glow-worm-like spots about the middle of the space, on approaching any one of which you

saw the little group of four or five lighted faces, quiet, intense in expression; few sounds save low, abrupt directions, short and pointed but not unkind questions, and repressed groans. There were seldom cries or shrieks. That space more lighted than the others, where you can see, although vaguely, entire figures stooping or moving, — that is the *amputating table*. But to realize the surgeon's experience you must not only see with his eyes and hear with his ears, you must *feel* with him; for he and his patients are all *feeling*; they feel the suffering; he feels with the sense of touch, — the skilled touch. Perhaps none but a blind man can know how all sensation seems to centre in the surgeon's finger at such times, as it takes up the momentous investigation where the eye fails. Try — for it is worth an effort — to realize how he longs for strong and steady daylight, all the while compelling himself to be firm and patient, that he may do for each sufferer his very best.

Just after darkness had settled down the lieutenant-colonel arrived, walking bowed and painfully into my circle of light; how unlike his alert self! But it was a relief to see him, for a glance told me that it could scarcely be that the ball had penetrated the chest, as was supposed. It must be somewhere in the muscles of the shoulder, having plowed its way thither along flesh that moves with every breath we draw, but usually does this so without effort or pain that we take no note of the motion. I failed to find the ball then, but an hour later one of my assistants found and removed it. So the reassured lieutenant-colonel crept away to his place by the colonel on the ground in the darkness. It might have been two hours after this when one of our men came up and said, "The major is asking for you, sir." I started from the wounded man before me. "Asking! Then he is n't dead!" And coming into shape out of the darkness, not borne helplessly, but towering over

all around, with his undiminished six feet six of mighty bulk unscathed, was my major. I viewed him as one risen from the dead, and welcomed him accordingly. Now the major was not one of your demonstrative men, but there were tears in his eyes, and his voice trembled and his mouth twitched as he said, "For God's sake, doctor, can't you get me some whisky for my men? They're all used up. Forty men's all I can get together of the old forty-ninth." He almost crushed my hand in his great grasp. I saw that the men had a swallow of whisky, and sent a man to pilot the major to the colonel and the rest. I knew that the sight of him unhurt would be better than whisky to them. The major was not twenty-one yet, and here he was in command of the fragments of his regiment, and the rest of it that lay strewn over "Slaughter's Field" (a singular coincidence that the plain should bear such a name) or about the field hospital had been his neighbors in peace at home, as well as his faithful soldiers there in Louisiana. I don't know that he did not envy the gallant O'Brien, lieutenant-colonel of the forty-eighth (to whom was given the lead of the forlorn hope, for which the major had offered himself), his quiet rest on the battle-field, disturbed by no heart-ache about defeat and butchery. It was only those who had been found and brought from the field before dark that came into our depot after this; for one might as well have borne burdens through a "fireslash" or a "windfall" in the dark as over that battle-field by night. So about midnight the great bulk of the work was done, and most of the surgeons were on the ground in their blankets, exhausted as men are whose every faculty of mind and body has been on the stretch for many hours. Only three of us were still at work, for our brigade had suffered most, and poor fellows who had said nothing about their hurts, while there were so many of greater severity to be

attended to, sought us out. So it wore on to two o'clock, when one of my companions had "the shakes" come on, and had to get into his blanket. Still there was work till gray morning twilight, though I snatched a few minutes to read a letter from home that had been put into my hand just before dark, and to pencil a few lines in reply on the amputating table, by the flare of a candle that had burned down almost to the wood,—it had no "socket." In the early dawn I crept under the blankets that sheltered the major and adjutant, and in a moment was as sound asleep as they. In an hour and a half I was called to work again, and we were at it till dark, many new cases coming in from the field, those of the previous night needing fresh dressing; and the ambulances were to be loaded under our direction, and started for the river landing nine miles away, where the wounded were transferred to steamboats, which bore them to Baton Rouge and New Orleans. In the course of this day we were able to form a pretty clear idea of our losses. The regiment lost seventy-five killed and wounded out of two hundred and thirty-three who went into action. Three of our largest companies were away on detached duty, and we had left a great many behind, sick, in Baton Rouge. It was not nearly as bad as we supposed; but what a skeleton of the regiment that left home! And there was so much of the flower of it gone with that seventy-five that we knew the best days of the forty-ninth were over.

There was much the same work of dressing wounds and loading ambulances, together with some operating, on the next day; but by noon of the day which followed that, all the sick and wounded who could not soon be fit for duty had been taken from the field hospital, and the work of the surgeons was only to attend to ordinary sick call and the casualties of the siege, till there came another assault; as was the case more than

once, before that last barrier gave way and allowed "the great river to go unvexed to the sea."

A month later, I received the following letter from our colonel, the late General W. F. Bartlett, written at Baton Rouge about June 20, 1863, to F. W., before Port Hudson:—

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I am not in very good spirits. The doctors here differ so about my arm, and the question whether or not to take it off, that I don't know which to believe. The majority are thus inclined: Don't take it off yet. It looks healthy; the pus is *very* healthy. Small pieces of bone have come out, three, I think, not any bigger than half a bean. That was a week ago, since which no more pieces have come out, but the suppuration has continued *very* freely. A day or two since (the 16th) inflammation, which had entirely subsided, appeared on the outside face of the ulna, spreading up toward the elbow three or four inches. Warm fomentations were changed for cold water again. The inflammation still continues on the outside of the joint, but does not extend up the arm so far as it did. The hand is puffed very full with edema (that's what they call it. I don't pretend to spell it). The arm is puffed a little, too, at the elbow, and for a short distance above. In a few days, after the inflammation is reduced, they propose to cut open and explore it, and take out the loose spicula of bone. They ask me often "how thoroughly it was explored at the time on the field, and how much bone you took out," questions I cannot answer. The examination will decide whether the arm ought to come off or not; if not, by taking out the bones hurry the healing. If I had known it was so bad and was likely to be so long

and tedious a wound, I should have had the hand taken off that afternoon, without a thought to the contrary. I should have been about by this time, and ready to start for home. Those messages to Mrs. W. I will deliver with pleasure, my dear doctor, if I get there *before you do*, which is an open question to my mind.

My appetite (I had none the first week) is vigorous now. Tincture of iron helped do it.

The time of my starting for Northern air (which will do me more good than anything else) seems a long way off. In keeping the hand on I run the risk of having to lose it farther up. I still hope to save the hand, though, notwithstanding all the disagreements of the medical faculty. Dr. Van N., medical director here now, Dr. R., once Dr. P., and Dr. T. see my arm. I don't know the ability of either of them. Dr. B——tt, whom I have confidence in, saw it a week ago, and said, "Try to save it." Perhaps you and he can give me your opinions on the subject after this untechnical diagnosis. I am very comfortably situated; have everything that I want, good attendants, etc.

I had a letter from home of June 4th, after they had got the news of our first battle. They had received my letters and the scrap in yours, and all the kind things you said. . . .

I wish you were here to take care of me. Remember me to all the officers who ask for me, and believe me sincerely yours,
W. F. B., *Col.*

Any time that you have leisure to send me a few lines, only, will give me much pleasure.
W. F. B.

On the back of the folded sheet is written, "Don't laugh at this folding. I did it with one hand, you know."

MR. HUNT'S TEACHING.

THE value of advanced instruction in art depends quite as much on the personal magnetism of the teacher as on any other quality. His patience may be unlimited, his knowledge of the profession thorough and comprehensive, and he may still be unable to instruct his pupils with any success. This quality of personal magnetism is too subtle to be measured with any precision, but its presence in a teacher is felt by every student. It impresses itself more than any other element of an artist's character on the productions of his imagination and of his susceptibility. The attractive advantages of personal assistance from the leaders in the profession are due largely to this power of personal magnetism. In most cases this may be nothing more than the communication of a spirit of enthusiasm; but it is always of the greatest service in the advanced study of art, where so much depends on guidance and so little on direct teaching. Whoever has witnessed the earnestness of one of the foreign masters cannot have failed to be struck with the intensity of the conviction that gave strength to every gesture, made the criticisms golden, the dictates more precious than diamonds. Instruction of this sort is nothing more than exciting in the students an enthusiasm for their work, and supplementing this enthusiasm with a cultivation of the powers of observation. In other words, the master only teaches the students how to see.

Mr. Wm. M. Hunt had a great deal of personal magnetism, and, more than any other artist in America, he had the firm conviction of positive belief that Americans needed to learn to see. This conviction was so strong in him that he could not help giving it to the world in every way and by every means that was in his power. He spread a veritable con-

tagion of single-minded devotion to art for art's own sake. A thorough analysis of his methods of teaching would doubtless reveal many weaknesses and disclose many apparent contradictions. His pupils were with him heart and soul, and they forgot the details in admiring the grand motive of the whole scheme. It is doubtful whether Mr. Hunt ever made the full extent of his ideas comprehensible to the majority of his students. Their own performances show that they understood very well a part, and only a part, of his idea. He was very impatient of all systems and processes. His quick apprehension and keen sensibility were in the fever heat of excitement all the time, and he threw himself into his work with a complete and possessing impulse. Teaching the elementary steps of the profession was exceedingly distasteful to him, and he rarely or never undertook it. Few of the students who composed his classes had mastered the rudiments. The material he had to work with there was not altogether to his mind, but it had the one great necessary qualification, — unwavering faith in the master. His studio approached nearest to the foreign *ateliers* of anything we have in this country. But abroad the students are not admitted into the atelier of a master unless they are proficient in drawing. If Mr. Hunt had taken his pupils only after they had learned to draw, he would have created a school that would have flavored the whole mass of our art, instead of leaving behind him a large number of beginners, who, with all their proficiency in one direction, have few or no attainments in any other. An examination of his Art Talks will show that the difficulty he had to deal with was not so much that the pupils did not readily learn to see, but that they had no power to exe-

cute what they did see. He seemed unconscious that he was teaching Americans, who had, perhaps, never drawn a stroke before in their lives, and not Frenchmen, who had passed all the evenings of their youth in the municipal drawing-schools. But stray remarks now and then proved that he was conscious of his position all the time. He has been known to recommend his pupils in a mass to go to the art schools to learn how to draw, and then come back to him. After years of experiment and diligent practice, he had gained a facility in putting in rapidly the effect of any object with economy of labor and material. What he tried principally to impress on his pupils was that their salvation in art consisted in being able to accomplish a similar result at once. This was beginning at the end. Better begin at the end than begin wrongly or not at all. The chief thing was to see and to feel. All the skill in the world would not make an artist of a student if he did not see aright. It was beginning at the end, because the master arrived there after a severe training, after passing through various stages of intense application to the practice of the purely mechanical part of the work. He reasoned, doubtless, that what he had learned after years of trial was the one thing that his pupils most needed to know, and he considered all other knowledge subordinate to this. His criticisms of his pupils' work indicate that this was his idea. He often told them that they would never learn to paint drapery until they learned anatomy; that they would never learn to draw until they knew what was under the skin. And yet he did not begin by teaching them this. Students in other countries would have known it before they came into his studio.

He had but few simple precepts in his method of instruction. The first great principle was that truth only is of value in art; truth, not to the commonplace aspect of nature, but truth to the highest

and noblest attributes; absolute fidelity to that phase of nature that worthily inspired the desire to seize and preserve it. It might have been a glow of color, a combination of lines, an arrangement of light and shade, or a vital point of character. Whatever it was that was worth perceiving, that he thought was the thing to try and put down. His own performances were impulsive and enthusiastic. He communicated this spirit to his pupils to such a degree that they were prone to mistake, as all beginners are, the glamour of a more or less imperfect impression for the best they could do. Because it was done impulsively and had the stamp of frankness and genuine appreciation in it, a study, rough and incomplete as it might be in execution, often passed for a successful effort. Many of the pupils will remember how the master was delighted at certain qualities in a study, and ignored the defects entirely, until at the end of his criticism, or later, he would give it its proper measure by some peculiarly fit remark, showing that, while he had been pleased at the success of certain parts, he had not lost sight of the incompleteness of the whole. His second great precept was that whatever is painted well must be painted from the impulse of love for nature. George Sand's human trinity, sensation, sentiment, and knowledge, was the trinity in his religion of art, and he taught the doctrines of this religion with the zeal of a born propagandist.

It cannot be gainsaid that the conversion to his beliefs of a large number of students has been of the greatest service in the development of artistic culture in this community. By his example and precept no less than by his direct teaching, he carried on a vigorous crusade against the mechanical and soulless practice of the profession, and fought with keen weapons against the tendency to conventionality that is rooted in the very subsoil of American art. One reason why his own teaching was so valua-

ble is because it introduced the antidote for conventionality. He saw that the mechanical turn of mind of the American art student needed to be balanced by a course of free thinking, so to speak. Americans incline to dryness in execution, and Mr. Hunt's instruction was of just the necessary kind to correct this fault. His own work was always a sufficient example to illustrate to students the force of his precepts, and to show them exactly in what way the pursuit of his methods led him. By the use of charcoal they learned to study picturesque arrangements of light and shade, and to jot down broadly and freely impressions of nature, without carrying the studies further than this. Mr. Hunt himself was a master of this material, and he knew that the proper use of it by his pupils would correct all tendency to dryness of execution, and enable them to arrive at the limited result sought with much less mechanical difficulty than with the stump or point. There is a wide difference between the degrees of precision to be obtained by the use of different materials. The etching point can be successfully employed only by those who are sure of their hand. Charcoal is the material that requires the least command of the hand in its use, for it may be readily erased and worked over with ease. That Mr. Hunt did not insist on precision of line is evident from his general principles of teaching. His pupils gained considerable skill in the employment of charcoal, and in using color in the same line of study. Their color studies are, however, comparatively less complete than the ones in charcoal, because new and complicated difficulties came in with the use of pigments.

In thus summing up the result of Mr. Hunt's teaching it must not be forgotten that he was never satisfied with it. He always felt that he could have been a thousand times more useful in a different field. The few artists who have received assistance and advice from him

testify by their works to the inestimable value of his instruction. The pity is that more serious students, who were far enough advanced to digest and assimilate his teachings, should not have availed themselves of the great privilege of his leadership. He did certainly succeed in converting all his students to belief in the right principles of art, and was fortunate in imparting to them some of his own grand faith. Their legacy from him is a noble one. But they remain like people who have learned the beauties of a language before they can write or speak it. Their works show that they see aright, and that their intentions are the best. But they can be called neither realists, idealists, nor impressionists, for their performances go little further than intentions. For this they may be descriptively named intentionists. With this legacy of the master who has so recently died there is but one thing to do: keep it by every means in our power, and supplement it by the encouragement of the study of the *a, b, c* of the profession. The rigorous systems of art academies have resulted, as the world knows to its loss, in the development of artists distinguished chiefly by the uniform excellence of their mechanical performances, and by their almost universal lack of the higher artistic capabilities. There is something in the nursing process of an academy that retards the growth of a true artist. Those who have had the highest success in the profession have gained it by their devotion to their own impulses, and not to the continued teachings of any school. The fault of academies is that they go too far; they carry the student beyond the rudiments, and cramp him with traditions and rules. The elements of the profession are more cheaply and more conveniently acquired in an academy than elsewhere; but when the rudiments are learned, there academic training should stop. The moment the academy begins to train the student in any sys-

tem of execution, that moment it begins to hamper his freedom and distort his vision. There is no royal road to proficiency in art. The drudgery of the profession is enough to kill the ambition of nine tenths of those who enter it. The real triumph of an artist's life is at the moment when he can forget his tools, and paint conscious only of the beauties of nature before him. No artist ever attained this height in his profession except through a hard and wearisome ex-

perience, and the only safe rule to follow is one set down by Ingres: Approach the study of art only on your knees. When we can show a single student well trained in the rudiments of the profession, and directed by the assimilation of such knowledge as Mr. Hunt imparted, then we shall know that we are keeping up with the tide of general artistic development that is now gathering such momentum all over the country.

F. D. Millet.

PEPACTON : A SUMMER VOYAGE.

IN most enterprises the temptation is always to begin too far along; we want to start where somebody else leaves off. Go back to the stump, and see what an impetus you get. Those fishermen who wind their own flies before they go a-fishing, — how they bring in the trout; and those hunters who run their own bullets or make their own cartridges, — the game is already mortgaged to them.

Hence, when I bethought me of a summer-day voyage down the east or Pepacton branch of the Delaware, it was my good genius that prompted me to build my own boat. This was half the battle; it committed me thoroughly to the enterprise, and made an undertaking seem intensely desirable which at first I contemplated with indifference. I did not literally begin at the "stump," for a "dug-out" would not serve me, but at the dressed stuff of the carpenter. But from this point the send-off was a good one, and I was quite a navigator ere the boat was finished. Then it was a new mode of travel I was contemplating, a new way of going a-foot — pedestrianism in a flat-bottom. I should surely surprise nature, and win some new secrets from her. I should glide down noiselessly upon her, and see what

all those willow screens and baffling curves concealed. As a fisherman and pedestrian, I had been able to come at the stream only at certain points; now the most private and secluded retreats of the nymph would be opened to me; every bend and eddy, every cove hedged in by swamps or passage walled in by high alders, would be at the beck of my oar. Whom shall one take with him when he goes a-courting nature? This is always a vital question. There are persons who will stand between you and that which you seek: they obtrude themselves; they monopolize your attention; or there is something about their presence that is foreign and antagonistic to the spirit of open-air scenes. I want for companion a dog or a boy, or a person who has the virtues of dogs and boys, — transparency, good nature, curiosity, open sense, and a nameless quality that is akin to trees and growths and the inarticulate forces of nature. With him you are alone, and yet have company; you are free; you feel no disturbing element; the influences of nature stream through him and around him; he is a good conductor of the subtle fluid. The quality or qualification I refer to belongs to most persons who

spend their lives in the open air, — to soldiers, hunters, fishers, laborers, and to artists and poets of the right sort. How full of it, to choose an illustrious example, was such a man as Walter Scott!

But no such person came in answer to my prayer, so I set out alone.

It was fit that I put my boat into the water at Arkville (a station on the Delaware and Ulster Railroad), but it may seem a little incongruous that I should launch her into Dry Brook; yet Dry Brook is here a fine large trout stream, and I soon found its waters were wet enough for all practical purposes. The Delaware is only one mile distant, and I chose this as the easiest road from the station to it. A young farmer helped me carry the boat to the water, but did not stay to see me off; only some calves feeding along shore witnessed my embarkation. It would have been a god-send to boys, but there were no boys about. I stuck on a rift before I had gone ten yards, and saw with misgiving the paint transferred from the bottom of my little scow to the tops of the stones thus early in the journey. But I was soon making fair headway, and taking trout for my dinner as I floated along. My first mishap was when I broke the second joint of my pole on a bass, and the first serious impediment to my progress was when I encountered the trunk of a prostrate elm bridging the stream, within a few inches of the surface. My pole mended and the elm cleared, I anticipated better sailing when I should reach the Delaware itself; but I found on this day and on subsequent days that the Delaware has a way of dividing up that is very embarrassing to the navigator. It is a stream of many minds; its waters cannot long agree to go all in the same channel, and whichever branch I took I was pretty sure to wish I had taken one of the others. I was constantly sticking on rifts, where I would have to dismount, or running

full tilt into willow banks, where I would lose my hat or endanger my fishing tackle. On the whole, the result of my first day's voyaging was not encouraging. I made barely eight miles, and both my ardor and my trousers were dampened. The elements, the air and the water, were not so sweet as I had reason to expect. The upper Delaware is a cemetery of cats and dogs; every superfluous puss, or kitten, or pup, or superannuated churner, or worthless cur goes into the river with a stone about its neck, and the number of such specimens I saw standing on their heads in the bottom of the stream and waving uneasily in the clear current, as I drifted along, gave an uncanny hue to my first day's experience. These were the secrets, then, of the unexplored nooks and curves. In mid-afternoon I went to a well-to-do-looking farm-house and got some milk, which I am certain the thrifty housewife skimmed, for its blueness infected my spirits, and I went into camp that night more than half persuaded to abandon the enterprise in the morning. The loneliness of the river too, unlike that of the fields and woods, to which I was more accustomed, oppressed me. In the woods things are close to you, and you touch them and seem to interchange something with them; but upon the river, even though it be a narrow and shallow one like this, you are more isolated, further removed from the soil and its attractions, and an easier prey to the unsocial demons. The long, unpeopled vistas ahead; the still, dark eddies; the endless monotone and soliloquy of the stream; the unheeding rocks basking like monsters along the shore, half out of the water, half in; a solitary heron starting up here and there, as you rounded some point, and flapping disconsolately ahead till lost to view, or standing like a gaunt spectre on the umbrageous side of the mountain, his motionless form revealed against the dark green as you passed; the trees and willows and al-

ders that hemmed you in on either side, and hid the fields and the farm-houses and the road that ran near by, — these things and others aided the skimmed milk and the uneasy ghosts of the murdered cats and dogs to cast a gloom over my spirits that argued ill for the success of my undertaking. Those rubber boots too, that parboiled my feet and were clogs of lead about them, — whose spirits are elastic enough to endure them? A malediction upon the head of him who invented them! Take your old shoes that will let the water in and let it out again, rather than weigh down both soul and body with these devilish devices.

I escaped from the river, that first night, and took to the woods, and profited by the change. In the woods I was at home again, and the bed of hemlock boughs salved my spirits. A cold spring run came down off the mountain, and beside it, underneath birches and hemlocks, I improvised my hearth-stone. In sleeping on the ground it is a great advantage to have a back-log; it braces and supports you, and it is a bedfellow that will not grumble when, in the middle of the night, you crowd sharply up against it. It serves to keep in the warmth, also. A heavy stone or other *point de résistance* at your feet is also a help. Or, better still, scoop out a little place in the earth, a few inches deep, so as to admit your body from your hips to your shoulders; you thus get an equal bearing the whole length of you. I am told the Western hunters and guides do this. On the same principle, the sand makes a good bed, and the snow. You make a mold in which you fit nicely. My berth that night was between two logs that the bark-peelers had stripped ten or more years before. As they had left the bark there, and as hemlock bark makes excellent fuel, I had more reasons than one to be grateful to them.

In the morning I felt much refreshed,

and as if the night had tided me over the bar that threatened to stay my progress. If I can steer clear of skimmed milk, I said, I shall now finish the voyage of fifty miles to Hancock with increasing pleasure.

When one breaks camp in the morning, he turns back again and again to see what he has left. Surely he feels he has forgotten something; what is it? But it is only his own sad thoughts and musings he has left, the fragment of his life he has lived there. Where he hung his coat on the tree, where he slept on the boughs, where he made his coffee or broiled his trout over the coals, where he drank again and again at the little brown pool in the spring run, where he looked long and long up into the whispering branches overhead, he has left what he cannot bring away with him, — the flame and the ashes of himself.

Of certain game birds it is thought that at times they have the power of withholding their scent; no hint or particle of themselves goes out upon the air. I think there are persons whose spiritual pores are always sealed up, and I presume they have the best time of it. Their hearts never radiate into the void; they do not yearn and sympathize without return; they do not leave themselves by the wayside as the sheep leaves her wool upon the brambles and thorns.

This branch of the Delaware, so far as I could learn, had never before been descended by a white man in a boat. Rafts of pine and hemlock timber are run down on the spring and fall freshets, but of pleasure seekers in boats I appeared to be the first. Hence my advent was a surprise to most creatures in the water and out. I surprised the cattle in the field, and those ruminating leg-deep in the water turned their heads at my approach, swallowed their unfinished cuds, and scampered off as if they had seen a spectre. I surprised the fish on their spawning beds and feeding grounds; they scattered, as my shadow

glided down upon them, like chickens when a hawk appears. I surprised an ancient fisherman seated on a spit of gravelly beach, with his back up stream, and leisurely angling in a deep, still eddy, and mumbling to himself. As I slipped into the circle of his vision, his grip on his pole relaxed, his under jaw dropped, and he was too bewildered to reply to my salutation for some moments. As I turned a bend in the river I looked back, and saw him hastening away with great precipitation. I presume he had angled there for forty years without having his privacy thus intruded upon. I surprised hawks and herons and kingfishers. I came suddenly upon musk-rats, and raced with them down the rifts, they having no time to take to their holes. At one point, as I rounded an elbow in the stream, a black eagle sprang from the top of a dead tree, and flapped hurriedly away. A kingbird gave chase, and disappeared for some moments between the great wings of the eagle, and I imagined him seated upon his back delivering his puny blows upon the royal bird. I interrupted two or three minks fishing and hunting along shore. They would dart under the bank when they saw me, then presently thrust out their sharp, weasel-like noses, to see if the danger was imminent. At one point, in a little cove behind the willows, I surprised some school-girls, with skirts amazingly abbreviated, wading and playing in the water. And as much surprised as any, I am sure, was that hard-worked looking housewife, when I came up from under the bank in front of her house, and with pail in hand appeared at her door and asked for milk, taking the precaution to intimate that I had no objection to the yellow scum that is supposed to rise on a fresh article of that kind.

"What kind of milk do you want?"

"The best you have. Give me two quarts of it," I replied.

"What do you want to do with it?"

with an anxious tone, as if I might want to blow up something or burn her barns with it.

"Oh, drink it," I answered, as if I frequently put milk to that use.

"Well, I suppose I can get you some;" and she presently reappeared with swimming pail, with those little yellow flakes floating about upon it that one likes to see.

I passed several low dams the second day, but had no trouble. I dismounted and stood upon the apron, and the boat, with plenty of line, came over as lightly as a chip, and swung around in the eddy below like a well-trained steed. In the afternoon, while slowly drifting down a long eddy, the moist southwest wind brought me the welcome odor of strawberries, and running ashore by a meadow, a short distance below, I was soon parting the daisies and filling my cup with the dead-ripe fruit. Berries, be they red, blue, or black, seem like a special providence to the camper-out; they are luxuries he has not counted on, and I prized these accordingly. Later in the day it threatened rain, and I drew up to shore under the shelter of some thick overhanging hemlocks, and proceeded to eat my berries and milk, glad of an excuse not to delay my lunch longer. While tarrying here I heard young voices up stream, and looking in that direction saw two boys coming down the rapids on rude floats. They were racing along at a lively pace, each with a pole in his hand, dexterously avoiding the rocks and the breakers, and schooling themselves thus early in the duties and perils of the raftsmen. As they saw me one observed to the other, —

"There is the man we saw go by when we were building our floats. If we had known he was coming so far, may be we could have got him to give us a ride."

They drew near, guided their crafts to shore beside me, and tied up, their poles answering for hawsers. They proved to be Johnny and Denny Dwire, aged

ten and twelve. They were friendly boys, and though not a bit bashful were not a bit impertinent. And Johnny, who did most of the talking, had such a sweet, musical voice; it was like a bird's. It seems Denny had run away, a day or two before, to his uncle's, five miles above, and Johnny had been after him, and was bringing his prisoner home on a float; and it was hard to tell which was enjoying the fun most, the captor or the captured.

"Why did you run away?" said I to Denny.

"Oh, 'cause," replied, he with an air which said plainly, "The reasons are too numerous to mention."

"Boys, you know, will do so, sometimes," said Johnny, and he smiled upon his brother in a way that made me think they had a very good understanding upon the subject.

They could both swim, yet their floats looked very perilous: three pieces of old plank or slabs, with two cross-pieces and a fragment of a board for a rider, and made without nails or withes.

"In some places," said Johnny, "one plank was here and another off there, but we managed, somehow, to keep atop of them."

"Let's leave our floats here, and ride with him the rest of the way," said one to the other.

"All right; may we, Mister?"

I assented, and we were soon afloat again. How they enjoyed the passage; how smooth it was; how the boat glided along; how quickly she felt the paddle! They admired her much; they praised my steersmanship; they praised my fish-pole, and all my fixings down to my hateful rubber boots. When we stuck on the rifts, as we did several times, they leaped out quickly with their bare feet and legs, and pushed off.

"I think," said Johnny, "if you keep her straight and let her have her own way, she will find the deepest water. Don't you, Denny?"

"I think she will," replied Denny; and I found the boys were pretty nearly right.

I tried them on a point of natural history. I had observed, coming along, a great many dead eels lying on the bottom of the river, that I supposed had died from spear wounds. "No," said Johnny, "they are lamper-eels. They die as soon as they have built their nests and laid their eggs."

"Are you sure?"

"That's what they all say, and I know they are lampers."

So I fished one up out of the deep water with my paddle blade, and examined it; and sure enough it was a lamprey. There was the row of holes along its head, and its ugly suction mouth. I had noticed their nests, too, all along, where the water in the pools shallowed to a few feet and began to hurry toward the rifts: they were low mounds of small stones, as if a bushel or more of large pebbles had been dumped upon the river bottom; occasionally they were so near the surface as to make a big ripple. The eel attaches itself to the stones by its mouth and thus moves them at will. An old fisherman told me that a strong man could not pull a large lamprey loose from a rock to which it had attached itself. It fastens to its prey in this way, and sucks the life out. A friend of mine says he once saw in the St. Lawrence a pike as long as his arm with a lamprey eel attached to him. The fish was nearly dead and was quite white, the eel had so sucked out his blood and substance. The fish, when seized, darts against rocks and stones, and tries in vain to rub the eel off, then succumbs to the sucker.

"The lampers do not all die," said Denny, "because they do not all spawn;" and I observed that the dead ones were all of one size and doubtless of the same age.

The lamprey is the octopus, the devil-fish, of these waters, and there is perhaps no tragedy enacted here that equals

that of one of these vampires slowly sucking the life out of a bass or a trout.

My boys went to school part of the time. Did they have a good teacher?

"Good enough for me," said Johnny.

"Good enough for me," echoed Denny.

Just below Bark-a-boom — the name is worth keeping — they left me. I was loath to part with them; their musical voices and their thorough good-fellowship had been very acceptable. With a little persuasion, I think they would have left their home and humble fortunes, and gone a-roving with me.

About four o'clock the warm, vapor-laden southwest wind brought forth the expected thunder-shower. I saw the storm rapidly developing behind the mountains in my front. Presently I came in sight of a long, covered wooden bridge that spanned the river about a mile ahead, and I put my paddle into the water with all my force to reach this cover before the storm. It was neck and neck most of the way. The storm had the wind, and I had it — in my teeth. The bridge was at Shavertown, and it was by a close shave that I got under it before the rain was upon me. How it poured and rattled and whipped in around the abutment of the bridge to reach me! I looked out well satisfied upon the foaming water, upon the wet, unpainted houses and barns of the Shavertowners, and upon the trees.

"Caught and cuffed by the gale," a little hawk — the spotted-winged night-hawk — was also roughly used by the storm. He faced it bravely, and beat and beat, but was unable to stem it, or even hold his own; gradually he drifted back, till he was lost to sight in the wet obscurity. The water in the river rose an inch while I waited, about three quarters of an hour. Only one man, I reckon, saw me in Shavertown, and he came and gossiped with me from the bank above when the storm had abated.

The second night I stopped at the

sign of the elm-tree. The woods were too wet, and I concluded to make my boat my bed. A superb elm, on a smooth grassy plain a few feet from the water's edge, looked hospitable in the twilight, and I drew my boat up beneath it. I hung my clothes on the jagged edges of its rough bark, and went to bed with the moon, "in her third quarter," peeping under the branches upon me. I had been reading Stevenson's amusing *Travels with a Donkey*, and the lines he quotes from an old play kept running in my head: —

"The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was sweet, the water ran;
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanseraï."

But the stately elm played me a trick: it slyly and at long intervals let great drops of water down upon me; now with a sharp smack upon my rubber coat; then with a heavy thud upon the seat in the bow or stern of my boat; then plump into my upturned ear, or upon my uncovered arm, or with a ring into my tin cup, or with a splash into my coffee pail that stood at my side full of water from a spring I had just passed. After two hours' trial I found dropping off to sleep, under such circumstances, was out of the question; so I sprang up, in no very amiable mood toward my host, and drew my boat clean from under the elm. I had refreshing slumber thenceforth, and the birds were astir in the morning long before I was.

There is one way, at least, in which the denuding the country of its forests has lessened the rain-fall: in certain conditions of the atmosphere every tree is a great condenser of moisture, as I had just proved in the case of the old elm; little showers are generated in their branches, and in the aggregate the amount of water precipitated in this way is considerable. Of a foggy summer morning one may see little puddles of water standing on the stones beneath

maple-trees, along the street, and in winter, when there is a sudden change from cold to warm, with fog, the water fairly runs down the trunks of the trees and streams from their naked branches. The temperature of the tree is so much below that of the atmosphere in such cases that the condensation is very rapid. In lieu of these arboreal rains we have the dew upon the grass; but it is doubtful if the grass ever drips as does a tree.

The birds, I say, were astir in the morning before I was, and some of them were more wakeful through the night, unless they sing in their dreams. At this season one may hear at intervals numerous bird voices during the night. The whip-poor-will was piping when I lay down, and I still heard one when I woke up after midnight. I heard the song-sparrow and the kingbird also, like watchers calling the hour, and several times I heard the cuckoo. Indeed, I am convinced that our cuckoo is to a considerable extent a night bird, and that he moves about freely from tree to tree. His peculiar guttural note, now here, now there, may be heard almost any summer night, in any part of the country, and occasionally his better known cuckoo call. He is a great recluse by day, but seems to wander abroad freely by night.

The birds do indeed begin with the day. The farmer who is in the field at work while he can yet see stars catches their first matin hymns. In the longest June days the robin strikes up about half past three o'clock, and is quickly followed by the sparrow, the oriole, the cat-bird, the wren, the wood-thrush, and all the rest of the tuneful choir. Along the Potomac I have heard the Virginia cardinal whistle so loudly and persistently in the tree-tops above that sleeping after four o'clock was out of the question. Just before the sun is up there is a marked lull, during which I imagine the birds are at breakfast. While building

their nests it is very early in the morning that they put in their big strokes; the back of their day's work is broken before you have begun yours.

A lady once asked me if there was any individuality among the birds, or if those of the same kind were as near alike as two peas. I was obliged to answer that to the eye those of the same species *were* as near alike as two peas, but that in their songs there were often marks of originality. Caged or domesticated birds develop notes and traits of their own, and among the more familiar orchard and garden birds one may notice the same tendency. I observe a great variety of songs, and even qualities of voice, among the orioles and among the song-sparrows. On this trip my ear was especially attracted to some striking and original sparrow songs. At one point I was half afraid I had let pass an opportunity to identify a new warbler, but finally concluded it was a song-sparrow. I have heard a robin with a part of the whistle of the quail in his song. It was out of time and out of tune, but the robin seemed insensible of the incongruity, and sang as loudly and as joyously as any of his mates. A cat-bird will sometimes show a special genius for mimicry, and I have known one to suggest very plainly some notes of the bobolink.

There are numerous long covered bridges spanning the Delaware, and under some of these I saw the cliff-swallow at home, the nests being fastened to the under sides of the timbers,—as it were, suspended from the ceiling instead of being planted upon the shelving or perpendicular side, as is usual with them. To have laid the foundation, indeed to have sprung the vault downward and finished it successfully, must have required special engineering skill. I had never before seen or heard of these nests being so placed. But birds are quick to adjust their needs to the exigencies of any case. Not long before I had seen

in a deserted house, on the head of the Rondout, the chimney-swallows entering the chamber through a stove-pipe hole in the roof, and gluing their nests to the sides of the rafters, like the barn-swallows.

I was now, on the third day, well down in the wilds of Colchester, with a current that made between two and three miles an hour,—just a summer idler's pace. The atmosphere of the river had improved much since the first day—was, indeed, without taint,—and the water was sweet and good. There were farm-houses at intervals of a mile or so, but the amount of tillable land in the river valley or on the adjacent mountains was very small. Occasionally there would be forty or fifty acres of flat, usually in grass or corn, with a thrifty-looking farm-house. One could see how surely the land made the house and its surroundings; good land bearing good buildings, and *vice versa*.

In mid-forenoon I reached the long placid eddy at Downsville, and here again fell in with two boys. They were out paddling about in a boat when I drew near, and they evidently regarded me in the light of a rare prize which fortune had wafted them.

"Ain't you glad we come, Benny?" I heard one of them observe to the other, as they were conducting me to the best place to land. They were bright, good boys, off the same piece as my acquaintance of the day before, and about the same ages,—differing only in being village boys. With what curiosity they looked me over! Where had I come from; where was I going; how long had I been on the way; who built my boat; was I a carpenter, to build such a neat craft, etc. They never had seen such a traveler before. Had I had no mishaps? And then they bethought them of the dangerous passes that awaited me, and in good faith began to warn and advise me. They had heard the tales of raftsmen, and had conceived a vivid idea of the perils

of the river below, gauging their notions of it from the spring and fall freshets tossing about the heavy and cumbrous rafts. There was a whirlpool, a rock eddy, and a binocle within a mile. I might be caught in the binocle, or engulfed in the whirlpool, or smashed up in the eddy. But I felt much reassured when they told me I had already passed several whirlpools and rock eddies; but that terrible binocle,—what was that? I had never heard of such a monster. Oh, it was a still, miry place at the head of a big eddy. The current might carry me up there, but I could easily get out again; the rafts did. But there was another place I must beware of, where two eddies faced each other; raftsmen were sometimes swept off there by the oars, and drowned. And when I came to rock eddy, which I would know, because the river divided there (a part of the water being afraid to risk the eddy, I suppose), I must go ashore and survey the pass; but in any case it would be prudent to keep to the left. I might stick on the rift, but that was nothing to being wrecked upon those rocks. The boys were quite in earnest, and I told them I would walk up to the village and post some letters to my friends before I braved all these dangers. So they marched me up the street, pointing out to their chums what they had found.

"Going way to Phil— What place is that where the river goes into the sea?"

"Philadelphia?"

"Yes; thinks he may go way there. Won't he have fun?"

The boys escorted me about the town, then back to the river, and got in their boat and came down to the bend, where they could see me go through the whirlpool and pass the binocle (I am not sure about the orthography of the word, but I suppose it means a double, or a sort of mock eddy). I looked back as I shot over the rough current beside a gentle vortex, and saw them watching me with great interest. Rock eddy, also, was

quite harmless, and I passed it without any preliminary survey.

I nooned at Sodom, and found good milk in a humble cottage. In the afternoon I was amused by a great blue heron that kept flying up in advance of me. Every mile or so, as I rounded some point, I would come unexpectedly upon him, till finally he grew disgusted with my silent pursuit, and took a long turn to the left up along the side of the mountain, and passed back up the river, uttering a hoarse, low note.

The wind still boded rain, and about four o'clock, announced by deep-toned thunder and portentous clouds, it began to charge down the mountain side in front of me. I ran ashore, covered my traps, and took my way up through an orchard to a quaint little farm-house. But there was not a soul about, outside or in, that I could find, though the door was unfastened; so I went into an open shed with the hens, and lounged upon some straw, while the unloosed floods came down. It was better than boating or fishing. Indeed, there are few summer pleasures to be placed before that of reclining at ease directly under a sloping roof, after toil or travel in the hot sun, and looking out into the rain-drenched air and fields. It is such a vital, yet soothing spectacle. We sympathize with the earth. We know how good a bath is, and the unspeakable deliciousness of water to a parched tongue. The office of the sunshine is slow, subtle, occult, unsuspected, but when the clouds do their work the benefaction is so palpable and copious, so direct and wholesale, that all creatures take note of it, and for the most part rejoice in it. It is a completion, a consummation, a paying of a debt with a royal hand; the measure is heaped and overflowing. It was the simple vapor of water that the clouds borrowed of the earth; now they pay back more than water; the drops are charged with electricity and with the gases of the air, and have new solvent

powers. Then, how the slate is sponged off, and left all clean and new again!

In the shed where I was sheltered were many relics and odds and ends of the farm. In juxtaposition with two of the most stalwart wagon or truck wheels I ever looked upon was a cradle of ancient and peculiar make, an aristocratic cradle, with high-turned posts and an elaborately carved and molded body, that was suspended upon rods and swung from the top. How I should have liked to hear its history and the story of the lives it had rocked, as the rain sang and the boughs tossed without. Above it was the cradle of a phœbe-bird saddled upon a stick that ran behind the rafter; its occupants had not flown, and its story was easy to read.

Soon after the first shock of the storm was over, and before I could see breaking sky, the birds tuned up with new ardor,—the robin, the indigo bird, the purple finch, the sparrow, and in the meadow below the bobolink. The cockerel near me followed suit, and repeated his refrain till my meditations were so disturbed that I was compelled to eject him from the cover, albeit he had the best right there. But he crowed his defiance with drooping tail from the yard in front. I too had mentally crowed over the good fortune of the shower, but before I closed my eyes that night my crest was a good deal fallen, and I could have wished the friendly elements had not squared their accounts quite so readily and uproariously.

The one shower did not exhaust the supply a bit; Nature's hand was full of trumps yet,—yea, and her sleeve too. I stopped at a trout-brook, which came down out of the mountains on the right, and took a few trout for my supper; but its current was too roily from the shower for fly-fishing. Another farm-house attracted me, but there was no one at home; so I picked a quart of strawberries in the meadow in front, not minding the wet grass, and about six o'clock, thinking

another storm that had been threatening on my right had miscarried, I pushed off, and went floating down into the deepening gloom of the river valley. The mountains, densely wooded from base to summit, shut in the view on every hand. They cut in from the right and from the left, one ahead of the other, matching like the teeth of an enormous trap; the river was caught and bent, but not long detained by them. Presently I saw the rain creeping slowly over them in my rear, for the wind had changed; but I apprehended nothing but a moderate sundown drizzle, such as we often get from the tail end of a shower, and drew up in the eddy of a big rock under an overhanging tree till it should have passed. But it did not pass; it thickened and deepened, and reached a steady pour by the time I had calculated the sun would be gilding the mountain tops. I had wrapped my rubber coat about my blankets and groceries, and bared my back to the storm. In sullen silence I saw the night settling down and the rain increasing; my roof tree gave way, and every leaf poured its accumulated drops upon me. There were streams and splashes where before there had been little more than a mist. I was getting well soaked and uncomplimentary in my remarks on the weather. A saucy cat-bird, near by, flirted and squealed very plainly, "There! there! What did I tell you! what did I tell you! Pretty pickle! pretty pickle! pretty pickle to be in!" But I had been in worse pickles, though if the water had been salt my pickling had been pretty thorough. Seeing the wind was in the northeast, and that the weather had fairly stolen a march on me, I let go my hold of the tree, and paddled rapidly to the opposite shore, which was low and pebbly, drew my boat up on a little peninsula, turned her over upon a spot which I cleared of its coarser stone, propped up one end with the seat, and crept beneath. I would now test the virtues of my craft as a

roof, and I found she was without flaw, though she was pretty narrow. The tension of her timber was such that the rain upon her bottom made a low, musical hum.

Crouched on my blankets and boughs, — for I had gathered a good supply of the latter before the rain overtook me, — and dry only about my middle, I placidly took life as it came. A great blue heron flew by, and let off something like ironical horse laughter. Before it became dark I proceeded to eat my supper, — my berries, but not my trout. What a fuss we make about the "hulls" upon strawberries! We are hypercritical; we may yet be glad to dine off the hulls alone. Some people see something to pick and carp at in every good that comes to them; I was thankful that I had the berries, and resolutely ignored their little scalloped ruffles, which I found pleased the eye and did not disturb the palate.

When bed-time arrived I found undressing a little awkward, my berth was so low; there was plenty of room in the aisle, and the other passengers were nowhere to be seen, but I did not venture out. It rained nearly all night, but the train made good speed, and reached the land of daybreak nearly on time. The water in the river had crept up during the night to within a few inches of my boat, but I rolled over and took another nap, all the same. Then I arose, had a delicious bath in the sweet, swift-running current, and turned my thoughts toward breakfast. The making of the coffee was the only serious problem. With everything soaked and a fine rain still falling, how shall one build a fire? I made my way to a little island above in quest of drift-wood. Before I had found the wood I chanced upon another patch of delicious wild strawberries, and took an appetizer of them out of hand. Presently I picked up a yellow birch stick the size of my arm. The wood was decayed, but the bark was perfect.

I broke it in two, punched out the rotten wood, and had the bark intact. The fatty or resinous substance in this bark preserves it, and makes it excellent kindling. With some seasoned twigs and a scrap of paper I soon had a fire going that answered my every purpose. More berries were picked while the coffee was brewing, and the breakfast was a success.

The camper-out often finds himself in what seems a distressing predicament to people seated in their snug, well-ordered houses; but there is often a real satisfaction when things come to their worst, — a satisfaction in seeing what a small matter it is, after all; that one is really neither sugar nor salt, to be afraid of the wet; and that life is just as well worth living beneath a scow or a dug-out as beneath the highest and broadest roof in Christendom.

By ten o'clock it became necessary to move, on account of the rise of the water, and as the rain had abated I picked up and continued my journey. Before long, however, the rain increased again, and I took refuge in a barn. The snug, tree-embowered farm-house looked very inviting, just across the road from the barn; but as no one was about, and no faces appeared at the window that I might judge of the inmates, I contented myself with the hospitality the barn offered, filling my pockets with some dry birch shavings, against the needs of the next kindling.

After an hour's detention I was off again. I stopped at Baxter's Brook, which flows hard by the classic hamlet of Harvard, and tried for trout, but with poor success, as I did not think it worth while to go far up stream.

At several points I saw rafts of hemlock lumber tied to the shore, ready to take advantage of the first freshet. Rafting is an important industry for a hundred miles or more along the Delaware. The lumbermen sometimes take their families or friends, and have a jollifica-

tion all the way to Trenton or to Philadelphia. In some places the speed is very great, almost equaling that of an express-train. The passage of such places as Cochection Falls and "Foul Rift" is attended with no little danger. The raft is guided by two immense oars, one before and one behind. I frequently saw these implements in the drift-wood along shore, suggesting some colossal race of men. The raftsmen have names of their own. From the upper Delaware, where I had set in, small rafts are run down which they call "colts." They come frisking down at a lively pace. At Hancock they usually couple two rafts together, when I suppose they have a span of colts; or do two colts make one horse? Some parts of the framework of the raft they call "grubs;" much depends upon these grubs. The lumbermen were and are a hardy, virile race. The Hon. Charles Knapp, of Deposit, now eighty-three years of age, but with the look and step of a man of sixty, told me he had stood nearly all one December day in the water to his waist, reconstructing his raft, which had gone to pieces on the head of an island. Mr. Knapp had passed the first half of his life in Colchester and Hancock, and, although no sportsman, had once taken part in a great bear hunt there. The bear was an enormous one, and was hard pressed by a gang of men and dogs. Their muskets and assaults upon the beast with clubs had made no impression. Mr. Knapp saw where the bear was coming, and he thought he would show them how easy it was to dispatch a bear with a club, if you only knew where to strike. He had seen how quickly the largest hog would wilt beneath a slight blow across the "small of the back." So, armed with an immense handspike, he took up a position by a large rock that the bear must pass. On she came, panting and nearly exhausted, and at the right moment down came the club with great force upon the small of her back. "If

a fly had alighted upon her," said Mr. Knapp, "I think she would have paid just as much attention to it as she did to me."

Early in the afternoon I encountered another boy, Henry Ingersoll, who was so surprised by my sudden and unwonted appearance that he did not know east from west. "Which way is west?" I inquired, to see if my own head was straight on the subject.

"That way," he said, indicating east within a few degrees.

"You are wrong," I replied. "Where does the sun rise?"

"There," he said, pointing almost in the direction he had pointed before.

"But does not the sun rise in the east here as well as elsewhere?" I rejoined.

"Well, they call that west, anyhow."

But Henry's needle was subjected to a disturbing influence just then. His house was near the river, and he was its sole guardian and keeper for the time: his father had gone up to the next neighbor's (it was Sunday), and his sister had gone with the school-mistress down the road to get black birch. He came out in the road, with wide eyes, to view me as I passed, when I drew rein, and demanded the points of the compass, as above. Then I shook my sooty pail at him and asked for milk. Yes, I could have some milk, but I would have to wait till his sister came back; after he had recovered a little, he concluded he could get it. He came for my pail, and then his boyish curiosity appeared. My story interested him immensely. He had seen twelve summers, but he had only been four miles from home up and down the river: he had been down to the East Branch, and he had been up to Trout Brook. He took a pecuniary interest in me. What did my pole cost? What my rubber coat, and what my revolver? The latter he must take in his hand; he had never seen such a thing to shoot with before in *his* life, etc. He

thought I might make the trip cheaper and easier by stage and by the cars. He went to school: there were six scholars in summer, one or two more in winter. The population is not crowded in the town of Hancock, certainly, and never will be. The people live close to the bone, as Thoreau would say, or rather close to the stump. Many years ago the young men there resolved upon having a ball. They concluded not to go to a hotel, on account of the expense, and so chose a private house. There was a man in the neighborhood who could play the fife; he offered to furnish the music for seventy-five cents. But this was deemed too much, so one of the party agreed to whistle. History does not tell how many beaux there were bent upon this reckless enterprise, but there were three girls. For refreshments they bought a couple of gallons of whisky and a few pounds of sugar. When the spree was over, and the expenses were reckoned up, there was a shilling—a York shilling—apiece to pay. Some of the revelers were dissatisfied with this charge, and intimated that the managers had not counted themselves in, but taxed the whole expense upon the rest of the party.

As I moved on I saw Henry's sister and the school-mistress picking their way along the muddy road near the river's bank. One of them saw me, and, dropping her skirts, said to the other (I could read the motions), "See that man!" The other lowered her flounces, and looked up and down the road, then glanced over into the field, and lastly out upon the river. They paused and had a good look at me, though I could see that their impulse to run away, like that of a frightened deer, was strong.

At the East Branch the Big Beaver Kill joins the Delaware, almost doubling its volume. Here I struck the railroad, the forlorn Midland, and here another set of men and manners cropped out,—what may be called the railroad con-

glomerate overlying this mountain free-stone.

"Billy, where did you steal that boat?" and, "What you running away for?" greeted me from a hand-car that went by.

I paused for some time and watched the fish-hawks, or ospreys, of which there were nearly a dozen sailing about above the junction of the two streams, squealing and diving, and occasionally striking a fish on the rifts. I am convinced that the fish-hawk sometimes feeds on the wing. I saw him do it on this and on another occasion. He raises himself by a peculiar motion, and brings his head and his talons together, and apparently takes a bite of the fish. While doing this his flight presents a sharply undulating line; at the crest of each rise the morsel is taken.

In a long, deep eddy under the west shore I came upon a brood of wild ducks, the hooded merganser. The young were about half grown, but of course entirely destitute of plumage. They started off at great speed, kicking the water into foam behind them, the mother duck keeping upon their flank and rear. Near the outlet of the pool I saw them go ashore, and I expected they would conceal themselves in the woods; but as I drew near the place they came out, and I saw by their motions they were going to make a rush by me up stream. At a signal from the old one, on they came, and passed within a few feet of me. It was almost incredible, the speed they made. Their pink feet were like swiftly revolving wheels placed a little to the rear; their breasts just skimmed the surface, and the water was beaten into spray behind them. They had no need of wings; even the mother bird did not use hers; a steamboat could not have kept up with them. I dropped my paddle, and cheered. They kept the race up for a long distance, and I saw them making a fresh spirt as I entered upon the rift

and dropped quickly out of sight. I next disturbed an eagle in his meditations upon a dead tree-top, and a cat sprang out of some weeds near the foot of the tree. Was he watching for puss, while she was watching for some smaller prey?

I passed Partridge Island—which is or used to be the name of a post-office—unwittingly, and encamped for the night on an island near Hawk's Point. I slept in my boat on the beach, and in the morning my locks were literally wet with the dews of the night, and my blankets too; so I waited for the sun to dry them. As I was gathering drift-wood for a fire, a voice came over from the shadows of the east shore: "Seems to me you lay abed pretty late!"

"I call this early," I rejoined, glancing at the sun.

"Wall, it may be airy in the forenoon, but it ain't very airy in the mornin';" a distinction I was forced to admit. Before I had reëmbarked some cows came down to the shore, and I watched them ford the river to the island. They did it with great ease and precision. I was told they will sometimes, during high water, swim over to the islands, striking in well up stream, and swimming diagonally across. At one point some cattle had crossed the river, and evidently got into mischief, for a large dog rushed them down the bank into the current, and worried them all the way over, part of the time swimming and part of the time leaping very high, as a dog will in deep snow, coming down with a great splash. The cattle were shrouded with spray as they ran, and altogether it was a novel picture.

My voyage ended that forenoon at Hancock, and was crowned by a few idyllic days with some friends in their cottage in the woods by Lake Oquaga, a body of crystal water on the hills near Deposit, and a haven as peaceful and perfect as voyager ever came to port in.

John Burroughs.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.

I DON'T think I feel much older; I'm aware I'm rather gray,
But so are many young folks; I meet 'em every day.
I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and drink,
But one's taste improves with culture; that is all it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to? Well, the printing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence? Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it, — no, I always liked a stick;
And as one might lean upon it, 't is as well it should be thick.
Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively, — I can walk, yes, that I can,
On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you, young man!

Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day?
Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that always was my way.
Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago?
Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 't was always so.

Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name?
Yes, — I know such lots of people, — but my memory's not to blame.
What! You think my memory's failing! Why, it's just as bright and clear, —
I remember my great-grandma! She's been dead these sixty year!

Is your voice a little trembly? Well, it may be, now and then,
But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen;
It's the Gillotts make the trouble, — not at all my finger-ends, —
That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

Don't you stoop a little, walking? It's a way I've always had —
I have always been round-shouldered ever since I was a lad.
Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings? Yes, I own it, — that is true.
Don't you tell old stories over? I am not aware I do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings? *Don't you love a cushioned seat*
In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?
Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels? *Don't you muffle up your throat?*
Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting on your coat?

Don't you like old books you've dogs-eared, you can't remember when?
Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and go to bed at ten?
How many cronies can you count of all you used to know
That called you by your Christian name some fifty years ago?

How look the prizes to you that used to fire your brain?
You've reared your mound — how high is it above the level plain?

*You've drained the brimming golden cup that made your fancy reel,
You've slept the giddy potion off, — now tell us how you feel!*

*You've watched the harvest ripening till every stem was cropped,
You've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal dropped,
You've told your thought, you've done your task, you've tracked your dial round,
— I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet! I'm hale and brisk and sound,*

And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to see;
My shoes are not quite ready yet — don't think you're rid of me!
Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older far,
And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas Parr?

*Ah well, — I know, — at every age life has a certain charm, —
You're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg you'll take my arm.
I take your arm! Why take your arm? I'd thank you to be told;
I'm old enough to walk alone, but not so very old!*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SYLVIA'S SUITORS: A LITTLE EPISODE.

SYLVIA ENGLER folded the letter she had just written, and put it in the envelope. Then she arose from her chair, put on her hat and sacque, and so opened the letter and read the last pages over.

"You need not wonder," she read, "why I prefer to spend October at the sea-shore. If you were here, — I wish you were! — you would rather wonder why all the world is not of my mind. But I am glad it is n't! I'd like another woman to help entertain the two learned men who also sojourn here, but I should object to the world. One of the charms of the place is my sense of my proprietary right in the ocean. For me the tides come and go; for me the sea breaks and rolls; mine are the sunsets and the white-caps, and mine, O Rachel, the spoil and the plunder! For know, my dear, that I do not stay only for the fine weather and the ocean, nor yet for good comradeship, but for mosses! Never again will you say you are tired of 'Miss Engles's cowslip china.' It, Rachel, has had its day! It is to be

succeeded by mosses, sea-weeds, *algæ*. They will be the rage! I am determined upon *that*. You and your fashionable friends can make conversation, as you sip your chocolate, upon the variety and delicacy of my designs. No plate is to have its duplicate, no cup its fellow. I shall not paint very many, but I warrant you they'll be expensive! You will go wild when you see my designs, but you need not hope to buy any of my china. It will be dear, too dear! Still, as you are going to be married, you shall have a *tête-à-tête* set. In the mean time, won't you stop at my studio and tell the janitor that I will be home the 1st of November? You might suggest some dusting up. As ever,

"S. E."

"Now," said Sylvia, "Rachel will have news to tell," and then she put on her gloves, and started for the post-office. When she reached that Mecca of all sea-side visitors she found it closed. She knocked, but no one answered; she tried both doors but in vain. Then she

went into the drug-store next door. "Oh, Mr. Snyder," she exclaimed, as a man with a napkin in his hand came out of the back room, "the post-office too has gone! What are we to do now?"

Mr. Snyder wiped his fingers, and smiled. "It is not quite as bad as that, Miss Engles! We poor residents have not many luxuries after you city folks leave us, but we do manage to keep our post-office. I guess Joe Ruggles has gone to his tea; he mostly shuts up then."

"Must I sit on the step and wait for him?" asked Sylvia.

"Not much," said Mr. Snyder. "Just you leave your letter here, and I'll see to it."

"It must go in the first mail," said Sylvia.

"It shall," replied Mr. Snyder; and then he opened the door for Sylvia, and she turned to go to the beach.

As she walked along Atlantic Avenue, and then down one of the cross-streets toward the ocean, she thought the place looked as if it had been desolated by the plague. The stores, the hotels, the pleasant sunny cottages, were all closed and silent. No one was to be seen upon the long and sandy streets. On some of the avenues were rows of forlorn and dingy bath-houses, moved away from the beach and from winter tides. The long board walk by the shore, the pavilions, which at their best suggested Sampson Brass's summer-house, were gone, and the very signs of gay life silenced made the place doubly desolate.

But Sylvia was too full of vitality to feel depressed, and indeed rather enjoyed the loneliness that left her free and happy.

She was pretty, she had abundant interests in her life, and she had half made up her mind to marry. She was not young, for she was thirty-six; but she had had a very good time, and she meant never to have a bad one. She had once

lived abroad, and had studied art in Rome and in Paris, and she was wise in technical terms, and knew all about the schools; and when she wrote pretty little poems she turned them with many a neat allusion to both Dante and Raphael. She was never worried because she could not paint great pictures, and when she was in Paris she used to go among the studios, and without any envy admire ambitious Americans working at Pompeian interiors and Arabs at prayer. When she came home she refused all pupils, and applied herself to painting little girls. Her pictures sold, but with mildness; yet her day of triumph came. It came with "decorative art," and a panel and a tea-service established her reputation, and made Sylvia the fashion. After this all was easy.

The man she thought of marrying was Professor Arnold. He was a widower with one child, and Sylvia had now been at the sea-shore for two months with them. She had always meant to marry, and any one could see that this would be a suitable match. He had position and money, and Sylvia liked both, and thought she deserved both. The child, little Josie, was fond of her, and she liked to have the tender little creature depend on her, run after her, and play the tyrant over her.

They were all Josie's slaves. The professor, who was writing his lectures in a room where he could not see the ocean, had stayed at the sea-shore on her account; Dr. Kennedy was always at her service when his neuralgia permitted, and Sylvia already gave her many a little motherly care; the landlord petted her, and the waiter was her worshiper; and these five people, at present, made up Josie's world.

When Sylvia reached the beach she found Josie busy making a well in the sand, while Dr. Kennedy walked up and down. His long ulster was buttoned over his slender, tall figure, and he wore

a huge blue and white scarf tied over his hat to protect his ears.

"Oh, here you come!" he cried. "I have been watching for you. Just come here, Miss Sylvia. Now look over the water. What do you see?"

Sylvia went to him. "I see the waves breaking on the shore," she replied. "It is high tide, but the breakers are not rough. It is a tranquil sea."

"What else?" he asked, — "no ships, no boats, no gulls?"

"Only water and sky."

"Now look along the shore."

"I see sand, — a long, level stretch of gray sand."

"And the sky?"

"There are clouds. They are white and many-piled. The sky is soft and blue, and over there," pointing, "the sunset colors are reflected from the west."

"Then," said he impressively, "look at that child! You have not mentioned her, — a mere speck of humanity, a creature not three feet high, a small bit of color, red and white; and yet she is all we see between here and Portugal! Think of it! Nearly four thousand miles of space, and hers the only life in sight! Miss Sylvia," and the doctor's voice deepened, "this is what I call — solitude!"

"And you like it?"

"Yes," he said, "I do. I like it, as the Frenchman did, when I have a pleasant companion with whom to share it."

"Very well," said Sylvia, taking out her watch, "if I come under that head, I will stay with you fifty-three minutes. By that time Thomas will be ready to sound his gong for supper, and the professor will be walking on the porch looking for us."

"Suppose, then," said the doctor, "that we sit down by the anchor. I don't like this wind, and I have a shawl there."

The anchor, which in the summer was attached to a bathing-line, was now drawn up on the shore, and deeply im-

bedded in the sand made a snug recess, of which Sylvia was fond. The doctor hung his shawl upon the arms of the anchor, and offered Sylvia the cosy, tapestried seat; but she, declining it, sat in the open air, and he went far back in the shelter.

"*This*," he said, "I call comfort! And now, Miss Sylvia, when are you going away?"

"In two weeks," said she.

"And the professor a week after. I shall be lonely! See here, Miss Sylvia, why don't you stay here all winter? You have no idea how charming it is. No ice, no snow; the air a visible tonic, — exhilarating, sparkling! You could paint and get new inspirations. 'Stay, Sylvia, stay.'"

"The inspirations would not be of much use here," said Sylvia; "and do you suppose Mr. Reimer would take a panel in exchange for my board?"

"But, my dear," said the doctor, "an artist is free. He need not live in his shop, — his studio, I mean. Paint your pictures here, and send them to your agent."

"Pictures?" said Sylvia. "It is tea-cups! If fashion patronizes me, I must be on hand. You ought to see me receive, doctor," she went on. "I wear a long, monkish brown gown, and on it is many a spot of paint. My studio is lovely, and I give æsthetic teas sometimes. I can fancy you at one! Will you come?"

"Nonsense!" said he, flushing. "How frivolous you try to make yourself! I wonder you paint at all."

"You would n't," said she, "if you knew the size of my bank account."

"I am perfectly in earnest," the doctor said. "I don't like women to work. I don't believe in it. I have had a surfeit of it. In my family all the women work. The older ones manage hospitals and societies, and the younger ones teach, or read, or practice medicine. I don't like it. They all have money. I

don't believe you yearn to be independent, to have a life of your own, and all that fol-di-rod-y."

"I don't," said Sylvia. "I would n't like to be no more than the basket handle; I know too well all the joys of independence! Still, you see, I have n't money, so I earn it."

"That is just it!" cried the doctor, coming a little way out of his niche. "You work because you must have a living. Very good. And your occupation is genteel and lady-like."

"Don't say 'genteel'!" cried Sylvia.

"That is a very good word. Would respectable be any better? No? Well, this is what I meant to say, — a pretty, domestic woman like you ought to get married. In fact, you ought to have been married some time ago."

"How do you know I am domestic?" said Sylvia, slightly coloring, and ignoring his last remark. "Artists are generally considered Bohemian rather than domestic."

"Oh, but you are not an out-and-out artist."

"Indeed, I am!" cried Sylvia. "I have n't much genius, but you don't suppose I spend my life painting tea-cups? I paint pictures, and I exhibit them, and, what is more to the purpose, I sell them."

"I don't doubt it," said the doctor; "but all the same you ought to get married. There's another objection I have to my family: the girls don't marry. They have n't the time, and so we have an army of old maids. I don't like it. There is that child's father; why don't he marry?"

"I am sure I don't know;" and now Sylvia really did color.

"He ought to do it," pursued the relentless doctor. "That child cannot be brought up properly by servants, and he has no sisters. Do you know, Miss Sylvia, — now, I suppose you'll get mad! — I had a great mind to advise him to ask you. It seems a pity for him to lose the

chance of so good a mother for Josie. You see I have an observant nature, and I have watched you with her. You are fond of her, you have pleasant little ways with her, and she is certainly fond of you. Yes, you would make a very good mother for her."

Sylvia laughed at this. She did not mean to betray any feeling again.

"The reason why I am so candid, and perhaps abrupt — you do think me abrupt?"

"I do," said Sylvia.

"Well, the reason is that the matter is a little involved. When I first thought of it, you and the professor were digging a cave for the child in the sand, and she was jumping about in high glee. Do you remember?"

Yes, Sylvia remembered it very well.

"It was a pretty picture, I thought, and it flashed on me that the professor would be blind if he did not see what he ought to do. Ask you to marry him, I mean."

"I ought to be very much obliged to you," said Sylvia coolly.

"Oh, but that is n't all!" the doctor continued, pushing the scarf off his ears. "You don't understand yet how the matter is involved. When I went back to the hotel it occurred to me that I was a very great fool. I had much better ask you to marry me. I am sure I need a good wife."

"Very well," said Sylvia, with admirable gravity.

"Still, you see," he said, "it seemed rather mean not to give him the chance. It is of course obvious that he needs the wife the most, — on account of the little girl, you know. My first thought referred to his marrying you, and that gives him, you see, a sort of preëmption claim."

"I am not sure of that," replied Sylvia. "Don't they give patents, or something of the sort, for the first idea?"

"Then," said the doctor eagerly, "you would be willing to let me ask you?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I wish I knew what you mean — would you refuse — But no, I won't do it. I really think he ought to have the first chance. The little girl is to be considered, you know."

"Is it Josie who is the first object?" said Sylvia. "If that is so, I might adopt her. That would make it all right, and none of us be worried."

"Her father would n't part with her; but I am thinking of the welfare of all. By George, Miss Sylvia, I wish I knew your Eng; or rather, I wish the professor did. I'd like Chang myself! Of course Arnold knows nothing of this. I thought I had best speak to you first. I was afraid he would not explain the situation, — not as I would."

"I don't believe he could," replied she.

"Well," said the doctor, "what have you to say?"

"I cannot say anything," she answered.

"You cannot?" repeated the doctor.

"I could offer an opinion, I suppose," said Sylvia; "but you see I can't, under the circumstances, make it a personal matter yet."

"You mean," the doctor said, "that neither of us has yet asked you?"

"Exactly," Sylvia answered.

"Very well, then. Now, suppose, before we go any farther, that we see just where we stand in the present position of affairs. In the first place, — because it would, perhaps, not be proper to refer to the professor's personal matters at this moment, — do you think you could marry me?"

"No, I don't," she answered. "I am very sure I could n't."

"That is frank," he said, looking greatly pleased. "I like that. It is business-like, and helps us to clear the ground. Now, why could n't you?"

"For one thing, I don't care enough for you, and for another, I never thought of it."

"Very good. But we will now suppose you might waive the second reason, and I could try to persuade you out of the first. So then, what are your objections likely to be? You can't, for instance, object to my family?"

"No," said Sylvia; "to tell you the honest truth, I know nothing about it."

"You don't!" exclaimed the doctor. "Then I'll tell you. We are good Quaker stock. We came over with William Penn. We are in every history of Pennsylvania ever written. If you ask for family, you can't do better. We are an Arch Street Quaker family."

"Is that any better than any other street Quakers?" asked Sylvia.

"To be a real Arch Street Quaker, Miss Sylvia, you must be born into it. You may visit our circle, marry into it, live next door to it; but to be *of* it — birth is necessary. It is the aristocracy of the country."

"I might have liked to have been born into it," said Sylvia, "I cannot tell; but I am sure I should n't want to marry into it." Then she said, "Is it stupid?"

"Awfully," said the doctor, "but it is good. I simply refer to it as a question of family. You need not have anything to do with it. We don't when we can help it. We are church people, you know, — prayer-books, marrying out of meeting, and all that. If you are interested in colonial furniture, we have plenty of it. In fact, you could n't do better in the way of family."

"Well, then," said Sylvia, "I give up that point. I don't object to your family."

"I am not poor. I like my profession, and if I need more money I will practice again. Could you be satisfied with seven thousand three hundred and sixty-two dollars a year?"

"Perfectly," said Sylvia.

"I am not young, — I am forty-six; but the professor is still older, so that point is not to be considered."

"Oh, yes, it is!" exclaimed Sylvia. "We are not considering this matter relatively; the professor is not under discussion."

"True enough," replied the doctor, "that is a fact to be remembered. Absolutely, then, I am not old; I am amiable, I am not tyrannical, and when I have n't the neuralgia and don't wear this scarf I am not ugly; I am a person of good habits; I smoke, but I don't drink, bet, nor gamble. These are points in my favor?"

"Certainly," said Sylvia.

"Well, then?"

"I think," said she, taking out her watch, "that now we ought to consider why I should marry you. These points are, as you say, in your favor; but leaving out your being an Arch Street Quaker, I might find other men having these same general qualifications, and I should like my husband to have some special ones. We have n't time, however, just now. You know I can think over what you already have said."

"But I don't like you to think over it too long. I have always fancied a woman's feeling in this position ought to be rather impulsive. She ought to have quick, spontaneous feeling."

"Oh, I have," said she, giving him a curious look, "but I should like to be cool, judicial. This is an important matter."

The doctor smiled.

"But it is," she said, "and I ought to have time, for several reasons. One, — to begin pretty far on, — in the fifth place, is that it is a good while since I had an offer, and I am out of practice. Beside that, you must own this is rather sudden."

"Who made you the last offer?" asked the doctor.

"An Englishman. It was a better one than yours, for there was a title somewhere in his family. He said he thought it would be awfully jolly to marry an American."

"And he was quite right," the doctor said. "Did you accept him?"

"I don't believe he thought so. He never behaved as if he did."

"Well, you think of what I said," and the doctor got up and began to fold the shawl. "And of course you understand that, although we approached the matter from a practical side, I love you. I should not wish to marry a woman to whom I was not attached."

"I will remember," Sylvia replied, taking hold of the other end of the shawl, and helping him fold it. The doctor then drew his scarf over his ears. They called Josie, who was busy carrying water to her well, and liberally baptizing herself as she trotted back and forth.

"Now," said the doctor, as they drew near the house, and the professor came out to meet his little girl, "the next thing is to speak to Arnold."

"Speak to *who*?" cried Sylvia, standing still.

"To Arnold, of course. Why, you don't think I mean to let the matter rest here! I want my answer, and we have agreed that he ought to have the first chance."

"We agreed!" Sylvia exclaimed. "Dr. Kennedy, you are an idiot!"

The doctor laughed at this, and then prevented all further discussion by going into the house.

"He certainly won't," said Sylvia to herself, as, in the evening, she went out on the porch to walk; "but I do wish Mr. Reimer would stop that dreadful old fiddle and go sit with them."

Then she half turned to go herself, but she was not sure. Perhaps the doctor would make an umpire of her, and ask her for a ruling on the spot. And yet it was absurd in her to hesitate. She would get her sewing, and go in as if nothing had happened. She wished Josie had not gone to bed. She wished her tea-cups were all in China. She

wished — At that moment the door opened, and the professor looked out.

"Oh, it is you!" he exclaimed. "I thought I heard footsteps as I passed, and I wondered who it could be. I did not think of you for a moment. And then I never knew you to walk on this side of the house. It is more sheltered, but you cannot see the ocean."

"Oh, I don't care for the ocean to-night," replied Sylvia, "and I am just going up-stairs."

"Don't go yet," said the professor. "Let me get my hat and walk with you. I have been in the house nearly all day, and I am tired of house air."

Sylvia hesitated. "Very well," she said, "but I cannot stay long."

So the professor put on his hat and coat, and joined her.

"Shall we not go around to the other porch?" he asked.

"If you do," she answered, "the doctor will see you and call you in. He thinks night air bad for the neuralgia."

"I have no neuralgia. Have you?"

"No, but he has. I don't know, however, but that it would be best for us to be called in."

"Do you know, he is a *very* peculiar person, Miss Sylvia?"

"He certainly is. But do tell me, professor, do you believe much in the electric light? I know just what will be done. The ocean will be lighted! All along the shore we will have lamps, and all the dim, solemn vagueness of sea, shore, and sky will be lost. Would n't it be dreadful if Edison should destroy night?"

"He can't destroy sleep if he does. I slept in St. Petersburg, with the sun shining at midnight, just as regularly as at home. But as I was saying about the doctor" —

"Don't let us discuss the doctor," said Sylvia, getting a little excited. "I don't want to talk of people, and any way I must go in."

The professor gently laid his hand on

her arm, and Sylvia at once shook it off.

"Miss Sylvia," he began, "between us, — not from my choice, I beg you to acknowledge, — you are, I can understand, in a position trying to a person of sensitive temperament."

"I am sleepy," said Sylvia, "if that is what you mean."

"A better person than Felix Kennedy does not live," the professor continued, "but he is hasty. I like to move slowly and with caution. I consider my action, I act with judgment."

"But I *am* sleepy," said Sylvia.

"Do not prevaricate," said the professor. "Believe me, you had better listen to me."

"I wish I knew just what you are going to say" — but then Sylvia paused and blushed.

"I am not going to say anything frightful. You are safe in listening to me. I am not as obtuse as Kennedy seems to think. It would be a very obtuse man indeed, Miss Sylvia, who could live with you and be insensible to your charming nature."

"Yes, I dare say," said Sylvia, a little absently; "but I must go in now. It is cold."

"I would like," said the professor, not heeding this, "to be frank with you."

"Frank!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Why, I never knew such frank people! It is terrible. If you want to please me, do be a little reticent."

"I want to please you," the professor said briskly, "but I do want to tell you something. Do you know, I have been planning, vaguely, but hopefully, to take you home with me."

"I would n't go!" cried Sylvia, stopping and leaning against the porch railing. "I have my own work, my own life, my own interests. Why can't you men understand that!" said the inconsistent creature. "You think all women want to marry. I don't! Perhaps, — I once thought I would, but now,

— why, nothing on earth would tempt me!”

“You wrong me, Miss Sylvia,” said the professor. “I meant to leave you free. I meant you to have your studio, your own friends, your own pursuits. Had I lived in New York, I should not have hesitated to speak to you; but I did not like to ask you to go to Boston, and leave so much behind you.”

“That proves,” said Sylvia, who was herself now both excited and frank, “how little men understand women. Do you suppose I would hesitate to follow any one I loved to the north pole? Boston, indeed! Why, I would n’t have put it in the balance!”

“But see how you excite yourself,” said the professor; “I really don’t deserve your wrath. I know that too bold approaches are likely to alarm a sensitive lady.”

“Oh, I am not sensitive,” said Sylvia. “Ask the doctor if I am.”

“Pardon me,” he replied, “but you are. I knew I had no right to disturb your useful, happy life; but Josie loves you so well, your influence over her is so good, that I thought you might consent to become her governess.”

“Oh!” cried Sylvia, and she walked quickly down the porch.

“The position in Boston, you understand, is very honorable; and in my family, and with your own social talents” —

“Spare me your compliments,” interrupted Sylvia, who felt curiously enough at this moment. “I can assure you that I never mean to be a governess, but I do love Josie.”

“I know you do. But, not to take up the second point, I have now other views. Let me fasten your shawl more closely; you are cold.”

“No, indeed,” Sylvia replied, “I am hot!”

“Now,” said the professor, still speaking gently and evenly, “I have changed my mind. I still want you to go to Bos-

ton, but I want to marry you. Forgive me if I am abrupt. I meant to break this to you more politely, but the doctor is in a torpedic condition. I am forced to seem rough and inconsiderate, but I have learned to love you dearly. I could forgive you anything. You could not offend me. Miss Sylvia,” — and here he took hold of her arm again, — “tell me you forgive me! If you are angry with me now, may I not some time again plead my cause? In a month? May I not come then to you?”

Sylvia laughed, — she could not help it, — but the professor’s face grew red.

“It is very funny,” she said.

“It is very provoking,” retorted the professor. “I will never, never forgive Kennedy! If he had not precipitated matters, you would not have been offended with me, and you might have given me a hearing, at least.”

“Oh, no, I should n’t, — that is, I should have had but one answer for you,” said Sylvia, quite forgetting her old plans upon this point. “But you ought to proceed more logically and in order. You ought first to have asked me to become your governess, and then you could have tried me in that capacity, and if I suited” —

“Don’t scoff,” said the professor. “I am deeply in earnest, and” —

“Good-night!” cried Sylvia, darting in at the door as they passed it, — “good-night!”

The next day Sylvia had her breakfast early, and saw no one but Josie; but about noon there was a knock at her door which she answered in person. It was the doctor.

“I thought, perhaps” — he began; and then noticing her books and dresses on the bed, “By George, you are not packing up!”

“Yes, I am,” she answered. “Did n’t the landlord tell you the news? I have asked for my bill, and I go by the afternoon train.”

"Driven away!" ejaculated the doctor. "By Jove, it is too bad!"

"Letters," said Sylvia gravely, — "important letters."

"I dare say," said he, "and the mail not yet in! Tell me, are you offended?"

Sylvia made no reply.

"You could n't be offended with Arnold," he said; "he is too gentle to offend any one. But I — I am a bear! Will you forgive me?"

Sylvia hesitated a half moment before she took the hand he offered. "One of you," she said impulsively, "did not mean to offend. I am sure of that."

"Yes, I know," he answered, in a melancholy tone; "he never does. But then, neither did I. The mischief is I do all the things I don't mean and don't want to do."

Sylvia looked up at him with gentle, amused eyes.

"But tell me," he resumed, in his usual manner, "you don't really mean to go away and leave things in this condition?"

"What condition?" asked Sylvia.

"You understand. Now see here, Miss Sylvia, I don't want you to treat the professor badly. You ought to be decently polite to him. And there is Josie, — you must not forget her. You ought to answer one of us."

"I have but one to answer," said Sylvia, putting her hand on the knob of the door, "and I would n't mind being treated with a little decent politeness myself."

"Yes, yes," and the doctor looked a little blank. "But somehow I cannot realize that I have cut myself off, by being so very considerate. It *was* rather stupid now, was n't it?"

"The whole affair is stupid," Sylvia replied. "But won't you please go away, and let me finish my packing? I don't want to be left, and I hate to hurry."

The doctor put his foot against the door to keep her from closing it. "Tell me one thing," he said, with a good deal

of entreaty in his voice: "you are not going to refuse both of us?"

"I am not going to accept both of you, — not the same day; and I do wish you would remember that you have never asked me. Now do go, that's a good fellow."

"But, Miss Sylvia," and the doctor's face grew eager, "you will — say you will — you must! Oh, Miss Sylvia, *don't* accept your first offer!"

"That is mean!" said Sylvia, and her face was the same color as the doctor's, and both were red. "I thought you were going to be so chivalrous, and all that stuff, and here" —

"But you don't love him," said the doctor, as she paused, "and of course you mean to love the man you marry."

"I certainly do; but how do you know I don't?" said the incoherent Sylvia, and she at once began to rub a spot on the door with her finger.

At that moment Mrs. Reimer, armed with brush and dust-pan, came down the hall.

"See here!" cried the doctor, turning quickly. "Won't you — that's a good woman — won't you throw an old shoe after me?"

At this Sylvia gave his foot a vicious little push with her own, and banged her door shut.

"Do you know," and the doctor's solemn manner impressed his landlady, "that I am awfully sorry for the professor?"

"Why, you don't mean to say that anything has happened to him!" she exclaimed.

"No, not exactly," he replied. "But I am sorry all the same. He'll be terribly cut up. You see, he was so sure. Now I was n't. I don't deserve it, and he did. And there's Josie, too! I am awfully sorry!"

"Well, you don't look so," said Mrs. Reimer, going her way. "If ever I saw a man who was in a very good humor, you look like that man."

Louise Stockton.

AMONG THE PUEBLOS.

I USED to think Fernandina was the sleepest place in the world, but that was before I had seen Santa Fé. The drowsy old town, lying in a sandy valley inclosed on three sides by mountain walls, is built of adobes laid in one-story houses, and resembles an extensive brick-yard, with scattered sunburnt kilns ready for the fire. The approach in midwinter, when snow, deep on the mountains, rests in ragged patches on the red soil of New Mexico, is to the last degree disheartening to the traveler entering narrow streets which appear mere lanes. Yet, dirty and unkept, swarming with hungry dogs, it has the charm of foreign flavor, and, like San Antonio, retains some portion of the grace which long lingers about, if indeed it ever forsakes, the spot where Spain has held rule for centuries, and the soft syllables of the Spanish tongue are yet heard.

It was a primeval stronghold before the Spanish conquest, and a town of some importance to the white race when Pennsylvania was a wilderness, and the first Dutch governor was slowly drilling the Knickerbocker ancestry in the difficult evolution of marching round the town pump. Once the capital and centre of the Pueblo kingdom, it is rich in historic interest, and the archives of the Territory, kept, or rather neglected, in the leaky old Palacio del Gobernador, where I write, hold treasure well worth the seeking of student and antiquary. The building itself has a history full of pathos and stirring incident as the ancient fort of St. Augustine, and is older than that venerable pile. It had been the palace of the Pueblos immemorially before the holy name Santa Fé was given in baptism of blood by the Spanish conquerors; palace of the Mexicans after they broke away from the crown; and palace ever since its occupation by

El Gringo. In the stormy scenes of the seventeenth century it withstood several sieges; was repeatedly lost and won, as the white man or the red held the victory. Who shall say how many and how dark the crimes hidden within these dreary earthen walls?

Hawthorne, in a strain of tender gayety, laments the lack of the poetic element in our dear native land, where there is no shadow, no mystery, no antiquity, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight. Here is every requisite of romance, — the enchantment of distance, the charm of the unknown, — and, in shadowy mists of more than three hundred years, imagination may flower out in fancies rich and strange. Many a picturesque and gloomy wrong is recorded in moldy chronicles, of the fireside tragedies enacted when a peaceful, simple people were driven from their homes by the Spaniard, made ferocious by his greed of gold and conquest; and the cross was planted, and sweet hymns to Mary and her Son were chanted on hearths slippery with the blood of men guilty only of the sin of defending them.

Four hundred years ago the Pueblo Indians were freeholders of the vast unmapped domain lying between the Rio Pecos and the Gila, and their separate communities, dense and self-supporting, were dotted over fertile valleys of Utah and Colorado, and stretched as far south as Chihuahua, Mexico. Bounded by rigid conservatism as a wall, in all these ages they have undergone slight change by contact with the white race, and are yet a peculiar people, distinct from the other aboriginal tribes of this continent as the Jews are from the other races in Christendom. The story of these least known citizens of the

United States takes us back to the days of Charles V. and the "spacious times of great Elizabeth."

About the year 1528 an exploring expedition set out, by order of the king of Spain, from San Domingo to invade Florida, a name then loosely given to the wide area between the bay of Fernandina and the Mississippi River. It was commanded by Pamphilo de Narvaez; the same, it will be remembered, who had been sent by the jealous governor of Cuba to capture Cortez, and who, after having declared him an outlaw, was himself easily defeated. His troops deserted to the victorious banner, and when brought before the man he had promised to arrest Narvaez said, "Esteem yourself fortunate, Señor Cortez, that you have taken me prisoner." The conqueror replied, with proud humility and with truth, "It is the least of the things I have done in Mexico."

This anecdote illustrates the haughty and defiant spirit of the general who sailed for battle gayly as to a regatta, with a fleet of five vessels and about six hundred men, of whom eighty were mounted. He carried blood-hounds to track natives, chains and branding-irons for captives; was clothed with full powers to kill, burn, plunder, enslave; and was appointed governor over all the country he might reduce to possession.

The leader and his command perished by shipwreck and disasters, all but four. Among the survivors was one Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, treasurer for the king and high sheriff, who is described in the annals of that period as having the most beautiful and noble figure of the conquerors of the New World; and in the best days of chivalry his valor on the battle-field, his resolution in danger, his constancy and resignation in hardship, won for him the proud title "Illustrious Warrior." Ten years he, with three companions, rambled to and fro between the Atlantic and Gulf of California. The plain statement of their

privations and miseries must of necessity be filled with marvels; that of Cabeza de Vaca, duly attested and sworn to, is weakened by wild exaggerations, and the *Relacion* of this Western Ulysses is touched with high colorings and embellished with fantastic fables equal to the moving accidents by flood and field of the heroic king of Ithaca. He tells of famishing with hunger till they devoured dogs with relish; of marching "without water and without way" among savages of giant stature, dressed in robes, "with wrought ties of lion skin, making a brave show, — the women dressed in wool that grows on trees;"¹ of meeting cyclopean tribes, who had the sight of but one eye; of being enslaved and going naked, — "as we were unaccustomed to being so, twice a year we cast our skin, like serpents;" of his escape, and, after living six years with friendly Indians, of being again made captive by barbarians, who amused themselves by pulling out his beard and beating him cruelly; of living on the strange fruits of mezquit and prickly-pear; of mosquitoes, whose bite made men appear to have "the plagues of holy Lazarus;" of herds of wonderful cows, with hair an inch thick, frizzled and resembling wool, roaming over boundless plains.

Holding his course northwest, he came to a people "with fixed habitations of great size, made of earth, along a river which runs between two ridges;" and here we have the earliest record of Pueblo or Town Indians, so named as distinguished from nomads or hunting tribes, dwelling in lodges of buffalo skin and boughs. It is difficult to trace his course along the nameless rivers of Texas; he must have ascended the Red River, and then struck across to the Canadian, which runs for miles through a deep cañon, in which are yet seen extensive ruins of ancient cities. Undoubtedly he was then among the Pueblo Indians, in the northwestern part

¹ The hanging moss, *Tillandsia Usneoides*.

of New Mexico. He described them as an intelligent race, with fine persons, possessing great strength, and gave them the name "Cow Nation," because of the immense number of buffaloes killed in their country and along the river for fifty leagues. The region was very populous, and throughout were signs of a better civilization. The women were better treated and better clad; "they had shawls of cotton;¹ their dress was a skirt of cotton that came to the knees, and skirts of dressed deer-skins to the ground, opened in front and fastened with leather straps. They washed their clothes with a certain soapy root which cleansed them well.² They also wore shoes." This is the first account of the natives of that country wearing covering on their feet,—doubtless the mocasins still worn by them.

The gentle savages hailed the white men as children of the sun, and, in adoration, brought their blind to have their eyes opened, their sick that, by the laying on of hands, they might be healed. Mothers brought little children for blessings, and many humbly sought but to touch their garments, believing virtue would pass out of them. The rude hospitality was freely accepted; the sons of the morning feasted on venison, pumpkins, maize bread, the fruit of the prickly-pear, and, refreshed by the banquet, made their worshipers understand that they too were suffering with a disease of the heart, which nothing but gold and precious stones could cure. The Pueblos were then as now a race depending on agriculture rather than the chase, and were in distress because rain had not

¹ Made of the fibre of the maguey, or American aloe.

² The root of the *Yucca aloifolia*, a spongy, fibrous mass, containing gelatinous and alkaline matter. It grows in most parts of New Mexico, where it is called *amolé*, and is used instead of soap for washing.

³ This is still a favorite sport among the Pueblos. They sally out from their villages, mounted on *burros*, to the prairies, where rabbits are started from their coverts, when the horsemen chase them, using clubs, which they throw with great

fallen in two years, and all the corn they had planted had been eaten by moles. They were afraid to plant again until it rained, lest they should lose the little seed left, and begged the fair gods "to tell the sky to rain;" which the celestial visitants obligingly did, and, in answer to the prayers of the red men, breathed on their buffalo skins and bestowed a farewell blessing upon them at parting.

They again pushed westward in search of riches, always further on, crossed a portion of the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain, and traveled "for a hundred leagues through a thickly settled country, with towns of earth abounding in maize and beans." Hares were very numerous. When one was started the Indians would attack him with clubs, driving him from one to another till he was killed or captured.³

Everywhere they found order, thrift, friendly welcome. The Indians gave Cabeza de Vaca fine turquoises, buffalo robes, or, as he calls them, "blankets of cow skins," and fine emeralds made into arrow-heads, very precious, held sacred, and used only in dances and celebrations. They said these jewels had been received in exchange for bunches of plumes and the bright feathers of parrots; they were brought a long distance from lofty mountains in the north, where were crowded cities of very large and strong houses.⁴

It appears from his *Relacion* that Cabeza de Vaca passed over the entire Territory of New Mexico, went down the Gila to a point near its mouth, struck across to the river San Miguel, thence to precision, like the boomerang of the savage Australian. In this way they catch a great many. It is very exciting, and is carried on amid yells and much good-natured laughter.

⁴ In the Navajo country, between the San Juan and Colorado Chiquito, are found quantities of beautiful garnets and a green stone resembling emerald. It abounds in ruins of pueblos capable of holding many thousand souls; in all probability the emeralds presented to De Vaca came from that region.

Culiacan, and so on to Mexico, where the four wanderers, worn by hardship, gaunt and spectral by famine, were received with distinction by the viceroy, Mendoza, and Cortez, marquis of the valley.

The venturesome hero was summoned to Valladolid to appear before Charles V., and hastened to lay at the feet of his imperial master the gathered spoil which cost ten years of life: the hide of a bison, a few valueless stones resembling emerald, and a handful of worthless turquoises.

Before he set sail for Spain, Cabeza de Vaca told his marvelous story to sympathetic and eager listeners; and, besides, airy rumors had already floated down the valley of Anahuac of a land toward the north where seven high-walled cities, "the Seven Cities of Cibola," were defended by impregnable outworks. They were least among the provinces, where were countless greater cities of houses built with numerous stories, "lighted by jewels," and containing treasure stored away in secret rooms rich as Atahualpa's ransom. Various rovers gave accounts of natives clad in curious raiment, richer and softer than Utrecht velvet, who wore priceless gems, whole ropes and chains of turquoises, in ignorance of their actual value. One of these stragglers, an Indian, reported that the houses "of many lofts" were made of lime and stone; he had seen them "with these eyes." The gates and smaller pillars of the principal ones were of turquoise, and there princes were served by beautiful girls, whom they enslaved; and their spear-heads, drinking-cups, and ornamental vessels were of pure gold. There were wondrous tales, too, of opal mountains,¹ lifted high in an atmosphere of such amazing clearness that they could be seen at vast distances; of valleys glittering with garnets and beryls; of clear streams of water flowing over silver

sands; of strange flora; of the shaggy buffalo; of the fearful serpent with castanets in its tail;² of a bird like the peacock;³ and a *Llano* broad as the great desert of Africa, over which hovered a mirage more dazzling than the Fata Morgana, more delusive than the spectre of the Brocken.

A friar named Niza, with one of the companions of Cabeza de Vaca, went out "to explore the country" three hundred leagues away, to a city they called Cibola,⁴ clearly identified as old Zuni, on a river of the same name, one hundred and eighty miles northwest of Santa Fé. This flighty reporter testified to Mendoza that he had been in the cities of Cibola, and had seen the turquoise columns and soft, feathery cloaks of those who dwelt in king's palaces. Their houses were made of stone, several stories high with flat roofs, arranged in good order; they possessed many emeralds and precious stones, but valued turquoises above all others. They had vessels of gold and silver more abundant than in Peru.

"Following as the Holy Ghost did lead," he ascended a mountain, from which he surveyed the promised land with a speculator's eyes; then, with the help of friendly Indians, he raised a heap of stones, set up a cross, the symbol of taking possession, and under the text, "The heathen are given as an inheritance," named the province "El Nuevo Regno de San Francisco" (the New Kingdom of St. Francis); and from that day to this San Francisco has been the patron saint of New Mexico.

In our prosaic age of doubt and question it is hard to understand the faith with which sane men trusted these bold falsehoods. They were mad with the lust of gold and passion for adventure; and valiant cavaliers who had won renown in the battles of the Moor among

¹ The name still attaches to a snowy range southwest of Santa Fé.

² Rattlesnake.

³ Turkey.

⁴ Indian name for buffalo. New Mexico was known to the early Spaniards as the Buffalo Province.

the mountains of Andalusia, and had seen the silver cross of Ferdinand raised above the red towers of the Alhambra, now turned their brave swords against the feeble natives of the New World. Less than half a century had gone by since the discovery of America; the conquests of Pizarro and Cortez were fresh in men's minds, and an expedition containing the enchanting quality called hazard was soon organized. Illustrious noblemen sold their vineyards and mortgaged their estates to fit the adventurers out, assured they would never need more gold than they would bring back from the true El Dorado. The young men saw visions; the old men dreamed dreams; volunteers flocked to the familiar standards; and an army was soon ready "to discover and subdue to the crown of Spain the Seven Cities of Cibola."

Francisco Vasquez Coronado, who left a lovely young wife and great wealth to lead the romantic enterprise, was proclaimed captain-general; and Castenada, historian of the campaign, writes, "I doubt whether there has ever been collected in the Indies so brilliant a troop." The whole force numbered fifteen hundred men and one thousand horses; sheep and cows were driven along to supply the new settlements in fairy-land. The army mustered in Compostella, under no shadow darker than the wavy folds of the royal banner, and one fair spring morning, the day after Easter, 1540, marched out in armor burnished high, with roll of drums, the joyful appeal of bugles, and all the pomp and circumstance the old Spaniard loved so well. The proud cavaliers, "very gallant in silk upon silk," kindled with enthusiasm and answered with loud shouts the cheers of the people who thronged the house-tops. The viceroy led the army two

days on the march, exhorted the soldiers to obedience and discipline, and returned to await reports.

When the mind is prepared for wonders the wonderful is sure to appear, and time fails to tell what prodigies the high-born gentlemen beheld: the Indians of monstrous size, so tall the tallest Spaniard could reach no higher than their breasts; a unicorn, which escaped their chase. "His horn, found in a deep ravine, was a fathom and a half in length; the base was thick as one's thigh; it resembled in shape a goat's horn, and was a curious thing." They were the first white men who looked down the gloomy cañon of the Colorado to the black rushing river, walled by sheer precipices fifteen hundred feet high. Two men tried to descend its steep sides. They climbed down perhaps a quarter of the way, when they were stopped by a rock which seemed from above no greater than a man, but which in reality was higher than the top of the cathedral tower at Sevilla. They passed places where "the earth trembled like a drum, and ashes boiled in a manner truly infernal;" watched magnetic stones roll together of their own accord; and suffered under a storm of hail-stones, "large as porringers," which indented their helmets, wounded the men, broke their dishes, and covered the ground to the depth of a foot and a half with ice-balls; and the wind raised the horses off their feet, and dashed them against the sides of the ravine. They fought many tribes of Indians, and were relieved to meet none who were man-eaters and none anthropophagi.¹

The route of Coronado is traced with tolerable clearness up the Colorado to the Gila; up the Gila to the Casa Grande, called Chichitcale, or Red House, standing more than three centuries ago as it now lies before me. It is wholly free from the vice of the commonplace, being tinged with the warm glow which precedes the morning light of history. Wild as the Homeric legends, it serves like them to point the way.

¹ Castenada's Narrative covered 147 MS. pages written on paper in characters of the times, and rolled in parchment. It was preserved in the collection of D'Uguina Paris, was translated and published in French by H. T. Campans, in 1838, and

does now, in a mezquit jungle on the edge of the desert; "and," writes his secretary, "our general was above all distressed at finding this Chichitcale, of which so much had been said, dwindled down to one mud house, in ruins and roofless, but which seemed to have been fortified." With true Spanish philosophy, he covered his disappointment, and gave the place an alluring mystery, with the idea that "this house, built of red earth, was the work of a civilized people come from a distance." And into the distance he went, through Arizona, the lower border of Colorado, and turned southwest to where Santa Fé now stands, then the central stronghold of the Pueblo empire. They fought and marched, destroyed villages, leveled the poor temples of the heathen, planted the cross, and sang thanksgiving hymns over innumerable souls to be saved,—all very well as far as it went; but the mud-built pueblos yielded neither gold nor precious metals.

Acoma, fifty miles east of Zuni, is thus accurately described by Castenada, under the name of Acuco: "It is a very strong place, built upon a rock very high and on three sides perpendicular. The inhabitants are great brigands, and much dreaded by all the province. The only means of reaching the top is by ascending a staircase cut in solid rock: the first flight of steps numbered two hundred, which could only be ascended with difficulty; when a second flight of one hundred more followed, narrower and more difficult than the first. When surmounted, there remained about twelve more at the top, which could only be ascended by putting the hands and feet in holes cut in the rock. There was space on this summit to store a great quantity of provisions, and to build large cisterns."¹

¹ It is the same to-day that it was in 1540,—a place of great strength; and the *Mesa* can be ascended only by the artificial road. The houses on top are of adobes, one and two stories in height. Water is brought from the valley below by the

The chiefs told Coronado that their towns were older than the memory of seven generations. They were all built on the same plan, in blocks shaped like a parallelogram, and were from two to four stories high, with terraces receding from the outside. The lower story, without openings, was entered from above by ladders, which were pulled up, and secured them against Indian warfare. There was no interior communication between the stories; the ascent outside was made from one terrace to another. The houses were of sun-dried bricks, and for plaster they used a mixture of ashes, earth, and coal. Every village had from one to seven *estufas*, built partly under-ground, walled over the top with flat roofs, and used for political and religious purposes. As in certain other mystic lodges which date back to the days of King Solomon, women were not admitted. All matters of importance were there discussed; there the consecrated fires were kept burning, and were never allowed to go out. The women wore on their shoulders a sort of mantle, which they fastened round the neck, passing it under the right arm, and skirts of cotton. "They also," writes Castenada, "make garments of skins very well dressed, and trick off the hair behind the ears in the shape of a wheel, which resembles the handle of a cup." They wore pearls on their heads and necklaces of shells. Everywhere were plenty of glazed pottery and vases of curious form and workmanship, reminding the Spaniards of the jars of Guadarrama in old Spain.

The gallant freebooters traversed deserts, swam rivers, scaled mountains, in a three years' chase after visionary splendors; but the oval valley and the vanishing cities, with their sunny turquoise gates and jeweled colonnades, faded into the common light of day. Though the

women in jars of earthenware, which they balance on their heads with wonderful ease as they ascend the high steps and ladders. The present population numbers not over four hundred souls.

adventurers failed in their mocking "quest of great and exceeding riches," they explored and added to the Spanish crown, by right of occupation, an area twelve times as large as the State of Ohio.

I dwell on these earliest records because it is the habit of travelers visiting ruins, which in the dry, dewless air of New Mexico are almost imperishable, to ascribe them to an extinct race and lost civilization, superior to any now extant here. They muse over Aztec glories faded and temples fallen in the spirit of the immortal antiquary, who saw in a ditch "slightly marked" a Roman wall, surrounding the stately and crowded pretorium, with its all-conquering standards bearing the great name of Cæsar.

These edifices are not mysterious except to fevered fancies, and their tenants were not divers nations, but clans, tribes of one blood, and civilized only as compared with the savages surrounding them,—the tameless Apache, the brutish Ute, the degraded Navajo, against whose attacks they devised their system of defense, so highly extolled by rambling Bohemians, and threw up "impregnable works," which are only low embankments wide enough for the posting of sentinels.

I have been through many abandoned and inhabited pueblos, examining them with the utmost care, and can discover no essential in which they differ from one another or from those of Castenada's time. In each one there is the terraced wall; the vault-like lower story, used as a granary, without openings, and entered from above by ladders; the small upper rooms, with tiny windows of selenite and mica; the same round oven; the glazed pottery; the circular estufa with its undying fire; *acequias* for irrigation, not built like Roman aqueducts, but mere ditches and canals; and from the sameness of the remains I infer that no important facts are to reward

the search of dreaming pilgrim or patient student.

Each village had its peculiar dialect, and chose its own governor. The report of the Rev. John Menaul, of the Laguna Mission, March 1, 1879, gives an abstract of their laws, identical with those framed by "the council of old men," the dusky senators described by Castenada; and then, as now, the governor's orders were proclaimed from the top of the estufa, every morning, by the town-crier.

After the invasion of Coronado, New Granada, as it was then called, was crossed by padres, vagabonds of various grades, and later by armies of subjugation. The same tale is told: how the peace-loving Pueblo was found, as his descendants are, cultivating fields along the rivers or near some unfailing spring, living in community houses wonderfully alike, and keeping alive the sacred fire under laws which like those of the Medes and Persians, change not. The fair strangers were at first graciously welcomed and feasted; but the red man soon learned that the children of the sun, before whom they knelt, whose march-worn feet they kissed in adoration, were come merely for robbery and spoil. The Indian was condemned not only to give up his scanty possessions and leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day to work in dismal mines, but he must put out the holy flame, and worship the God of his pitiless master. Conversion was ever a main object of the zealous *conquistador*, and Vargas, one of the early Spanish governors, applying for troops to carry on the crusade, writes,—and his record still stands,— "You might as well try to convert Jews without the Inquisition as Indians without soldiers." The first revolt (1640), while Arguello was governor of the province, grew out of the whipping and hanging of forty Pueblos, who refused to give up their own religion and accept the holy Catholic faith.

The Pueblos constantly rebelled, and escaped to the lair of the mountain lion, the den of the grizzly and cinnamon bear, the hole of the fox and coyote. They sought shelter from the avarice and bigotry of their Christian persecutors in the steepes of distant cañons, and found where to lay their head in the hollows of inaccessible rocks; and this brings us to the cliff houses, latterly the subject of confused exaggeration and absurd conjecture.

It is well known that the first foreign invasions were by far the most merciless, and it appears reasonable that hunted natives made a hiding-place in these fastnesses; that there they allied themselves with the Navajo, who, from a remote period, had dwelt in the northern plains, beat back the enemy, and, as Spanish rigor relaxed, returned from exile to their fields and adobe houses as before. Mud walls had been proof against arrow, spear, and battle-axe, but could not withstand the finer arms of the fairer race. The cave or cliff dwellings of Utah, Colorado, and Arizona are exact copies of the community tenements of Southern and Moquis pueblos, varying with situation and quality of material used. The architecture of these human nests and eyries — in some places seven hundred and a thousand feet from the bottom of the cañon — has been magnified out of all bounds. Eager explorers, hurried away by imagination, have even compared the civilization which produced them with

“The glory that was Greece,
The grandeur that was Rome.”

I found nothing in them to warrant such flights of fancy, and, like all castles in air, they lessen wofully at a near view. Those along the Rio Mancos and Du Chelly are mere pigeon-holes in the sides of cañons, roofed by projecting ledges of rock. The walls, six or eight

¹ Cañon du Chelly, in Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation, is a passage through a mountain range, twenty-five miles in length, from one hundred to five hundred yards in width, and is per-

inches thick, are built of flat brook stones hacked on the edge with stone hatchets, or rather hammers, to square angles; in some cases they are laid in mud mortar and finished with mud plaster, troweled Pueblo fashion, with the bare hand. Certainly, mortal never fled to these high perches from choice, or failed to desert them as soon as the danger passed. Whether we believe that the hunters were Christian or heathen, we must admit that this was a last refuge for the hunted, made desperate by terror. The masonry is smoothed, so none but the sharpest eyes can notice the difference between it and the rock itself, and in no instance is there trace of chimney or fire-place.¹ The whole idea of the work is concealment.

One might well ask, with sight-seeing Niza strolling through fabled Cibola, “if the men of that country had wings by which to reach these high lofts.” Unfortunately for the romancers, “they showed him a well-made ladder, and said they ascended by this means.” And well made ladders the cliff dwellers had, — steps cut in the living rock of the mountain, and scaling-ladders stout and light.

The solitary watch-towers along the McElmo, Colorado, and wide-spread relics of cities in the cañon of the Hovenwap, Utah, near the old Spanish trail through the mountains from Santa Fé to Salt Lake, are built on the same general plan, and divided into snug cells and peep-holes, averaging six by eight feet. Perpendiculars are regarded; stones dressed to uniform size are laid in mud mortar. A distinguishing feature is in the round corners, one at least appearing in nearly every little house. “Most peculiar, however, is the dressing of the walls of the upper and lower front rooms, both being plastered with a thin layer of firm adobe cement of about the haps the strongest natural citadel on the earth. There is but one narrow way by which a horse can ascend its height, where a squad of soldiers could defy the cavalry of the world.

eighth of an inch in thickness, and colored a deep maroon red, with a dingy white band eight inches in breadth running around floor, sides, and ceiling,"¹ — ideas of improvement probably derived from their enlightened conquerors. There is a story that a hatchet found here would cut cold steel, but I have not been able to learn its origin or trace it to any reliable authority.

In every room entered was the unfailing mark of the Pueblo, pottery glazed and streaked, as manufactured by no other tribe of Indians, and invariably reduced to fragments, either through superstition or to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. No entire vase or jar has appeared among the masses strewed from one end to the other of their ancient dominion. I have picked up quantities of this pottery near old towns, where it covers the ground like broken pavement, but have not seen one piece four inches square.

After their first experiments the Spaniards saw the policy of conciliating a confederation so numerous and powerful as the Pueblos, and as early as the time of Philip II. mountains, pastures, and waters were declared common to both races; ordinances were issued granting them lands for agriculture, but the title in no instance was of higher grade than possession. The fee simple remained in the crown of Spain, then in the government of Mexico by virtue of her independence, and under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, February 2, 1848, passed to the United States.

When General Kearney took possession of the country the Pueblos were among the first to give allegiance to our government, and as allies were invaluable in chasing the barbarous tribes, their old enemies, whom they tracked with the keen scent and swiftness of blood-hounds. They number not less than twenty thousand peaceful, contented citizens, entitled to confidence and re-

spect, and by decree of the supreme court (1871) they became legal voters.

Without written language, or so much as the lowest form of picture-writing, they usually speak a little Spanish, enough for purposes of trade, and, less stolid and unbending than the nomads, in manner are extremely gentle and friendly. Their quaint primitive customs, curious myths, and legends afford rich material for the poet, and their antiquities open an endless field to the delving archæologist.

Nominally Catholics, they are really only baptized heathen. A race so rigidly conservative must by very nature be true to the ancient ceremonials, and their religion is not the least attractive study offered by this interesting people. Even the dress of the women (oh, happy women!) has remained unchanged, — the same to-day as described by Coronado's secretary in 1541.

There passes my window at this moment a young Indian girl from Tesuque, a village eight miles north of Santa Fé. Like the beloved one of the Canticles, she is dark but comely, and without saddle or bridle sits astride her little *burro* in cool defiance of city prejudice. Always gayly dressed, with ready nod and a quick smile, showing the whitest teeth, we call her Bright Alfarata, in memory of the sweet singer of the blue Juniata; though the interpreter says her true name is Poy-ye, the Rising Moon. Neither of us understands a word of the other's language, so I beckon to her. She springs to the ground with the supple grace of an antelope, and comes to me, holding out a thin, slender hand, the tint of Florentine bronze, seats herself on the window-sill, and, in the shade of the *portal* we converse in what young lovers are pleased to call eloquent silence. Her donkey will not stray, but lingers patiently about, like the lamb he resembles in face and temper, and nibbles the scant grass which fringes the acequia. I think his mistress must be a lady of

¹ Hayden's Survey, 1874.

high degree, perhaps the *cacique's* daughter, she wears such a holiday air, unusual with Indian women, and is so richly adorned with beads of strung periwinkles. She wears loose moccasins, "shoes of silence," which cannot hide the delicate and shapely outline of her feet, leggings of deer-skin, a skirt reaching below the knee, and a cotton chemise. Her head has no covering but glossy jet-black hair, newly washed with *amolé*, banged in front, and "is tricked off behind the ears in the shape of a wheel which resembles the handle of a cup," — the distinguishing fashion of maidenhood now as it was more than three hundred years ago. Tied by a scarlet cord across her forehead is a pendant of opaline shell, the lining of a muscle shell, doubtless the very ornament called precious pearl and opal which dazzled the eyes and stirred the covetous hearts of the first *conquistadores*. Our Pueblo belle wraps about her drapery such as Castenada's maiden never dreamed of, — a flowing mantle which has followed the march of progress. Thrown across the left shoulder and drawn under her bare and beautiful right arm is a handsome red blanket, with the letters U. S. woven in the centre.

One secret cause of the Pueblos' ready adherence to our government is their tradition that,

"Far away

In the eternal yesterday,"

Montezuma, the brother and equal of God, built the sacred city Pecos, marked the lines of its fortifications, and with his own royal hand kindled the sacred fire in the *estufa*. Close beside it he planted a tree upside down, with the prophecy that, if his children kept alive the flame till his tree fell, a pale nation, speaking an unknown tongue, should come from the pleasant country where the sun rises, and free them from Spanish rule. He promised the chosen ones that he would return in fullness of time, and then went to the glorious rest pre-

pared for him in his tabernacle the sun.

I have seen the remains of that forsaken city, once a mighty fortress, now desolate with the desolation of Zion. Thorns have come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof. It is a habitation for dragons and a court for owls. The site, admirably chosen for defense, is on a promontory, somewhat in the shape of a foot, which gave a broad lookout to the sentry. In the valley below the waters of the river Pecos flow softly, and park-like intervals fill the spaces toward foot-hills which skirt the everlasting mountain walls. The adobe houses have crumbled to the dust of which they were made, and heaped among their ruins are large blocks of stone, oblong and square, weighing a ton or more, and showing signs of being once laid in mortar.

The outline of the immense *estufa*, forty feet in diameter, is plainly visible, sunken in the earth and paved with stone; but all trace of the upper story of the council chamber has vanished. On the mesa there is not a tree, not even the dwarf cedar, which strikes its roots in sand and lives almost without water or dew; but, strange to see, across the centre of the *estufa* lies the trunk of a large pine, several feet in circumference, — an astonishing growth in that sterile soil. The Indian resting in its fragrant shade, listening to the never-ceasing west wind swaying slender leaves that answered to its touch like harp-strings to the harper's hand, clothed the stately evergreen with loving superstition, which hovers round it even in death; for this is the Montezuma tree, planted when the world was young.

When Pecos was deserted the people went out as Israel from Egypt, leaving not a hoof behind. They destroyed everything that could be of service to an enemy, and the ground is yet covered with scraps of broken pottery marked with their peculiar tracery.

The Oriental Gheber built his temple over deep subterranean fires, and the steady light shone on after altar and shrine were abandoned and forgotten; but the fire-worshippers on the stony mesa at Pecos had a very different work. The only fuel at hand was cedar from the adjacent hills, and, shut in the dark inclosure, filled with pitchy smoke and suffocating gas, it is not strange that death sometimes relieved the watch. When the chiefs, who had seen the kindly friend of the red man, grew old, and the hour came for their departure to their home in the sun, they charged the young men to guard the treasure hidden in the silent chamber. Another generation came and went; prophecy and promise were handed down from age to age, and the Pueblo sentinel, true to his unwritten creed, guarded the consecrated place beside the miracle tree, daily climbed the lonely watch-tower, looked toward the sun-rising, and listened for the coming of the beautiful feet of them that on the mountain top bring glad tidings. Their days of persecution ended, they no longer ate their bread with tears, and a century of prosperous content went by; then they were shorn of their strength, and their power was broken by inroads of warring nations. The cunning Navajo harried their fields and trampled the ripening maize; the thieving and tameless Comanche carried off their wives, and sold their children into slavery, and their numbers were so reduced that the warriors were too feeble to attempt a rescue. Hardly enough survived to minister in the holy place; hope wavered, and the mighty name of Montezuma was but a dim, proud memory.

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Yet the devoted watchmen dreamed of a day when he should descend with the sunlight, crowned, plumed, and anointed, to fill the dingy estufa with a glory like that when the divine presence shook the mercy-seat between the cherubim. The eternal fire flickered, smoldered in embers, but endured through all change and chance, like a potent will; it was the visible shadow of the Invisible One, whose name it is death to utter. Sent by his servant and law-giver, his word was sure; they would rest on the promise till sun and earth should die.

At last, at last, constant faith and patient vigil had their reward. On the wings of the wind across the snowy Sierras was heard a sound like the rushing of many waters, the loud steps of the promised deliverer. East, toward Santo Domingo, southward from the Rio Grande, there entered Santa Fé an army of men with faces whiter than the conquered Mexican. Their strange, harsh language was heard in the streets; a foreign flag bearing the colors of the morning, white and red, blue and gold, was unrolled above the crumbling palace of the Pueblos. The prophecy was fulfilled, and at noon that day the magic tree at Pecos fell to the ground.

After the American occupation, the remnant of the tribe in Pecos joined that of Jemez, which speaks the same language. It is said the cacique, or governor, carried with him the Montezuma fire, and in a new estufa, sixty miles from the one hallowed by his gracious presence, the faithful are awaiting the second advent of the beloved prophet, priest, and king, who is to come in glory and establish his throne forever and ever.

Susan E. Wallace.

EDWARD MILLS AND GEORGE BENTON : A TALE.

THESE two were distantly related to each other, — seventh cousins, or something of that sort. While still babies they became orphans, and were adopted by the Brants, a childless couple, who quickly grew very fond of them. The Brants were always saying, "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, and considerate of others, and success in life is assured." The children heard this repeated some thousands of times before they understood it; they could repeat it themselves long before they could say the Lord's Prayer; it was painted over the nursery door, and was about the first thing they learned to read. It was destined to become the unswerving rule of Edward Mills's life. Sometimes the Brants changed the wording a little, and said, "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never lack friends."

Baby Mills was a comfort to everybody about him. When he wanted candy and could not have it, he listened to reason, and contented himself without it. When Baby Benton wanted candy, he cried for it until he got it. Baby Mills took care of his toys; Baby Benton always destroyed his in a very brief time, and then made himself so insistently disagreeable that, in order to have peace in the house, little Edward was persuaded to yield up his playthings to him.

When the children were a little older, Georgie became a heavy expense in one respect: he took no care of his clothes; consequently, he shone frequently in new ones, which was not the case with Eddie. The boys grew apace. Eddie was an increasing comfort, Georgie an increasing solicitude. It was always sufficient to say, in answer to Eddie's petitions, "I would rather you would not do it," — meaning swimming, skat-

ing, picnicking, berrying, circusing, and all sorts of things which boys delight in. But *no* answer was sufficient for Georgie; he had to be humored in his desires, or he would carry them with a high hand. Naturally, no boy got more swimming, skating, berrying, and so forth than he; no boy ever had a better time. The good Brants did not allow the boys to play out after nine in summer evenings; they were sent to bed at that hour; Eddie honorably remained, but Georgie usually slipped out of the window toward ten, and enjoyed himself till midnight. It seemed impossible to break Georgie of this bad habit, but the Brants managed it at last by hiring him, with apples and marbles, to stay in. The good Brants gave all their time and attention to vain endeavors to regulate Georgie; they said, with grateful tears in their eyes, that Eddie needed no efforts of theirs, he was so good, so considerate, and in all ways so perfect.

By and by the boys were big enough to work, so they were apprenticed to a trade: Edward went voluntarily; George was coaxed and bribed. Edward worked hard and faithfully, and ceased to be an expense to the good Brants; they praised him, so did his master; but George ran away, and it cost Mr. Brant both money and trouble to hunt him up and get him back. By and by he ran away again, — more money and more trouble. He ran away a third time, — and stole a few little things to carry with him. Trouble and expense for Mr. Brant once more; and, besides, it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in persuading the master to let the youth go unprosecuted for the theft.

Edward worked steadily along, and in time became a full partner in his master's business. George did not improve; he kept the loving hearts of his

aged benefactors full of trouble, and their hands full of inventive activities to protect him from ruin. Edward, as a boy, had interested himself in Sunday-schools, debating societies, penny missionary affairs, anti-tobacco organizations, anti-profanity associations, and all such things; as a man, he was a quiet but steady and reliable helper in the church, the temperance societies, and in all movements looking to the aiding and uplifting of men. This excited no remark, attracted no attention, — for it was his “natural bent.”

Finally, the old people died. The will testified their loving pride in Edward, and left their little property to George, — because he “needed it;” whereas, “owing to a bountiful Providence,” such was not the case with Edward. The property was left to George conditionally: he must buy out Edward’s partner with it; else it must go to a benevolent organization called the Prisoner’s Friend Society. The old people left a letter, in which they begged their dear son Edward to take their place and watch over George, and help and shield him as they had done.

Edward dutifully acquiesced, and George became his partner in the business. He was not a valuable partner: he had been meddling with drink before; he soon developed into a constant tippler, now, and his flesh and eyes showed the fact unpleasantly. Edward had been courting a sweet and kindly spirited girl for some time. They loved each other dearly, and — But about this period George began to haunt her tearfully and imploringly, and at last she went crying to Edward, and said her high and holy duty was plain before her, — she must not let her own selfish desires interfere with it: she must marry “poor George” and “reform him.” It would break her heart, she knew it would, and so on; but duty was duty. So she married George, and Edward’s heart came very near breaking, as well

as her own. However, Edward recovered, and married another girl, — a very excellent one she was, too.

Children came, to both families. Mary did her honest best to reform her husband, but the contract was too large. George went on drinking, and by and by he fell to misusing her and the little ones sadly. A great many good people strove with George, — they were always at it, in fact, — but he calmly took such efforts as his due and their duty, and did not mend his ways. He added a vice, presently, — that of secret gambling. He got deeply in debt; he borrowed money on the firm’s credit, as quietly as he could, and carried this system so far and so successfully that one morning the sheriff took possession of the establishment, and the two cousins found themselves penniless.

Times were hard, now, and they grew worse. Edward moved his family into a garret, and walked the streets day and night, seeking work. He begged for it, but it was really not to be had. He was astonished to see how soon his face became unwelcome; he was astonished and hurt to see how quickly the ancient interest which people had had in him faded out and disappeared. Still, he *must* get work; so he swallowed his chagrin, and toiled on in search of it. At last he got a job of carrying bricks up a ladder in a hod, and was a grateful man in consequence; but after that *nobody* knew him or cared anything about him. He was not able to keep up his dues in the various moral organizations to which he belonged, and had to endure the sharp pain of seeing himself brought under the disgrace of suspension.

But the faster Edward died out of public knowledge and interest, the faster George rose in them. He was found lying, ragged and drunk, in the gutter, one morning. A member of the Ladies’ Temperance Refuge fished him out, took him in hand, got up a subscription for

him, kept him sober a whole week, then got a situation for him. An account of it was published.

General attention was thus drawn to the poor fellow, and a great many people came forward, and helped him toward reform with their countenance and encouragement. He did not drink a drop for two months, and meantime was the pet of the good. Then he fell,—in the gutter; and there was general sorrow and lamentation. But the noble sisterhood rescued him again. They cleaned him up, they fed him, they listened to the mournful music of his repentances, they got him his situation again. An account of this, also, was published, and the town was drowned in happy tears over the re-restoration of the poor beset and struggling victim of the fatal bowl. A grand temperance revival was got up, and after some rousing speeches had been made the chairman said, impressively, “We are now about to call for signers; and I think there is a spectacle in store for you which not many in this house will be able to view with dry eyes.” There was an eloquent pause, and then George Benton, escorted by a red-sashed detachment of the Ladies of the Refuge, stepped forward upon the platform and signed the pledge. The air was rent with applause, and everybody cried for joy. Everybody wrung the hand of the new convert when the meeting was over; his salary was enlarged next day; he was the talk of the town, and its hero. An account of it was published.

George Benton fell, regularly, every three months, but was faithfully rescued and wrought with, every time, and good situations were found for him. Finally, he was taken around the country lecturing, as a reformed drunkard, and he had great houses and did an immense amount of good.

He was so popular at home, and so trusted,—during his sober intervals,—that he was enabled to use the name of

a principal citizen, and get a large sum of money at the bank. A mighty pressure was brought to bear to save him from the consequences of his forgery, and it was partially successful,—he was “sent up” for only two years. When, at the end of a year, the tireless efforts of the benevolent were crowned with success, and he emerged from the penitentiary with a pardon in his pocket, the Prisoner’s Friend Society met him at the door with a situation and a comfortable salary, and all the other benevolent people came forward and gave him advice, encouragement, and help. Edward Mills had once applied to the Prisoner’s Friend Society for a situation, when in dire need, but the question, “Have you been a prisoner?” made brief work of his case.

While all these things were going on, Edward Mills had been quietly making head against adversity. He was still poor, but was in receipt of a steady and sufficient salary, as the respected and trusted cashier of a bank. George Benton never came near him, and was never heard to inquire about him. George got to indulging in long absences from the town; there were ill reports about him, but nothing definite.

One winter’s night some masked burglars forced their way into the bank, and found Edward Mills there alone. They commanded him to reveal the “combination,” so that they could get into the safe. He refused. They threatened his life. He said his employers trusted him, and he could not be traitor to that trust. He could die, if he must, but while he lived he would be faithful; he would not yield up the “combination.” The burglars killed him.

The detectives hunted down the criminals; the chief one proved to be George Benton. A wide sympathy was felt for the widow and orphans of the dead man, and all the newspapers in the land begged that all the banks in the land would testify their appreciation of the

fidelity and heroism of the murdered cashier by coming forward with a generous contribution of money in aid of his family, now bereft of support. The result was a mass of solid cash amounting to upwards of five hundred dollars, — an average of nearly three eighths of a cent for each bank in the Union. The cashier's own bank testified its gratitude by endeavoring to show (but humiliatingly failed in it) that the peerless servant's accounts were not square, and that he himself had knocked his brains out with a bludgeon to escape detection and punishment.

George Benton was arraigned for trial. Then everybody seemed to forget the widow and orphans in their solicitude for poor George. Everything that money and influence could do was done to save him, but it all failed; he was sentenced to death. Straightway the governor was besieged with petitions for commutation or pardon: they were brought by tearful young girls; by sorrowful old maids; by deputations of pathetic widows; by shoals of impressive orphans. But no, the governor — for once — would not yield.

Now George Benton experienced religion. The glad news flew all around.

From that time forth his cell was always full of girls and women and fresh flowers; all the day long there was prayer, and hymn-singing, and thanksgivings, and homilies, and tears, with never an interruption, except an occasional five-minute intermission for refreshments.

This sort of thing continued up to the very gallows, and George Benton went proudly home, in the black cap, before a wailing audience of the sweetest and best that the region could produce. His grave had fresh flowers on it every day, for a while, and the head-stone bore these words, under a hand pointing aloft: "He has fought the good fight."

The brave cashier's head-stone has this inscription: "Be pure, honest, sober, industrious, considerate, and you will never —"

Nobody knows who gave the order to leave it that way, but it was so given.

The cashier's family are in stringent circumstances, now, it is said; but no matter; a lot of appreciative people, who were not willing that an act so brave and true as his should go unrewarded, have collected forty-two thousand dollars — and built a Memorial Church with it.

Mark Twain.

ALIEN SIN.

I HELD within my heart a secret thought, —
 A sinful thought, yet with such sweetness fraught
 I clasped it close, and counted o'er and o'er
 Each promised joy, that yet might charm me more.
 What hisses at my side? I turned, and there
 Medusa stood, with hideous serpent-hair.
 She smote my thought, with great death-dealing eyes;
 No pity there. Torn with remorse, she cries,
 "Thy thought, conceived and quickened deep within
 Another breast, was born; I am that sin.
 See what its sweetness bore, and then beware
 Lest cherished sin this dreadful guise shall wear."

THE PRECEPTOR OF MOSES.

IN the reign of that Pharaoh named Mineptah I., the Sem, or high-priest, Amon-em-api, was also first of the royal astronomers and architects as well as prime minister. He was of the family of Penta-ur, poet-laureate of the great Ramses II., and he had in his early youth served in the foreign military expeditions of that renowned warrior-king. His entrance upon the duties of the priesthood was directed by one of those events which men term accidents, but which are God's finger-posts in the path of destiny.

Ramses the Great held his court near the city of Zoan, in the nome of Tanis, called after him Zoan-Ramses, or Pi-Ramses, situate near the eastern border of the Delta, on the Tanitic branch of the Nile. It was the Princess Meris, third daughter of Ramses, who had found the Hebrew infant, and had caused her maidens to convey it to the palace, to the surprise and perhaps to the scandal of the court. The Pharaoh condescended to let the light of his countenance fall upon the helpless foundling, and he beheld on the clear olive brow the sign of genius. The wide forehead and the deep miraculous eyes not only startled the monarch, but fascinated the priests and captains of his retinue. The priest of Osiris declared that the beautiful Horus had come anew in human form.

Most of all was Amon-em-api, then a bearding youth, impressed by the event, believing that the child had been sent by the gods to be reared as a prince. The baby Moses, having passed the period of infancy, was given into his charge. By the advice of the council and by the royal mandate, the young soldier became a priest, and thenceforward rose by sure steps to the summit of power in the Egyptian hierarchy.

What prodigious toils and what universal accomplishments attended his advancement this story may show.

In the expressive words of holy writ, "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians;" and it was under the guidance of the Sem that he pursued his studies. The priests only were masters of the literature and science of the age.

Meanwhile, the great Ramses had died, and his body rested in its everlasting habitation in the rock. His deeds were blazoned, with Eastern magnificence of phrase, upon the walls and columns of the great temple at Thebes, and his statue was set up as a memorial.

After a long and confused struggle, Mineptah, the fourteenth and least worthy of the sons of Ramses, ascended the throne, and wore the *pschent*, or double crown. The Sem, Amon-em-api, continued his functions and increased his influence, — that is, as far as any one could have influence with a jealous, fickle, obdurate, and moody prince.

The years revolved. Moses had come to manhood with honor, and was reputed, next after the Sem, to be the most learned man of the age. But he suddenly disappeared, and the hopes of his preceptor for the rise of his pupil had been disappointed. He had fled to the desert, and led a wandering life with the nomadic tribes of that elder day.

The years revolved. The children of the Sem grew up. One son was the fan-bearer of the king; one was governor of a province on the Upper Nile; others were in the civil service; his daughter had made a royal marriage; all were firmly planted, and all grew more prosperous in the light reflected from their illustrious sire. Now the wife of the Sem had yielded to destiny, and her mummy graced his dining-hall.

The Sem was alone, as an obelisk is alone.

He still measured the planets in their courses; he caused to be announced the equinoxes and the coming of the welcome flood of the Nile. Next to the Pharaoh, he was the centre of authority, the fountain of honor, the dispenser of justice.

The years revolved. The Sem was past seventy years old. The Pharaoh, with an immense retinue of warriors, priests, women, and servants, had made the annual pilgrimage to Thebes. The Nile had been covered with a fleet of gorgeous boats, and the valley had echoed with music. Amon was the tutelary deity of Thebes, but Osiris and Isis, Ptah and Khem, and all the ancient dwellers in Egypt's awful pantheon were worshiped by the same devotees, and under the direction of the one Sem.

It was at the funeral ceremonies in honor of Osiris, to which the sacred ark and the images of the god and the king had been borne with the usual pomp. The holy place where stood the golden shrine was strewn with flowers and hung with votive garlands. The shrine itself was covered with offerings, and around the altar lay the victims of sacrifice. The air in the vast hall was dim and heavy with perfumes and incense. The ceremony was over; the visiting priests and musicians had retired, and they, with the soldiers and people who had filled the outer courts, were escorting the chariot of Mineptah. Still in the distance sounded the trumpets, pipes, and drums; and at intervals the shouts of the populace rose over the barbaric din.

Though the Sem was threescore and ten, he was of majestic stature, and wore the look of an eagle. Age had stiffened his muscles and somewhat dimmed his haughty eyes, but had no power over his indomitable soul. His ceremonial peruke was laid aside, leaving his fine head completely bare, except that one

thin gray lock, the symbol of his rank, hung over his right ear. His sandals of papyrus leaves had been slipped off, for the place whereon he stood was holy. His powerful figure was draped in a linen tunic, but his hands and arms were free, and uncovered except by gold serpents in the forms of armlets, bracelets, and signet-rings. On his broad shoulders, fastened by a heavy gold beetle, hung the mantle of leopard skin, that only the sovereign pontiff could wear.

The Sem appeared greatly troubled. On pretense of illness he had dismissed the servitors, and remained in the temple alone. What could trouble the man who stood next to the son of Amon-ra, the sun of Egypt?

It was this: he was on the pinnacle, and there was no higher step; there was nothing left to desire. In his career he had compassed every science and art. He had made, so he believed, the reign of his master immortal in the temples and obelisks he had designed for him. He had builded for him a pyramid, and set in its innermost chamber a royal sarcophagus. Also, unknown to men, he had provided, in the very apex of the same pile, another crypt for his own last repose. The tomb and monument of Mineptah was also to be the resting-place of his great minister and pontiff. Always in his bosom he carried the sealed packet in which were the directions for placing his embalmed body in its lofty couch beneath the cap-stone. Pride could soar no higher, neither in life nor in death. But he had received a shock. He was old, and death could not be long averted. An evil eye had been cast upon him. On the night of the full moon occurring on the birthday of Typho, the evil genius of Egypt, a shriveled woman, whom he had known long ago in her better days, but who now was forgotten, cursed him for his haughty air as he passed her mean dwelling, and thrust at

him a half-roasted swine's rib that she was devouring. His horror at her imprecations and at the threatened contact with unclean flesh nearly drove him out of his senses. He spat at her and fled; but not before he heard her prophesy that before the next festival in the new moon of Phamenoth he should appear before Osiris, the judge of all.

The Sem, like all men of abounding life and vigor, loved this world. High-priest as he was, and perfect in every observance, he was not in haste to appear before the dread tribunal and give in his final account. Now destiny began to shut him in, and his soul rebelled. He beat his wings passionately against the bars of his cage. He had but just begun to be useful to the world, — so he fondly reasoned, — and he ought not to die. The Pharaoh Mineptah, weak and unsteady of purpose, needed him; science needed him; the people needed him; the gods, even, had more need of his services on earth than of his adoration in heaven.

The prophecy had begun to work in his veins like a poison. His position and his wealth were nothing. In the magnificent ritual which he had just conducted there was no beauty for him. The prayer for the king, the worship of the god, the sacrifice, the incense, the libation, were hollow forms. Ever present in his soul were the words, *In the new moon of Phamenoth*. The characters were blazoned on the temple walls. They were seen in the sculptured ornaments of the gigantic pillars. Even the stars overhead broke from their old groups, and formed themselves into the same startling symbols, — *Phamenoth!* The winds that swept by from the Libyan desert shrieked *Phamenoth!*

Then the wretched priest lifted up his voice, and prayed Osiris that the cup of death might not yet be offered to his lips, — *not yet*. "Let me live my life once more!" he cried. "As thou didst know the pangs of mortality, pity me!"

A long time he prayed, while his form was prostrate and his head rested on the lowest step of the altar. Then in the shuddering silence he felt, rather than heard, the rushing of wings; and a voice came from the sacred place, — "Beware, priest as thou art, beware! Ask not for what must prove a curse!"

"Life a curse? O Lord, Amon Ra! O Ptah, Creator! O unseen and unnamed Life of all! Nothing from thy hand can be a curse. Let me live my life again!"

"That which is appointed is best," replied the voice: "labor, and then rest. To escape the common destiny would be a curse beyond thought."

"Still, great Deity, grant my prayer!" So he sobbed and wrestled and prayed. His horror of the tomb and dread of the judgment beyond overcame even the warnings of Omniscience.

"Have — then — thy — prayer," slowly came the answer; the words growing fainter in distance, until the last was only a fearful whisper.

When the Sem was sufficiently restored he gathered up his robes, and, not daring to look towards the sacred place, withdrew from the temple. How or where he went, what wild thoughts flitted by him during the night, and how he came among living men again, he could never remember. In his soul chaos reigned.

When ten years had passed, and the Sem had reached the age of eighty, those next below him in station, tired of waiting for his decease, suggested his senility and his impaired faculties to the king. In fact, the Sem was as vigorous as ever, but certainly he was old, and perhaps tiresome. He had lingered too long. Prime ministers, like other public performers, must know when to retire with credit. The junior priests said he did not read the service at the temple with the old impressiveness; that he had become formal, and had lost breadth and spirituality. Others whispered to the

king that so powerful a subject was dangerous. This hint was enough for the suspicious monarch. The Sem was graciously informed that he was allowed to resign his offices of pontiff and prime minister. He had lost the right to wear the leopard skin forever. After his fall from power he was no longer able to protect his son, one of the "king's sons of Kush," the governor of a province on the Upper Nile, against whom a court cabal had been formed. That son was recalled in disgrace, and compelled to commit suicide. His wife died of grief, and her children, the grandchildren of the Sem, were made prisoners by the desert tribes. The other son, the fan-bearer, was banished to the gold mines, and perished on the way. The favorite daughter was discarded by her young husband, the Pharaoh's son, who had become enamored of a Khitan princess.

The Sem cowered under these thick-coming disasters, and saw himself and his family on the brink of ruin. *But he lived*, — yes, he had the precious boon for which he had prayed.

Yet he lived less in the spiritual realm, and more in the domain of the senses; and among the gay and volatile followers of the court, and especially among the almond-eyed daughters of the royal city, he found means to divert his attention from his own misfortunes. After some rebuffs and several futile attempts, he discovered a lady, not wholly withered, who was courageous enough to marry him. It was a bold venture on both sides. The Sem's former spouse was waiting in her casket for his company on the last voyage. His second marriage appeared natural and proper enough to him, but he was sensible of something strange in the looks of men and women as they regarded him and his new wife. It was a chilling sensation, but it wore off. In fact, with the Sem at this time everything wore off.

In ten years the Sem was ninety, and was still vigorous, while his partner was

become a bent and wrinkled creature, and not long after was added to his dried collection.

To relieve his mind he resolved to travel. Having obtained leave of absence and an escort, he ascended the Nile to Elephantine, and then, turning, drifted slowly down, touching at Philæ, Thebes, Memphis, Heliopolis, Bubastis, and other forgotten seats of ancient power and worship. He read the inscriptions on monuments, and with the temple scribes examined the historical treasures of papyri. He saw in thought the long series of dynasties reaching back into the twilight of time, and he formed a great purpose. "This I will do," he said: "Upon my return to Pi-Ramses I will call together the scribes of the whole land. They shall bring the rolls from the royal and the temple libraries. They shall copy and compare and set in order the monumental records. All the monarchs that have ruled in Egypt, and the history of their deeds, the sayings of the wise, the researches of the learned, the verses of the poets, and the rites of religion, — these shall be gathered. It shall be the Book of Egypt. Thus shall the name of Amon-em-api go down to posterity, forever connected with histories that cannot die, and with these stones over which time has no power."

But the vision of grandeur faded. The great purpose was forgotten. The traveler was tired of unending magnificence, and oppressed by the sense of vast spaces and illimitable periods. So the Book of Egypt was not compiled; and the Sem, restless as the British premier, visited Pelusium and Canopus and the Pharos, and then sailed over to Cyprus, where Ramses had once borne sway. Long before Homer, he looked upon blue Olympus and wooded Ida and the Trojan plain. Long before David, he wandered by the site of Jerusalem and breasted the waters of Jordan. Ages before Tartar hordes were born, he went beyond

the rivers of Eden, and then on until he saw the countless yellow peoples of the farthest East. Nothing obstructed, nothing daunted him. He returned. He was a hundred years old, and as mercurial as a boy; but nothing touched him or roused his admiration.

Then Mineptah was gathered to his fathers, and the nation mourned in due form. Or did the Sem dream this? For life was now as vague and bewildering as the mist over a cataract; only sound and vacuity. Realities dissolved into visions, and visions cheated the senses as realities. The Sem, no longer supreme pontiff, but a high-priest still, took part in the grand ceremony, but with dry eyes and a head as airy as a spring blossom.

"See the old wretch!" said a rising courtier of the new régime. "No tears from him. Is he an immortal? He is as old as Menes. He won't need embalming."

The new king that arose knew not the antiquated Sem. The sun-god had no benignant rays for a living anachronism, a man out of date and out of style. The poor old priest was as unfashionable as a natural man in a popular novel. He thought he might conciliate the young nobility by giving a *fête* on his one hundred and first birthday. The young nobles came, but there were few ladies, and none of the people of rank and authority. The Sem had ransacked old visiting lists in vain. All his contemporaries were lying in their final sleep. The courtiers looked on and smiled as the entertainment progressed. Everything was sumptuous and brilliant, but the old host was voted queer. Ladies held lotus flowers to their aristocratic noses, daintily tasted the sweetmeats and wine, and wondered why their entertainer had lagged superfluous on the stage.

The amusements were in the palace garden. Jugglers tossed balls and knives, spun bowls and vases, changed sticks to

serpents, and made plants grow visibly and blossom. Pantomimists came on the stage, and went through their swift and pointed dramas. Then musicians came, with harps and guitars, flutes, double-pipes, clappers, and cymbals. Male dancers bounded in, pirouetted and posed; girls swam in on the waves of music, poising in every attitude of grace, and throwing glances in the immemorial fashion. Amon-em-api, one hundred and one years old, looked on the indecorous spectacle without a blush. His hands led the applause, and his voice stimulated the dancers to new effort. His slaves plied the company with wine and beer, and he himself went about with reddened visage and smoldering eyes.

Yes, the once noble priest, the oldest man in Egypt, was the leader of a drunken orgy.

The next day he could not read the service in the temple. He broke away, and plunged anew into dissipation. While partially intoxicated he actually tasted a piece of pork, and crowned his disgrace by publicly eating onions and beans. The wild debauch and this last breach of discipline were both reported to the chapter of priests, who, with the royal assent, promptly degraded him. His proud earlock was cut off, and his golden ornaments were confiscated. He had no further share in the tithes and offerings of the temples, no place among the great.

Still he lived. He had his prayer. He had now some slight employment in the bureau of astronomy, and as an inspector of the public works. He had promised himself to amend his evil life. When the successive steps of his descent were recalled, though conscience was seldom importunate, he could but wonder. His was an old age with diminishing wisdom and with waning honor. Was life worth living? Not only were his offices, honors, and emoluments gone, but his faculties were less vigorous. He had

lost the high moral sense and the pure reason. Inferior subjects engaged his attention. The philosophy he had imparted to Moses had vanished as a smoke.

One day he furtively entered the pyramid, and looked at the chamber where Mineptah slept in his stone coffin. "Sun of Egypt," he exclaimed, "the world is dreary! It was not thus when I was illumined by thy rays. I should have ended my orbit at the perihelion. I am circling far into the darkness. Who knows what ignominy I may yet attain to!"

Then he thought of his own destined tomb, and was seized with a desire to view it, — yes, perhaps even to lie in it. He touched the spring, and the heavy stone swung back on concealed hinges. By the light of a taper he went through a winding passage-way up to the crypt that was known to him only among living men. As he came near it, the intimation to lie down in it was gone. The old dread returned. It was not a cheerful place, and it was close and dark withal; it was pleasanter to be in sunlight, even without the right to wear the leopard skin and the earlock. Yes, he preferred to live a while longer. He had got back safely into the long gallery and was just closing the secret door, when there was a swift movement behind, and a staff was thrust before the swinging stone. Rising up in mortal terror, the deposed Sem beheld the wrathful visage and agile form of Amenhotep, his successor in the pontificate. The crafty old man endeavored to temporize and to explain, but to no purpose. The altercation grew sharp and violent. The enraged high-priest brandished his keen sacrificial knife, and would listen to nothing until he had wrung the last secret from the miserable man, and possessed himself of the papyrus that described the mode of access to the chamber above. The once proud architect of the pyramid was driven forth, bound to silence on pain of death, without a home and without a tomb.

Amon-em-api was one hundred and ten years old. He still lived. He was lithe and erect, but people shrank from him, as from something uncanny. He strove to be cheerful. He attended games, and delighted in the exhibitions of dancing-girls. Being out of the pale of good society, he proposed marriage at different times to several of these gay and senseless creatures; but, with saucy look and arms akimbo, they told him they did not wish to marry out of their century or their epoch. While this dalliance proceeded the business of the office was neglected, and the Nile one day rose half a cubit unannounced. This caused inquiry. It was found that the deposed high-priest, once first of mathematicians, could not even comprehend one of his own problems. Besides, he was irregular and disreputable. People complained of effeminate odors when he came to the public offices. His downfall was not long delayed. The forlorn ex-minister, ex-pontiff, ex-priest, was discharged from all public employment.

"The gods have set a mark upon me," he moaned, "and whoever sees me will slay me."

He was one hundred and twenty. He still lived. He was slender, but supple, and fresher in bodily sensations than he had been at any time for fifty years; yet his face was like parchment, and his eyes were only piercing black points. Of all the men and women he had known in his prime, not one survived. Alone and despairing, he rushed from the city towards the slaves' quarter.

Years before, under the reign of one of the stranger kings, when Joseph was fan-bearer and Adon, the descendants of Jacob had settled in the Nile Valley. In later times they were forced to labor on the new palaces and temples. Near the city were settled thousands of these enslaved Hebrews; and the miserable Amon-em-api fled to them for succor. Probably he had some faint hope that he might find his former pupil, his be-

loved Moses. If so, it was vain. He got a scanty subsistence among them as a laborer, — so scanty; for their taskmasters made them serve with rigor. He attempted to escape to the gold-mines, but was driven back with scourgings. Without shelter and without sympathy (for there is small generosity among slaves), his mind was debased by the daily drudgery, and pride in him was dead. His hair and beard had grown, and were matted and filthy; his garments were squalid; his sandals worn to shreds. No living being recognized him, and every passer-by shuddered. He longed for death. Still he lived on. How the weary days dragged! Hunger was his portion, and often the desert sands were his bed. He was nearly one hundred and thirty. "Oh, that on the day of the new moon of that Phamenoth, so many years ago, I had yielded up my soul!"

He grew weaker, and sank upon the earth; and then, as if beholding himself from without, he looked down upon his wretched body, — wasted with starvation, discolored with bruises. *He* himself seemed to have become a viewless spirit, floating in ether; and there, below him, in foulness and rags, lay his body! It moaned, and he heard it. It stirred, and he saw it. How puny it looked. A half-grown Arab was able to lift it and throw it into a ditch, like a piece of carrion.

The soul of the beholder was dizzy while the body described the circle in the air. What an interminable time in falling! In that swooning moment he thought of the fate of his disembodied soul, — doomed to wander on the illimitable shore until some pious hand should bestow upon his remains the rites of sepulture. So long as his body lay unburied, there was before him an eternity of anguish. The thought was insupportable, and his soul plunged into the dark void.

When consciousness returned, Amon-

em-api was aware of the presence of a venerable but still vigorous man, in whose regular and statuesque features he thought he saw some resemblance to the youth he had reared, far back in the time of the great Ramses, by the grace of the noble lady his daughter, the Princess Meris. The resemblance was wrought out slowly, as if he had taken time to follow every line. The man seemed at first as fresh and fair as a youth; yet his brow was the seat of thought, and in his whole face were the deep lines of experience and courage. His full beard, all silver white, swept over a tunic of linen; but this sign of age was contradicted by the extraordinary brilliancy of his eyes. A halo hung over him, as if it were the visible benediction of Heaven.

Steadfastly Amon-em-api gazed at the man who seemed to stand near him, and the scene became real. The mists of ages slowly dispersed. The long track of sixty years grew as indistinct as the Milky Way at the coming of dawn. The series of calamities were like the faintly remembered terrors of a dream.

Was it, then, a dream? He touched his head and his chin. No filthy hair was there; all was smooth. He felt for his enameled ornaments, and looked at them; they were still upon his arms and hands. The leopard-skin mantle still hung about his shoulders. His embroidered and blue-fringed tunic still encircled him. He looked up. The last light of day shimmered among the lofty capitals and along the vast pictured walls. Slowly came the overwhelming conviction that the years of misery he had passed were only shadows, and that there had been no movement on the dial of time.

"And is it thou, Moses?" he asked with trembling lips, almost dreading to hear the sound of his own voice. "Am I — art thou — in life?"

"Of a truth, illustrious Sem, I am in life, and so art thou. Let me help thee

to rise. I came this day from the desert. I had missed thee from the royal train, as it departed, and stole hither to search for thee. Here, stretched upon the marble pavement, I found thee, thy head upon the steps of the altar. Sit now; thou art dazed and weary. Rest thy head upon me, my dear master."

The Sem breathed more freely.

"Oh, Moses," he said at length, "I have dreamed a horrible dream. Methought I had lived my life over, but BACKWARD! — that I had lost station and honor; had forgotten science, and discarded virtue, and neglected worship; had come to live only the groveling life of an animal, and so had fallen into the abyss. Verily, my soul had lost its reckoning. There was nought but blackness; neither pitying star, nor friendly Pharos. But now, light, life, — yea, LIFE, — tingles again in my veins. Praised be Osiris! Praised be Isis! Praised be Ptah!"

"Praise rather Him, the Unnamed, the Almighty. It is He who hath sent this sleep upon thee. The wings of the Most High have overshadowed thee. In the secret places of God hast thou lifted the eyes of thy soul."

"True, O my pupil, my beloved Moses. I do but mouth the common phrases. The Spirit over all, He Who Lives, is unnamable, and they are shadows that we worship. But oh the lesson! I rebelled at thought of yielding to the common lot, and following the dreaded Anubis. I struggled, agonized, for a new life. Now I have seen what it is to linger on earth, a stranger, after friends have departed. Life, such as I saw it, were the deadliest curse that even the Omnipotent could bestow."

Tears began to flow down the cheeks of the aged priest, and he silently bowed his head in an attitude of resignation. Then, lifting his face, he continued: —

"O holy Death, divine messenger! thy lineaments are veiled in darkness; thy steps are attended by terror; but

thou givest rest to the body and a vision of glory to the parting soul. Moses, my dear pupil, my time will soon come. Thou hast learned much. Thou art wise. Thou hast returned. Put on the sacred robes, and enter the priesthood. Thou wilt in time come to wear the leopard skin, and become Sem in my place. The Pharaoh Mineptah — if he still reigns — will make thee his counselor. When my soul departs, burn the papyrus that hangs about my neck. Presume not to read it. And in thy future high station remember the sin of thy preceptor, and beware of overweening pride."

"Master," said Moses, with sudden energy, "rouse thee! For it has been revealed to me that thy appointed time has not come. Thou wilt continue to stand before the king in council, and wilt lead the prayers of the people. Thou wilt see all of life thou desirest. But I shall remember thee. Thy love hath enfolded me like a garment. Thou hast shown me the bands of Orion, and imparted the sweet influences of the Pleiades. Thou has marked for me the rising of the evening and of the morning star; thou hast measured the rhythm of the solemn dances of the moon in the fields of ether. Thou hast taught me the equipoise of the forces of the universe. But, O my master, of late, and alone, under the solemn skies of Asia, with a clearer vision have I beheld the High and Holy One, — whose image no temple contains, and man's presumptuous hands may never fashion."

The Sem looked at Moses in wonder. "Verily, a god hath possessed thee! But draw not away from me. Let me lean upon thee. I have ever loved thee. Remain with me, my son, my son!"

The Sem wept on the shoulder of his pupil.

"Master, the time is come when I must bid thee farewell. For all thou hast done I bless thee, but chiefly that thou hast taught me the secret of per-

suasive speech, and to touch the souls of men. Because now my despised and oppressed people call me, in the name of Him who was and is and shall be, and I am to go forth with them through the desert. They are as the sands, or as the stars in heaven, for multitude. Our God hath appointed me their leader."

"Will the proud Pharaoh permit?"

A light as from above illumined the face of Moses as he answered, "Who is Mineptah, Pharaoh though he be, that he will stand in the way of the King of kings? By sign and omen, by scourge and pestilence, by the terrors of death, even, shall Mineptah be constrained. They will traverse the desert. The waves shall not overwhelm them, the Serbonian bog shall not engulf them, nor shall avenging hosts overtake them. They will pass into Asia, and will build a holy city for the worship of Jacob's God. They will be his people, and will preserve his truth for the ages.

"I see them, in far distant times,

faithful to the one God, — a consecrated people, and, though persecuted, still triumphant. Their sons stand before kings. They give laws. They lead in the arts and in letters.

"O illustrious Sem, our God made thee the instrument of his wonderful purpose when he softened thy heart towards me, the son of a bondswoman, to take me as thy servant and scholar, and so to shed thy illumination on my mind.

"O illustrious Sem, if Pharaoh, moved by hardness of heart, pursues my people with the armies of Egypt, with chariots and horsemen, go thou not forth with him. Remain here in thy place, as is thy right and duty, and so shalt thou escape the doom that awaits him by the Reedy Sea.

"Live happy, my dear master, noblest of priests, and expect the last hour of life with an equal mind! Hereafter we shall meet, if thy oracles speak truth, or if the eternal God of Abraham lives! Farewell!"

Francis H. Underwood.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE NEW ENGLAND HILL COUNTRY.

A TRAVELER for a short period is much more apt than a foreign resident to write a book about his experiences in the United States. There is scarcely an Englishman outside of the commercial classes who does not write a book upon America as soon after his return as he can collect his notes together, and get a publisher in London to undertake the task. Such books are generally apt to be superficial, although every incident recorded in them may be true. On the other hand, a tourist or inquirer has this advantage over a resident: that comparisons between England and America are easier to him, from the fact of his recent contact with the former country, and his watchful observation of every unaccus-

tomed word, thing, and person in the latter. To one who has lived years in the United States, and not seen many parts of the country, things that strike a new-comer have become so familiar as to be unnoted. I have about any spot in America but one impression that corresponds to those of new arrivals, and that is concerning New York, which I first saw on a hot August day, and thought like a huge Naples. The aillants-trees, the men in white-linen suits and broad-brimmed Panama hats, the fruit-stalls full of cheap bananas, grapes, melons, pine-apples, etc., the bright blue sky and intense heat, made Broadway seem like a giant Strada di Toledo. I never left New York for three years, and I never

grew to like it, though the picture of its harbor in summer, the tropical-looking Staten Island, and the maze of church-steeple really furnishes a pleasant recollection. The few people I knew there were old-fashioned, hearty friends and kind hosts, and several of the elders were the models one would like most to resemble in old age; but to me they seemed, in comparison with the unpleasant city, like the ten righteous men whom Abraham could not find in the cities of the plain. Years later, I passed twice through Boston, — literally *passed*, — and once in the gray dawn of a December day, and the contrast between the two cities appeared in favor of Boston. A residence in the city would no doubt make me less lenient; that is, would give me time to note the disagreeables inseparable from life in any city or large town, and which I think outweigh the best library and the most intellectual society that ever existed. The years that I have spent in a corner of New England have been the happiest and most congenial, yet the experience they have given me is too local to be held up as representative of any but “back-country” neighborhoods. As far as remoteness and roughness are concerned, this corner (it is scarcely even in a historical part of the State) is not up to the ideal of my childhood, although twenty miles from us places can be discovered still almost as wild as when the Indians left them. We have still too many stores, too many hotels, too much railroad clatter, too much outer-world communication. There are dwellings primitive enough, though not log-huts, but there are also pretentious, half-suburban cottages, with fantastic, Frenchy wood-work.

When I was a child, I used to devour any American book, or book about America, that I could get hold of, and my notion of the country, especially of New England, has turned out not so unlike the reality as might have been expected. At fifteen I was a red-hot abo-

litionist, in spite of the pro-Southern sympathies of every one around me. (Uncle Tom’s Cabin had nothing to do with it; I had not read it then, but I knew the Minister’s Wooing, Old-Town Folks, Sam Slick, Norwood, nearly by heart, and my favorite ideal of an American was a “Yankee.”) I knew very little about America except what I picked up in this way; for English girls are taught — or were in my time — by a kind of system which tends to multiply “accomplishments” rather than useful knowledge. A certain routine of teaching is gone through, and you come out of the school-room with a society varnish intended to do duty until marriage, at which period custom allows you to dispense with surface accomplishments, and devote yourself to the realities of life, mitigated as they are for the well-to-do. On the other hand, the moral atmosphere of the English home education is superior to that of American education in general. Girls are less forward and more respectful; they grow into women more slowly and ripen better; they are physically stronger, and therefore have simpler tastes; and as to society, they do not know what it means before at least the age of seventeen or eighteen. American girls have certain advantages, however, which custom denies young Englishwomen of good position: they are not forced by an unwritten law to go into society and play their part in it, while the English girl has no choice. The “upper ten thousand” must marry or become “blue-stockings” before the world agrees to let them alone. A young married woman may, if she choose, plead home duties as an excuse for a quiet, useful, pleasant, and studious life, uninterrupted by any but the necessary “county” civilities, which are not very burdensome; but young girls are not supposed to have such duties. Parents, even when sick themselves, are loath to let the chances of the London season pass by their daughters, and depute any safe

chaperon, the nearest female relation if possible, to take their girls to all the balls and parties. The rudimentary education furnished to women of the higher classes has perhaps something to do with the prevalence of "fastness" among a part of them, while to others it becomes the base of a real, later self-education, the growth of reading, observation, and thought. When I came to read De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, a new phase suggested itself, and Dr. Holmes's books, Elsie Venner and *The Guardian Angel*, opened yet further views about the United States. Chateaubriand's vague, sentimental romances never had much attraction for me; they seemed so thoroughly un-American in treatment, so different from the vigorous books of Cooper on much the same sort of subjects. Mayne Reid's books of half natural history and half adventure were also favorites, and, later on, American poetry and fiction treating of subjects not national; but it was at all times chiefly the description of the country and its rural inhabitants which drew my sympathy and attention. I watched the civil war with as close an attention as a New Englander, and rejoiced in each of the later victories, though I had many a tough argument to go through with those to whom the first disasters furnished only too much capital. At that time I did not even know that there was a party in England sympathizing loudly with the Union. About the religion prevalent in America I knew absolutely nothing, and was much puzzled about the doctrines and church customs I read of, supposing that the church to which they belonged was "established" in America. Of the details of the Revolution I knew nothing; Bunker Hill was a familiar fact, of course, as also the dramatic waste of tea in Boston harbor; the existence of Washington, the Declaration of Independence, and Chatham's protest in the House of Lords made up the rest of the facts known to me.

About the private life of the country and the scenery I was not so ignorant, having taught myself out of books which governesses looked upon disdainfully, as only fit for play-hours. When I came to the United States, those studies were the only ones I found useful. I did not meet with the true American type, which I knew through those books, for over two years, because circumstances in that most un-American of cities, New York, combined to keep me from any personal knowledge of it. Had I taken for representative Americans the first individuals calling themselves such, whom I met, or whom my associates said they had met, I should have formed an estimate which, when I came to know the "real article," would have been very much in my way. For instance, a friend, certainly a very prejudiced person, but who had lived in New York long enough to know better, insisted upon telling me that American women would not work, and cared only for dress and flirtation; that they despised kitchen details, and could not do a bit of embroidery or even useful sewing. It turned out afterwards that the few women on whose foolish behavior she thus imprudently generalized were Irish-Americans, wives and daughters of small business men and professional men, and had been brought up by parents whose home recollections of class differences were bitter enough to make them foolishly indulgent to their children by educating them in an exaggerated idleness, the "note," as they thought it, of social equality.

When I came to live in New England, I found myself at home among the people I knew beforehand by description. On the whole, the reality was much like the picture, and constituted a very natural state of society; but I met less "smartness" than the books describe, less liveliness and less education. Here and there were individuals completely answering to the types I knew by reading, but they were exceptional. The

majority of the people — I can speak for no other neighborhood but the remote and mountainous one which I know by heart — were hard-working, dull, saving, honest, undemonstrative, and matter of fact. Their life had too little amusement or relaxation, and there was an acquiescence in the fitness of this which made change almost impossible. Again I find my English experience fails me in the matter of comparison, for I know hardly anything of the class corresponding in the mother country to the farmers of my section of New England. Here we have neither wealth nor enterprise; ready money is very scarce, farms (that is, the cultivated portion) small and rather "run out" than otherwise, and the seasons especially discouraging to a spirit of experiment and progress. The tenacity of old fashions, the intellectual imperviousness of both men and women, in a word, the exaggerated conservatism of our neighbors, would be a shock to the preconceived notion of an English visitor, about Yankees. We have scarcely the shrewd, talkative, anecdote-telling, humor-loving Yankee amongst us; indeed, he is seldom of the farmer class, and is usually met with in the "store," although I remember meeting but one answering to the type, and he was the master of a New York grocery. The question-asking Yankee is a commoner type, though inquisitiveness is not confined to Yankees, but flourishes all over the country in rural districts, and I think more especially in the South. But curiosity is indulged in a leisurely, business-like, matter-of-course manner in our part of the country; questions are not eager or made for pastime, but deliberate, to be reflected upon and made common property. It is a very serious business, and quite as legitimate a part of conversation as remarks about the weather. It has nothing to do with discourtesy (the artificial standard of which never goes very far down in any social stratum, European or American), but it

becomes a necessity to people who, with naturally quick minds, have the most provokingly barren field on which to exercise their faculties. One must think about something, and since there is neither money, time, nor opportunity to study things worthy of notice, the readiest thing to think about is one's neighbor. There is more waste of mental energy in America than in most countries, for on the whole there is more capacity, and there are more means for acquiring knowledge than elsewhere; but two thirds of both are misdirected and misused. Almost every one in New England reads a newspaper, and it is precisely through the press that the most mischief is done. The journalism of the United States, a branch of civilization usually held to have attained its maximum growth on this side of the Atlantic, seems to me to be almost the worst product of the country. I know hardly a city paper, and certainly no country paper, which is not conducted on the lowest intellectual principles. American newspapers, with very few exceptions, are contemptible, and if you find one page free from triviality, vulgarity, sensationalism, the omission is fully made up elsewhere. Country newspapers in England are very different, though some of the larger cities can show as discreditable representatives of the press as New York, San Francisco, or Chicago, and London alone has a fungus-growth of Saturday-night printing as objectionable as the cheap illustrated weeklies which delight and pervert our lower classes here. No doubt English country papers are dull, respectable, printed for the information rather than the amusement of their readers, and altogether old fashioned, but, considering how very antiquated the local mind of my corner of New England is in some important respects, it is a pity that it cannot be content with old-fashioned and decent newspapers. About education, for instance, we are marvelously conserva-

tive. I have mentioned English ignorance of America; it is almost matched by New England ignorance of the next State or even town. The real and practical knowledge of life is picked up from newspapers and persons one meets occasionally, — a peddler who has traveled in many parts of the world, a soldier who has been through some Indian war or the civil war, a relation who has “gone West,” etc. School sometimes furnishes a basis on which to found intelligent education. There is scarcely a thing with which America is, in the popular estimation of Europe, so thoroughly identified as universal education. Even universal suffrage is not more “American;” but the practical outcome of this supposed perfection is very different from the image of it in an Englishman’s mind. It is of no use pointing to statistics as proving how many million children attend school and learn the three “R’s” and all the natural sciences; the practical state of the rural population in three fourths of the inhabited country is the test which alone deserves the attention of any one familiar with country neighborhoods. Besides this, there are still places in New England, as well as West and South, where not even an apology for a school exists, and where the grown people cannot read or write. It is the case some twenty or thirty miles from the place where I write.

The conservatism of rural neighborhoods is in no instance so prominent as in the degree of willingness exhibited by the people to learn new ways or teach their own to new-comers. A man of the world, who has lived all sorts of lives and been used to all sorts of surroundings, will readily fall into any way, however narrow, uncouth, or backward; but the traveler in the narrow way has no such versatility, and lays down the law

¹ A man whom a clergyman reproved for swearing excused himself thus from any profane intention in the use of his very frequent and forcible oaths: “Well, now, sir, you see, it is much the

as a matter of course, considering your discipleship and docility equally a matter of course. No one is so ready to teach and dogmatize as a man who has never left his native village; and this applies equally to both sides of the Atlantic, as well as of the British Channel. The self-sufficiency of a man narrowly brought up is prodigious, and his argument that “his fathers did so before him” is to his own mind unanswerable. But if this doggedness of moral torism is a trait of human nature, equally distributed in every remote rural neighborhood, whether Roumanian, Navarrese, Finlandish, or Zulu, it is none the less exhibited in perfection in the typical land of frantic progress and abnormal “smartness,” the New England States. The manners of Boston are as mysterious and as little worth respect in my corner as the manners of Constantinople. San Francisco and New Orleans are as foreign as Cabul and Pekin: the centre of the world lies within our own circle. Slowness and diffuseness of speech are a local characteristic, not excluding, however, startling and forcible terms of expression, as when a very religious and earnest old woman said, “My God is not a confined being,” alluding to her own inability to go to meeting and her substituted habit of prayer at home. The one item in which the speech of country and city is shamefully alike is profanity: no one would dream, to hear the representative average man in these parts, that there was any Puritan past behind him. It is true that swearing is mostly a habit,¹ but a habit so ingrained as to be second nature. I once went to a barn-raising, and noted as a matter for surprise that during two hours’ work, and among fifteen men, hardly one of them beyond middle age, there was no swearing save by one individual. As a rule, every tenth word is an oath, in any same with both of us. I swear a good deal and you pray a good deal, but we don’t either of us mean much by it.”

average ten or five minutes' conversation, especially in the "store." Slowness of manner in general is a characteristic of what is often called "brisk" New England: shopping, especially, is an exercise of patience. There is but one man in our town who ever seems in a hurry, or aware of the value of time. Any one would think that I was describing some back part of Yorkshire or Cornwall, or, better still, of fat and contented Lincolnshire; yet every one who has lived in the country will recognize such portraits, and realize how entirely the reputation of quickness and smartness belongs to the city Yankee. I know how forward are some towns, suburban villages, and even less peopled neighborhoods; how there are "readings" and libraries, improvement societies with intellectual and material objects, lectures, etc., in many such places, especially in Massachusetts, and perhaps some parts of Vermont; but the more improved, the less genuinely "country," are these ambitious, newspaper-supporting, topsyturvy places. They are aping city life; they think farming a worse trade than a lawyer's, and they furnish the thousand failures in city ventures which form the basis of each of those rare exceptions, that is, the success of the country-bred youth in a city avocation. Besides the gossiping which is the food of country life, and, by the way, is even more indulged in by men than women, there is another un-Puritan trait in my corner, — drinking. It is nearly as common as in New York city. We are not many miles from the Maine frontier, and the only difference between the two sides of the line is that it is a trifle easier to get liquor on the Maine side than on ours. Neal Dow is less a prophet in his own State than on further removed platforms of temperance meetings. Again, dancing is the only amusement heartily enjoyed here, and the only thing for which purse-strings will open, or with regard to which interest will grow into

practical shape. It is true that there is a stratum of society to which the fun cannot penetrate, because if there is one thing more conspicuous and general here than anything else it is poverty. Such communities need absolutely free amusements, and in providing them, I should not consider the giver a visionary and an enthusiast, but a particularly practical man. What our neighbors need here is a place of free public and popular evening resort, especially in winter, — a room combining comfort and ease; a place with plenty of illustrated periodicals and cheap books of a respectable, but above all of an interesting and secular nature; appliances for smoking; opportunity for meeting and conversation; a social atmosphere entirely comprehensive and tolerant; no religious test or cant; and, if possible, plenty of good coffee. With such a weapon, I would undertake in two years to raise, and in ten to change, the character of the rowdiest or most Rip-Van-Winkle-like rural population. It is useless to preach about gratuitous pleasures deteriorating one's self-respect. When the lack of money is so great that not one third of the population can clothe itself, and one can count on one's fingers the number of unmortgaged farms within the town, it is time to throw theories away, and seize the easiest means of doing good.

Utilitarianism is one of the Juggernauts of rural New England. There is no love of life in itself, and very little enjoyment but what can be snatched between two wheels of work slowly grinding the life of the laborer. Everything is subordinate to "the work," especially the human machines who do it. One would think that man was made for the land, not the land for man. Health as well as pleasure is sacrificed, chiefly the health of women. The food is generally of a nature to disagree with any constitution even if bred to its use through the inherited tendencies of several generations; but the men have the antidote of

fresh air, while the women have not. It is no rare thing for a woman not to put her foot out of the house for three or four months at a time. The long winters are somewhat to blame, but the incessant march of work far more. She may go out to feed the chickens, or hang out the clothes, sometimes even to do a hasty job in a starveling flower-bed,¹ but of out-door exercise she knows nothing, and to save time a farmer's wife seldom walks. On Sundays she may go on foot to meeting, but it is only because the old tradition still lingers that baking and churning, and all that is not absolutely necessary, should not be done on Sunday; and therefore, rather than sit and do nothing, she would as soon pass the time taking the fresh air. City women do much more walking than country women; and when one sees some of them out on their yearly holiday, in short dresses, and with leather straps round their waists and alpenstocks in their hands, climbing and camping, the English notion that American women do not walk is somewhat shaken.² Amusements being few and costly, excitements have to do duty for them, and so it comes about that church meetings and funerals, being free, absorb a good deal of interest, and sewing-circles, being cheap (and free to the men), are turned into mild shadows of make-believe dissipation. The sewing-circle is a good deal the representative amusement of the purely religious circles. The greatest intolerance is of course found among church-members,

and they are too often the greatest stumbling-blocks to repentant black sheep. Conversion is a sensational process, each detail being eagerly canvassed by the local public, and the hero occupies a position suspiciously like that of a prize "walkist" during an international match. The last time a conspicuous conversion took place here, the contest was finally made more interesting by the sudden choice of the reformed sinner, who, having been preached into repentance by, say, a zealous Methodist, joined the Orthodox church, instead of adorning that of his converter. There is a greater parallel between English and American forms of religious sensibility than between any other thing shared by the two nations. The spirit of dissent wears almost the same forms in both countries, but Unitarianism is socially stronger in New than in Old England. The Methodist church I have heard called a political power; but it has less power here than West and South, though it is still surprising to an English observer to note how much the sway of the Orthodox or Congregational church has lessened in agricultural neighborhoods. The Episcopal church is still an exotic in my corner, and the A B C of its ritual still a mystery; but, unlike English country people, who are rather awed by anything they do not understand, New England country people treat everything beyond their own knowledge as being of questionable utility and scarcely worth study. A new idea is unwelcome; in-

¹ One of the signs of a latent love of beauty for its own sake which is very prominent here is the cultivation, under the most discouraging circumstances, of pot-plants and green-house flowers. Women will get up in the coldest winter nights to keep up the fire for the sake of the plants, and take great pride in the result of their care. I have seen as beautiful plants here as in cities, and often in the poorest of houses, where artificial appliances are the scantiest, and where household work presses the hardest.

It would be a real blessing if, from their love of flowers, one could rouse the energies of our people, and teach them a love of competition and of knowledge, such as would be stimulated by a

yearly flower-show, strictly local, and a distribution of prizes.

² Americans are always shocked when they see, in Europe, women working in the fields. I think there is some exaggeration in this notion, as there is doubtless exaggeration of another sort in the amount of such work done in some countries by women. It is a question if field-work, within certain bounds, is not more healthy than house-work, continued as it is generally without intermission. The climate of the United States is less favorable to it than that of Europe, but I know by experience that there are branches of work at which, morning and evening, women could work with advantage and convenience.

deed, though doctrinal orthodoxy is slack, a social temper, the exact counterpart of heresy-hating, pervades the whole community.

No doubt this love of letting things alone, and walking in the grooves of old but not necessarily intelligent custom, accounts for the curious carelessness about building. Shelter rather than protection seems the motive which urges our neighbors to build barns, houses, and schools, and this in a climate where five months of the year are piercingly cold, and the thermometer is often twenty degrees below zero. There are not more than a dozen houses or barns within our town which are properly fortified against the cold, while in England, with a climate ordinarily so temperate as to suggest nothing worse than a New England October or April, buildings are tight, dry, and warm. No wonder we are obliged to use such exaggerated stove heat as English travelers complain of, when the walls and roof are like basket-work for the play of the wind. I fear this item of discomfort is not so wholly the result of poverty as one would be glad to believe; on the other hand, it reveals a certain indifference to weather and power of resistance to its effects which to some extent do away with the reproach Englishmen often throw at Americans, — that of a womanish sensitiveness to the discomforts of the atmosphere.

The love of home is less developed in new than in old lands; nature appears rather in the disguise of an enemy to be subdued than a mother to be loved, and her obstacles to the outward signs of civilization make men impatient of her beauties. Forests and precipices have no attraction for the man whose chief thought is how he can grow corn and pasture cattle to feed his family; and it is no wonder that where life is so hard no time should be left for the enjoyment of beauty. The love of the mountaineer for his mountains, said to be common in

Europe, is not the rule among New England mountaineers. They have hardly any pride in their scenery, and often long for a smooth, fertile plain, where agriculture would be easier and the conditions of life softer. Forests are "well enough in their way;" an indefinite but forcible expression of depreciation. The struggle for bare existence, added to the naturally silent, reserved nature of an almost purely Anglo-Saxon (and largely east coast of England) race, has developed a type similar in all but religion to the traditional Puritan. Here and there gleams of a more genial life cross the path of one's observation, and by and by, when one has lived years in the midst of this undemonstrative people, an insight into their real selves, sympathy with the necessities which have saddened them and the work which has repressed them, comes to change one's first estimate, and brings before one another example of the freemasonry of human nature. Deep below this crust of unattractiveness, there are sterling qualities, — honesty, justice, immense perseverance, patience and endurance, evenness of temper and faithfulness of friendship, almost invariably a high standard of domestic virtue, and a serious acceptance of life's responsibilities. If there is no elasticity of spirits, there is a wonderful steadfastness of purpose, and a tendency to make the best of everything. Home love does not include surroundings, even of the loveliest scenery, but it is intense within a narrow circle of persons; though even here, in death almost as much as in life, it is singularly undemonstrative. The present conditions are of course far removed from the picturesque roughness of a hundred years ago, when the first settlers, not long before the Revolution, came in the dead of winter, some walking eighty miles on snow-shoes, the women riding on horseback, and salt, at that time the most precious and unattainable article, conveyed on men's backs, or in

large kettles drawn on sleds; but a good deal of the rawness of frontier life clings to our towns, whose fag-ends run up mountains where bears are still not infrequent, while their central parts are dotted over with summer hotels and railroad depots. Personally, it is only with the latter ingredients that I find fault. The life of the natives is more natural, and therefore, even if rough or dull, more dignified, than that of the tourists and such as minister to the tourists' artificial wants. The majority of the travelers in these parts are of the non-descript kind, so aggressive in all countries, — the class which, because it is largely urban, thinks itself necessarily superior, and because it can afford a yearly holiday (taken meanly enough, with a maximum of show at a minimum of expense; for some of our visitors spend five cents on peanuts with the air of a Stewart handling government bonds) looks down on the stay-at-home farmer who can hardly make both ends meet. With all his drawbacks, the latter is a nobler man than the half-educated, "smart" inhabitant of large villages and cities. His life is truer and more genuine, his character more stable, his insight into right and wrong straighter, and his worth to the country infinitely greater. Behind all the unloveliness of outward life, there is the almost unconscious respect for duty, the instinctive uprightness of purpose, and the love for work as the test of human worth and fitness, which constitute the chief virtues of a manly race. There are strength and stubbornness, plainness of speech and hatred of roundabout ways, which, if they could be infused into political life, would make the government as sound as the nation.

The influence of New England character on the history of the country is not to be explained by theological reasons only, apart from the individuality of the body popularly known as Puritans, and the elements which went in the

first instance to found the colony, and subsequently to mold the State, are to a great extent still represented throughout New England. The minute-men of 1776 are exceptional only in our imagination; our next-door neighbor is their strict counterpart. Exactly the kind of men, slow, sure, and dogged, who pass us on the road, who log and harvest and plow, and gossip and lounge in the store, the rough but kindly, primitive, natural men that meet us at every turn of country life, arose a hundred years ago to fight for independence, and the same sort was ready to do the same work nineteen years ago. Heroes are not always romantic, nor fit for the pages of a novel, and the instruments of almost every important national change are not the exceptional beings one's fancy sometimes betrays one into sketching, but common men, with the husk of common life temporarily shed. Much the same human raw material was first planted here by the Pilgrim Fathers, poetic as the appellation is, and dramatic as the circumstances of the exodus and landing now appear to us. Except for the more formal recognition of religion, the descendants of the first immigrants are true chips of the old block. That the Puritans founded the republic may be historically disputed, but intellectually and morally, I see no doubt about it. In the highest sense they were the founders of the present commonwealth. It is easy to say that their doctrines were illiberal and their views narrow, but there was a leaven at work in their system of which they were themselves unconscious. Above all doctrinal and ethical narrowness of spirit, there was the old, sturdy English spirit which never bowed to anything which it did not understand. This independence of mind gradually burst the bonds of Puritan belief when it discovered, under another name, the tyranny of a theocracy trying to fetter its intellectual choice. The value, however, of

the stern Puritan's training, — or rather of the English habit of mind turned to good account by Puritanism, — remained. It was fit for soldiers, pioneers, and patriots. It was physically the healthiest training that could have been invented, for if the fathers of New England had aimed at making a temporal instead of a spiritual army, they could have done no better. It was mentally the healthiest, for the condition of the mind depends at least three fourths on that of the body. Such men could not fail to win. Endurance, however, was not all they had; they knew also what discipline meant. An intelligent submission, for the sake of the general good, to a leader perhaps individually your inferior is much above the mere military and mechanical obedience generally known by the name of discipline. This is what the men of New England possessed, over and above their patriotism, and in this they excelled the well-trained English troops. Each man had at heart the rearing of a commonwealth, in which he knew that it only depended on himself to make a name and carve out a future. Conscious of his power, he knew that neither space nor opportunity would be wanting as soon as he had conquered the right to enjoy them. The first step won, the rest would follow. The history of the Union has proved the speed of this development. The impulse of New England has been the most prominent of the forces that have molded the growing nation, and it has always been a forward one, whether in commerce or in intellect. The men who are preëminently, in European eyes, representative Americans are almost invariably New Englanders. Some, it is true, came of a scholarly stock, but many, and the original of each stock, came from the farm. Roughly speaking, if you go back to the ancestry of any man of note, you find a farmer at the head of it. Farmers are the majority of New England population, and

the real backbone of the country. Such as they are now, with all their shortcomings and disadvantages, they are collectively, and always have been, the state. Their influence is ostensibly less than in the days of the Revolution, but I cannot help thinking that they have yet a silent weight in the community.

By comparison with the average West and South, the most primitive New England life is one of luxury and refinement; by comparison with the average European agriculturist, the most antiquated New Englander is a learned and progressive man. There is among farmers a wide-spread love for advancement, chiefly through education, which, often misdirected or stifled, none the less has given us some of the best public men the century can boast of. The inborn love of work, which is almost pushed to a mania or an idolatry, is nevertheless the only basis on which to found lasting and honorable success; and domestic virtue as practiced in the vast majority of homes, even though devoid of the graces of affection, is a schooling in itself. The naturalness of this country life, as in its common specimens it comes under the observation of a stranger, has a fascination irresistible to the moral philosopher equally with the experienced man of the world. There is a relief from ceremony, a sense of manly freedom, which to some Europeans at least is an overwhelming attraction. That this simplicity should not always appeal to the imagination of the young farmer, to whom it is rather a matter of necessity than of choice, is excusable; but that which sometimes seems an irksome prospect to a boy of twenty, eager but untaught, yet probably not so capable as he is eager, and therefore not likely to succeed should he leave the substance for the shadow, becomes to the man of thirty-five a serious and beloved task. It is not custom alone which makes the farmer contented, nor

even the force of contrast, which seldom comes in any shape save that of rough experience and defeat, but the consciousness of independence and the power of supporting his family. He acquiesces with stoical composure in the certainty of inevitable hardship and small profit which accompanies his business, and distinguishes it from others more showy, but less useful and dignified; for after all he knows that husbandry lies at the basis of civilization, and may be truly called the standard profession. If he cannot put this consciousness into glib words, it none the less pervades his life and comforts his old age. His dearest associations are bound up with remembrances of his calling; his hopes for his children's welfare are practically identified with the possibilities of its increase and success. Of all this there is, it is true, hardly an outward sign, but be-

neath the shell (which in this case is fully as rough and deep as that of a Lowland Scotchman) the human sympathies are as intensely active as a poet could wish for. Explosive natures are a *lusus naturæ* in New England, but pathetic constancy and a sustained self-denial which totally ignores its own heroism are common. Poems have been written with less material than the story of many an ordinary New Englander contains, and men whose outward manner suggests nothing but coarseness and folly could startle you with tales as touching as that of the far-famed lovers of Verona. I know of such cases personally, and though I was once ignorantly surprised at the notion, it has grown so familiar to me by repeated instances and my own closer observation that I can only wonder at the intolerant blindness that is bred of prejudice.

THE REED IMMORTAL.

(Pliny tells us that the Egyptians regarded the papyrus as an emblem of immortality.)

I.

REED of the stagnant waters,
Far in the Eastern lands
Rearing thy peaceful daughters
In sight of the storied sands!
Armies and fleets defying
Have swept by that quiet spot;
But thine is the life undying,
Theirs is the tale forgot.

II.

The legions of Alexander
Are scattered and gone and fled;
And the queen, who ruled commander
Over Antony, is dead;
The marching armies of Cyrus
Have vanished in earth again;
And only the frail papyrus
Still reigns o'er the sons of men.

III.

Papyrus! O reed immortal!
 Survivor of all renown!
 Thou heed'st not the solemn portal
 Where heroes and kings go down.
 The monarchs of generations
 Have died into dust away;
 O reed that outlivest nations,
 Be our symbol of strength to-day!

T. W. Higginson.

 TAURUS CENTAURUS.

THE umbrella that I bought in Burlington Arcade came speedily to grief.¹ Going to pay for it, I had taken it in my hand, not because it rained or that the sky was lowering, but because one always carries an umbrella in England, whether one uses it or not. Indeed, a Lancashire friend of mine, who was with me when I bought an umbrella on another occasion, said, as I was picking and choosing, "Find a good stick! An umbrella serves chiefly as a walking-stick. Get a good one for that, and you're all right." As I walked away from the Arcade, at the very first crossing, — at Sackville Street, I believe, — I was suddenly conscious of a horse and a rushing of wheels. I had just time to draw back when a hansom cab dashed past me so close that I smelled the horse's breath. The great wheel caught my umbrella, which was twisted out of my hand in a twinkling, like a foil from the hand of an unwary fencer, and thrown upon the ground, where the wheel passed over it. The cabman took not the slightest notice of me as he turned the corner and dashed down Piccadilly. I picked up my wounded umbrella, and returned with it to Burlington Arcade, where it was found that, although stick and ribs were uninjured, every gore of the silk was

cut through in two or three places, and that never having been used it would yet have to be completely new covered. I could not but remark the plainly unaffected concern of the saleswoman from whom I had bought it. As she opened gore after gore and found them all destroyed, her countenance fell, and she looked ruefully in my face, as if she and not I had lost twenty-five shillings, and as if she, not I, would have to pay for a new cover. I remarked her manner, although it was undemonstrative and perfectly simple. It was one of many manifestations of like feeling from tradespeople toward their customers to which I was witness in England.

My adventure with the cab, happening on the second day after that of my arrival in London, gave me timely warning of a fact which I found to be both characteristic and important, — that in England the man on horseback is master of him that goes afoot. He who walks is expected to give place to him who rides and to him who drives. He is, for the moment at least, the inferior person, the subject of the mounted man, whose convenience or whose pleasure he is expected to consult at loss of his own pleasure, or of his own comfort, or of his property or his limbs, or, it would almost seem, of his life itself. A sign or token of this in London, and if I

¹ Atlantic, February, 1879, where by mistake I wrote Regent Street.

remember rightly in other cities, is the contrivance called a "refuge," which is placed at intervals more or less convenient in the road-way of the street. These refuges are formed of stout stone or iron posts about a yard high, which stand some two or three feet apart, half-way from curb to curb, making a sort of pen or pound, into which persons who are timid or not agile may flee as they cross the street, and where they may rest in safety until the way is clear for them to complete their crossing without the risk of broken bones. If it were not for this contrivance there are many women, and, I suspect, some men, in England who would never get quite across some of the thronged thoroughfares. The man who undertook to swim across a mill-pond, and who, having got half-way over, instead of going on turned round and swam back again, might, if he had found a place for a moment's repose and reflection, have seen that it was as well to go forward as to turn back; and thus the timid wayfarer in the streets of London is enabled to pause amid the clattering of hoofs and the whirl of wheels, and, taking courage from offered opportunity, complete his half-made transit. The refuge seemed to me a very characteristic thing. It is a sign of that thoughtfulness of the personal safety and comfort of the general public which is a much more constant and impelling force in England than it is in the United States; but it is also a sign of that deference to the horse and to his rider or driver which is one of the most striking of English traits.

My horseless English friend who told me that a gentleman in England was a man that had horses and green-houses was nearly right in his jocose definition. But the first half of it is the more significant. The importance of the horse in England, and the importance which he gives to his possessor, even his temporary possessor, is not easily overrated. The feeling from which this springs is

traditional, and comes down from the time when, in peace as well as in war, nobles, gentlemen, and men-at-arms were mounted men and rode over the common people. When coaches came in they were for a long time, of necessity, an appanage of the great and the wealthy; and indeed they were such a sign of high social position that even among inferior persons many of those who could well afford them did without them, lest they should subject themselves to the charge of presumption. It is amusing to read Pepys's debates with himself on this point; his doubts being not whether he could afford a coach, but whether his position was such as warranted him in appearing before the public with his wife in his own vehicle. It need hardly be said that a private carriage is everywhere an evidence of a certain degree of wealth in the owner; but although the grandson of the man who first set up a carriage in New York is yet living, the possession of such a "leathern conveniency" (as this staid old gentleman styled his private carriage) conveys to the public mind nothing of that feeling which still lingers in England in regard to the man who (for pleasure, not for business) has a "stable," great or small. Mrs. Gilpin, on her only holiday in twenty years (how cruel she was to poor John in saying "these twice ten tedious years"!), did not have even her hired chaise and pair brought to the house, but had it stayed three doors off, lest folk "should say that she was proud."

It is partly because of a great liking for horses, but partly also because of the survival of this feeling, although in a much modified form, that the first desire of an Englishman when prosperity begins to come to him is to be the possessor of a horse. Chiefly, his desire is to ride; and if he is a weak-minded, pretentious creature, he tries to seem to have ridden or to be about to ride. In England the stirrup is the first step to

gentry. The phrase "in the saddle," as an expression of readiness for work, is a peculiarly English phrase. We use it because we are of English blood and speech; still it has not with us the full pertinence and significance which it has in England. An English "gentleman" who cannot ride reasonably well, and who does not ride, is an exceptional sufferer from some hapless disability, physical, moral, or pecuniary. Englishwomen not only walk more than their American cousins do, but they ride very much more. Ten to one of them, compared with women here, are accustomed to the saddle. Girls as well as boys begin to ride early; indeed, before they begin to learn to dance.

I was walking one morning in the weald of Sussex, with a friend, to call at the house of a kinswoman of his. And, apropos of my subject, this gentleman, although he had a stable on such a scale that, seeing it first by chance in the twilight, I thought that it was another country house, and although he was a grandfather, proposed as a matter of course that we should walk the three miles between the two houses. Notwithstanding it was a warm September day, I was very glad that he did so, and that I did not lose one smiling moment of the bright beauty of that morning, or one of the ever-varying phases of the view across the weald to those grandly reposing downs, that couch like headless sphinxes before the sea. We had walked about two miles, when we saw, a few hundred yards off, what might at first have been taken for a great doll mounted upon a great dog coming rapidly toward us. It was a little girl riding a shaggy-maned pony, whose back was not nearly so high as a donkey's. Little miss, although she certainly could not have been more than eight years old, came tearing along at a pace that turned back her short skirts in a flutter, and made her long curls stream out in the air behind her. "Oh, uncle," she broke out, as she pulled her

pony up to a sudden jog-jog-jog, which I thought must pitch her out of the saddle, but which did not, — "oh, uncle, what an awfully nice pony this is! He goes like lightning. Papa says he thinks there is n't a match for him in all the weald," — pronouncing the last word, by the way, quite perceptibly as two syllables, yet with the suggestion that this was only the effect of a full and rich enunciation of the letter *l*. Her eyes were dancing, her cheek glowed; and after a kiss and a few more hurried words from her fresh little mouth, off she dashed again, at the same headlong pace. Soon we met the maid who was out in attendance upon her, and to whom, as I found, it was her wont to ride back, after she had gone about a quarter of a mile, and take a fresh start. Although she had a pony and a maid, her dress was as simple and as uncostly as it could possibly be consistently with cleanliness and comfort. Nor was her father at all a man of wealth. My host, who was his landlord, told me that the rent of the pretty house and grounds, at which we soon arrived, and which looked much like a villa at Brookline or Dorchester Heights, was but two hundred and forty pounds a year, and the furniture and upholstery was far less gorgeous than that which is found in the houses of thousands of New York men whose daughters never saw a pony, and who could no more keep a seat upon such a tempestuous little beast as that than they could ride a whirlwind. But *per contra*, as their fathers might say, their *toilettes* would, in their splendor, altogether eclipse the homely garb of this unmistakable little gentlewoman. Ponies like this one of course we all know; but I saw more of them during my short visit to England than I had seen in New England and in New York in all my life.

The number of ladies that one constantly sees in England on horseback, in the parks, public and private, and on

the rural roads, is a distinguishing feature of the country. They ride in parties, with gentlemen, of course, and often alone with a groom in attendance, but oftenest, it seemed to me, in pairs, with the inevitable tidy groom just out of ear-shot behind them. There is not a more characteristic representation of English life, nor one more pleasing to man's eye, than the sight of two fair, healthy English girls, well mounted, their blue riding-habits full of health and their faces full of good-nature, cantering easily through a wooded park. I remember meeting such a pair on a visit to — Hall, in Lancashire. I had chosen to walk, as I often did, and I met these young ladies in the park, about three quarters of a mile from the house. They were walking their horses, and I had opportunity to make good view of them. Their faces were beaming with the delight of life; the indefinable charm of the spring-tide of existence seemed to radiate from them, and to take me within its influence; they sat their horses with an ease and grace which Englishwomen do not always show on foot; and their dark blue habits on the bright bay coats of their black-maned, black-hocked horses, sharply shown against the rich, green sward, made a combination of color which was grateful to my eye. It was a sight worth seeing for itself, and the most English thing that could be seen in England. I saw that they were the daughters of the house, or at least that one of them was, and raised my hat as I passed them, and got a pretty blush and half a bow in return. After I had walked on a while, I thought that I might venture to turn and look again at such an attractive spectacle; when to my surprise I found that they had anticipated me in my exhibition of inquisitiveness, in which their groom stolidly took no share. I could not see them blush again, but I could see their white teeth as they smiled at this mutual detection of our

common curiosity. I am sure that should they chance to see this page they, who added so much to the pleasure of my visit to — Hall, will pardon this reminiscence of our meeting.

The Egyptians mummied all sorts of sacred brutes, including bulls, cats, and crocodiles. If Englishmen should ever take to embalming beasts, I am sure that, notwithstanding the national name and the place which roast-beef holds in English song and story, they would pass by the bull, and swathe the defunct horse in muslin and spices. For if the horse be not a god in England, at least the cult of the horse is a sort of religion. There are tens of thousands of English gentlemen who have horse on their minds during the greater part of their waking hours. The condition of the animals; their grooming; the cut of their tails and manes; the way in which they stand, or step, or stride; the fashion of their harness; the build, the look, the dress, of coachman and groom, — these are matters to them of deep concern, of uneasy anxiety. And this is so not once a year, or once a quarter, or once a month, but every day, and two or three times a day; every time, indeed, that they ride or drive. Nor do I mean only those who are called "horsey" men, gentlemen drivers of mail-coaches and the like, who are grooms in everything except taking wages, and some of whom, I was told, will carry their coachmanship so far as to take a "tip." Apart from these, there is a very large class to whom the perfection in the minutest point of their equestrian "turn-out" is a question of the major morals. When one of this class feels sure that his horse, his "trap," and his groom will bear the criticism of his friends and rivals, the ineffable air of solemn self-sufficiency with which he sits the saddle or the box is at once amusing and pitiable. These men criticise each other's equipages as women criticise each other's dress, as pedants criticise each other's

scholarship. Indeed, in England there is a pedantry of the stable.

In a lower condition of life there is of course less expense and less display, but not a whit less of the hankering after horses. On the roads in the suburbs of London, a frequent sight in the afternoon, when it does not rain, is a sort of light cart or buggy with a smallish horse driven furiously by a coarse man, who sometimes has a coarse companion, male or female. I rarely took an afternoon's walk within five or ten miles of London without meeting a dozen of these Jehus. They tear along the road at a mad pace, and evidently expect everybody and everything not bigger or stronger than they are to make way for them. I remarked upon this one day to a friend who was walking with me, and who lived in a little suburban town, and he told me that they were mostly small tradesmen or farmers of "horsey" propensities, who used in this way at every opportunity the horses which in the mornings were used in their business. This cart or buggy takes the place in England of our hideous contrivance, the trotting wagon; and I must confess that it seemed to me much the pleasanter vehicle. Certainly, the drivers appeared to enjoy themselves much more than our trotting men do. They do not sit in stolid silence, pulling at the reins with gloomy determination. They give the horse his head, and drive with a free rein and an easy hand, and chat and laugh as they bowl along the smooth, well-packed road. Indeed, these fellows appeared to me really to have more pleasure in their horse exercise than their superiors did. They were without the conscious, anxious look of the others, and did not seem to sit in fear of criticism. And yet I have no doubt that they did criticise each other as they met or passed, and made remarks upon each other's "tits," or harness, or driving. For when an occupation or an amusement becomes a cult this is inevitable.

But I never saw them race. If they were overtaken or passed by one of their own sort, they kept their pace, and seemed to enjoy their drive for the drive's sake, without running the risk of taking off each other's wheels, and without anxiety upon the important question whether they "did" the last mile in 2.40 or 2.39, 30.

English riding did not, however, awaken in me all the admiration which I had expected. The horses and their riders were indeed in all respects admirable; nor did the boldness and self-possession of the latter in the saddle, and their calm mastery of the situation, leave anything to be desired, at least so long as the pace was not very rapid. But the English seat did not seem to me graceful, or easy, or even quite safe; although it must be so. And yet to see men rising to the horse, as they commonly do, and alternately sitting in the saddle and standing in the stirrups, awakened in me a feeling of anxiety and distress, which, superfluous as it must have been, I found not infrequently reflected in the countenances of the riders. Accustomed to see men who were accounted good horsemen sit in the saddle or on bare-back as if they sat in a chair, although the horse was at full career, it did not please me to see riders bobbing up and down so that a good artilleryman could send a round shot between pig-skin and buck-skin at every stride. In this feeling, however, I must have been wrong. English riding is far beyond such criticism as I could bring to bear upon it. The matter must be one of mere habit and fashion.

I had not the good fortune to see a hunting field, — only some cub-hunting; but even that was made a pretty sight by the horses, and the light crimson coats of the riders, and the action of the hounds. But I did not mourn my loss greatly in this respect; for I shall not hesitate to sink myself very low in the estimation of some of my Yorkshire

friends by confessing that the only interest that a fox-hunt would have for me would be the show, and that, fond as I am of riding, I should enjoy it in any way better than in risking my neck in the chase of a little red beast with a bushy tail. The excitement and the pleasure of hunting tigers, or bears, or wolves, or boars, I can not only understand, but sympathize with heartily; but that twenty or thirty grown men on horseback should follow a pack of hounds in chase of a little creature about as big as a cat seems to me a proceeding so essentially absurd and preposterous that I cannot think of it with patience. Still worse, and with the addition of most inhuman (I wish that I could say unmanly) cruelty, seems the coursing of the hare. That men should go out with hounds to find pleasure in the flight, in mortal terror, of the most timid and harmless of dumb creatures is to me quite inexplicable. Shooting hares is one thing, coursing them quite another. I know that there are no wild beasts left in England but hares and foxes, and that field sports are delightful and invigorating. If country gentlemen must have field sports, and there are only foxes and hares left for them to hunt, I suppose that foxes and hares must be hunted. But it would seem that men might get open-air exercise and excitement in a more humane and reasonable way.

As to fox-hunting, however, with all that we read about it in English novels and other books, we have hardly a just appreciation of its importance as an English "institution." It also is a religion. It comes next to the British constitution and the Church of England. Hunting men talk of it with an earnestness and a solemnity which is infinitely amusing to an "outsider." To hunt well, or, as the phrase there is, to ride well to hounds, is an accomplishment, like the mastery of an art or of a science, or like distinction in literature. I do not be-

lieve that there are ten men in any thousand in England, whatever their success or their distinction in other respects, who would not prize, if they could attain, the added distinction of being good fox-hunters. Hunting has even a moral significance. Years ago an English lady, a Yorkshire woman, writing to me of Louis Napoleon, after telling me this and that of him in terms of admiration, added, "And he rode well to hounds; and somehow if a man rides well to hounds he is pretty sure to be a good fellow." I could not see the *sequitur*. But perhaps if I had been born and bred in Yorkshire I could have discovered the connection between good-fellowship and a good seat in the saddle,—between a sound heart and bold and wary riding.

To hunt something seems to be a sort of necessity with the "average" Englishman, with whom it is a creed, an article of faith, that certain animals are created by a benign Providence to be hunted and killed in a certain way. For the way in which it is done is all important. A man who would shoot a fox is little better than a heathen; far worse than a publican and a sinner. And the feeling pervades all classes. In Joseph Andrews, as the hero, his sweetheart, and Parson Adams are on the road near Squire Booby's, a hare, pursued by hounds and huntsmen, interrupts a passage of love between the two younger folks, and Fanny exclaims, "with tears in her eyes, against the barbarity of worrying a poor innocent, defenseless animal out of its life, and putting it to the extremest torture for diversion." Fanny would have protected the hare, but he fled from her. The end is told in the following paragraph:—

"The hounds were now very little behind their poor, reeling, and staggering prey, which, fainting almost at every step, crawled through the wood, and had almost got round to the place where Fanny stood, when it was overtaken by its enemies, and being driven out of the

covert was caught, and instantly tore to pieces before Fanny's face, who was unable to assist it with any aid more powerful than pity; nor could she prevail on Joseph, who had been himself a sportsman in his youth, to attempt anything contrary to the laws of hunting in favor of the hare, which he said was killed fairly."

This passage is remarkable, first, because it shows that although Fielding was the son of an English squire and soldier, his good sense saw and his tender heart felt the cruelty of the sport which he describes; although, with an eye to the prejudices of his fox and hare hunting readers, he puts his own thoughts into the breast of a young woman and expresses them by her lips. Next, we see that this careful delineator of contemporary manners makes Joseph something of a sportsman in his youth, although he had been brought up in the humblest condition of life. Finally, the hero, whom Fielding sets before us as a model of all that is good and kind and gentle, refuses to protect the hare even to stop the tears of his sweetheart, but lets it be torn to pieces before her eyes, because, according to the laws of hunting, it was killed fairly. This establishment of laws, which it is unsportsman-like if not ungentlemanly to violate, but according to which a poor dumb, timid creature may be driven wild with terror and to death's door with fatigue during a very appreciable part of its little life, and at last torn to pieces for the amusement of those who make the law, may not be peculiar to England, for the laws of venery have prevailed in all lands; but it is safe to say that in none are they so religiously observed as they are in England, and that their application there to hares is a peculiarity due probably to the lack of larger game. The combination of a strict regard for the laws of hunting with an utter disregard of the sufferings of the hare, resulting in a kind of im-

plication that the poor beast itself should be quite satisfied if it were chased and worried and torn to pieces "fairly," is an exquisitely perfect manifestation of a feeling, not confined to field sports, that pervades society in England. This feeling is embodied in the phrase, so common there that it has become cant, "May the best man win." It would seem that it is in the spirit of this phrase that John Bull looks upon any strife. He says not, May the right man win; not, May the right put down the wrong; but, Right or wrong, may the best man win, — "best" meaning strongest and boldest. The very sympathy which he shows sometimes for the weaker, and on which he prides himself, is but another manifestation of this feeling. If the little fellow can go in and win, and kill his antagonist, or beat him, "fairly," let him do it; may he do it! "Hooray for the little 'un!" But the little one, for all that he is little, may be utterly in the wrong; he may be so foully and so aggressively in the wrong that he ought to be trodden out of existence, like a venomous creature. But let him show "pluck" (favorite word in England, but hideous, as Professor Newman has said), and he is sure of John Bull's cheer, if he were as wicked as Satan and as venomous as a viper.

This feeling has its spring in a quality of the John Bull nature (by which, be it remembered, I do not mean the best or even the characteristic English nature¹) to which I am extremely loath to apply the only word that will describe it, — brutality. And in brutality I imply nothing of the wild-beast nature, nothing of cruelty. I mean an admiration of brute force, a deference to it, a contented recognition of it as the rightful title to the possession of all things. Strength must indeed be the *ultima ratio*; and civilization means that strength is on the side of society. But between the first reason and the last reason there

¹ See The Atlantic, August, 1878.

is a long series of stages in which brute force may at least be kept out of sight. In England, however, it is kept constantly before men's eyes, and they are taught to worship it from very children. The little boy goes to school to run the errands, pick up the balls, and black the shoes of the big boy; to be tyrannized over by him; to have his ears boxed by him; to be flogged by him, — not merely to be "licked" in a boyish fight, but to be solemnly flogged, whipped with a rod, or "tunded" with staves as punishment. "I had the honor," writes Thackeray, "of being at school with Bar-dolph before he went to Brasenose; the under boys used to look up at him from afar off as at a god-like being. . . . When he shouted out, 'Under boy!' we small ones trembled and came to him. I recollect he once called me from a hundred yards off, and I came up in a tremor. He pointed to the ground. 'Pick up my hockey stick!' he said, pointing towards it with the hand with the ring on. He had dropped the stick. He was too great, wise, and good to stoop to pick it up himself." A small boy may free himself from tyranny by beating his tyrant "fairly" in a fight. But this is only another manifestation of the worship of brute force. He is free not because it is right that he should be free and strength is on the side of right in his little society, but simply because he has had the pluck and the luck to beat his tyrant.

It is commonly sought to dignify this feeling by showing that it is no respecter of persons. But what a story is that of the boy who, on his first appearance at an English public school, was asked by the bully head-boy, "Who are you?" and on his answering, "I am Lord —, son of the Marquess of —," was greeted with the reply, both in words and in action, "Well, there's one kick for the lord and two for the marquess!" I have heard this story told by men of rank as well as by middle-class men,

with an expression of delight in it as a manifestation of English manliness. "Did the boy good, sir, — took the nonsense out of him." But what sort of nature must that be which needs, and takes kindly to, one kick for itself and two for its father, by way of taking the nonsense out of it! And what a school of manners is that which thus welcomes a stranger, young, weak, friendless, ignorant yet of his surroundings! I for one refuse to believe that the English nature requires this brutal discipline to bring it to that manliness and dignity and that solicitous consideration for others which it exhibits in its highest perfection. I believe that this worship of brute force is merely a traditional cult preserved in a spirit of Philistinism, and that without it more Englishmen would attain a full development of all the highest English virtues and graces than now do so with it. Were it otherwise, in discriminating between the two peoples I should be obliged to say that brutality was one of the things which Yankees left behind them in the old home.

Next to the horse in England is the gun. Accustomed as we are to see Englishmen who have crossed the Atlantic to visit America, and whose idea of that tour of observation seems to be to go two thousand miles further to the Western plains to shoot, we yet have no adequate appreciation of the importance which shooting as one of the occupations of life has in the minds of tens of thousands of Englishmen. Hunting and shooting in England are not mere recreations, forms of casual pleasure, to be enjoyed now and then, leisure and weather serving. In the hunting season hunting men are not content, as I found on talking with some of them, to go out with the hounds once or twice a week. They hunt three or four times a week, and even every day, except Sunday, if possible. I wonder that they except Sunday. For if a man in the country

may work in his garden, and a woman in London may cry water-cresses on Sunday, out of church hours, I can see no reason why these gentlemen should refrain on that day from laboring in their vocation. Their vocation and calling it surely is. It is the business of their lives; and to hear them talk about it one would imagine that it had the importance of an affair of state. Shooting is hardly less thought of, and is more general because it is less costly. The pheasant, the partridge, and the woodcock are sacred birds provided for solemn sacrifice. "Does he preserve?" is a question that I have heard asked by one country gentleman about another with as much interest and seriousness as if the inquiry were whether he had a seat in Parliament. An engagement to shoot is paramount to all others; an invitation to shoot, like an invitation from the President at Washington, sets aside all others. Englishmen will go from one end of the country to another for a few days' shooting; and shooting means, nowadays at least, not a morning's walk with dog and gun in a fine country and the bringing home of a few well-earned birds and rabbits, but mere gun-practice in a park at birds as flying marks. It has lost its connection with the enjoyment of nature and invigorating exercise. The "sportsmen" take their stands, and the birds are roused from the gorse by the gamekeepers' helpers, and are shot down, or missed, as they come within range.

As I was in England during the shooting season, I had some invitations to take my chance at the pheasants. But I accepted none. I could use the little time I had to spend there in other ways, more to my advantage, and also to my pleasure. As to shooting birds in that business-like fashion, I would as soon take trout out of a tub. And that, I suppose, will be the way soon provided for the practice of the contemplative man's recreation. The next thing to it

seems to be the going to a fishing-hotel and angling from a boat in a mill-pond. Why not fish and shoot by telegraph as well as in this way? The charm of field sport is the field, — the early start, the sharp, clear morning air, the sunrise, the walk over hill and through meadow, the country through which the game leads the seeker, the mid-day rest and luncheon with a companion or two by a clear, sheltered spring, whose cool water is tempered by the contents of flasks which counteract the unmitigated effect of that dangerous fluid, the renewal of the search for game by wood-side or brook-side, and the pensive walk home to a hearty dinner, a pleasant evening's languid chat, and a well-earned dreamless sleep. Compared with this, what are preserve-shooting and pond-fishing?

"Does your ladyship hunt?" Sir Harcourt Courtly asks of Lady Gay Spanker, in the most brilliant comedy of English life that has been produced in the last thirty years and more. "Does my ladyship hunt?" ironically replies that wily she-centaur; and then comes that description of the hunting field, which, given with spirit by a pretty woman, always brings down the house. Lady Gay has always seemed to me one of the most forbidding, because she is one of the most unfeminine, female characters upon the modern stage, and her hunting speech a mere clap-trap deliberately set for what it always catches. Here, however, I remark upon her and it only in the way of the illustration of my subject. It need hardly be said that the number of hunting women in England is comparatively small; but it must be positively great. Now while so many women hunt in England, it seems somewhat strange that English men and English women should find occasion of criticism in a tendency which they discover in their American sisters to usurp the places and the occupations of men. Ridding itself is not the most feminine of ac-

complishments. A horse's back is not exactly the place for which nature has fitted woman. Neither in body nor in soul is she peculiarly suited to the saddle. But of all occupations hunting belongs, on every consideration, peculiarly to man. Now American women don't hunt. I never even heard of one who hunted,—except for that wild beast of whom every woman hopes to capture and tame one in the course of her life. While this distinction in the sex obtains in the two countries, it seems at least perilous for the countrymen of the

hunting ladies to be censorious on the point of womanliness. And these criticisms back and forth are neither pleasant nor profitable. The customs of both countries are such as have been imposed upon peoples of the same race by the conditions of life in which they respectively live. Either transplanted to the other's soil becomes in a few years as if he were "native and to the manner born." I have no doubt that with practice John Bull might learn to sit still in his saddle, and thus become truly Taurus Centaurus.

Richard Grant White.

THE REPUBLICANS AND THEIR CANDIDATE.

THE republican party escaped a serious danger at Chicago. How great the peril was from which it found a happy deliverance the party leaders did not acknowledge to one another, if indeed they were conscious of it themselves. The newspapers half revealed it to their readers, while taking considerable pains to conceal it. After the convention was over, however, it became apparent to every one not blinded by partisanship that the nomination of General Grant would have killed the party. A bolt would inevitably have occurred, and a second convention would have assembled within a month to put another republican ticket in the field. All the conditions were ripe for such a movement. Party organs would have declaimed against it, and the men who get their living from republican politics would have denounced it; but the movement would have gone on just the same, and would have swept away many of the best elements in the old organization. The republican party would practically have closed its career. Its successor, the third-term party, beaten by the democrats at the election, would soon have

disbanded, and the new anti-third-term party, by whatever name it might have called itself, would in a few years have grown into a principal organization, ready by the next presidential election to make a close contest for the possession of the government.

It is a mistake to suppose that parties are necessarily long-lived, and can go through deadly perils with impunity. They are all vulnerable. Some die of old age; some because they cannot assimilate the nutriment of the new ideas of the time; some perish from corruption within themselves; some are assassinated. The republican party has narrowly escaped being killed by the selfishness and ambition of a few of its leaders. These men did not designingly seek its life, but they were so bent upon accomplishing the nomination of General Grant that they became singularly indifferent to public opinion and recklessly careless of results.

The outcome of the struggle at Chicago was a fortunate one in all respects. The attempt to fasten on the entire country the Boss system, which flourishes in New York and Pennsylvania,

was defeated. The third-term plot which aimed a blow at one of the chief safeguards of free government,—frequent change in the supreme executive office,—was completely baffled and overthrown. The republican party was preserved for another four years, at least, in undiminished strength and vigor. Still more, by a happy inspiration it obtained a candidate possessing the full confidence of all its members and of all its leaders; a candidate who represents its highest intelligence and broadest statesmanship, and whose record on every public question of the day is clear, conspicuous, and consistent; a candidate who has elements of popularity such as no presidential nominee has had since Lincoln.

General Garfield's career illustrates in a remarkable degree the possibilities of American life to one born with a strong brain in a strong body, and gifted with industry, courage, perseverance, and a high ambition. His father, a poor farmer, possessed of a few sterile acres and a large family, died when he was six years old. He had no well-to-do relatives to help him along. In fact, he had no help save the counsels of a wise, resolute, religious mother, and no capital save what lay in his own head and hands. With the labor of his hands, put forth in the lower forms of honest toil, with the axe, the hoe, the carpenter's plane, and on the tow-path of a canal, he gained the means to obtain such education as a rural academy afforded. Then, making a capital of his new store of knowledge, he taught country schools, and got the means to take a higher course of study. Equipped with the training of a Massachusetts college, he opened for himself a path in life which began with the Latin and Greek professorship of an obscure school in Ohio, and broadened out until it led to a major-generalship in the Union army, to a seat in Congress held for nine consecutive terms, to an election to the senate by the unanimous choice of his party

in the Ohio legislature, and now to the republican nomination for the presidency. All these honors came to him without solicitation, and without effort on his part to grasp them. So far as fate shaped his career in life, it was the career of a day laborer. High purposes, an indomitable will, a great capacity for work, fixed principles, and good habits enabled him to compel fate, and change that career to one of conspicuous honor and usefulness. Every farmer boy cannot become a major-general, a senator, and a presidential nominee, but the lesson of Garfield's life is that the institutions of this country place no obstacles in the way of the poorest lad who toils in the fields or the workshop. It is a lesson full of encouragement and cheer. It shows that the country is not wholly given over to the rule of political rings, bosses, and conspirators, and that one party at least is still strong enough and wise enough to "pluck from the nettle danger the flower safety," and to select for its leader a man whose worthiness and fitness are his only strength. It shows, too, that in spite of all the changes in our social fabric, brought about by the growth of great corporations and the accumulation of vast wealth in a few hands, talent and manliness, unaided by money, can still win their way to the most exalted positions. The presidency is not yet sold to the highest bidder, nor disposed of by a junto of selfish political schemers.

The most careful research and calculation could scarcely have discovered a candidate possessing more elements of what the politicians call availability than the man whom the convention chose without forethought, on the impulse of a moment. General Garfield is acceptable to both wings of the party, and to the supporters of all the Chicago candidates. An outspoken anti-third-term man, he had nevertheless retained the personal respect and liking of the third-term leaders. The friends of Grant will work for his election as energetically as

will those of Blaine and Sherman. His moderation in debate and hearty kindness of manner disarm prejudice and win friends amongst those who differ with him in opinion. Had Blaine or Sherman been nominated, New York might have been thrown away by the lukewarmness of Mr. Conkling and his adherents, as it was in 1876. Now the assistance of this powerful element in the pivotal State of the contest is doubly assured; first, by the friendliness and confidence it feels towards Garfield; and, second, by the nomination of Chester A. Arthur, Mr. Conkling's nearest political friend, for vice-president. General Garfield has a gallant record as a soldier, and is popular among the soldier class, which likes to see its services to the country recognized by the selection of its representative men for high positions. The farmers like him because he is one of them. He is a product of the soil, and his only property beside his house in Washington is his Ohio farm; where, in the vacations of Congress, he delights in the wholesome out-door labors of the farmer. The workingmen of the towns and cities, who are growing more restless year by year at the limitations of their condition, and who have no strong political ties, admire a man who once worked for wages, like themselves, and who has had no favors from fortune that he has not won by his own toil of hand or brain. Cultivated people of all sorts have a hearty sympathy for him because of his broad culture, and see in him the student and the friend of letters as well as the successful politician. Business men have full confidence in him. His record on all questions affecting the debt and the currency is as clear as sunlight. Never has he swerved a hair's-breadth from the straight line of principle. Honest money based on coin and an honest payment of the nation's obligations has been his motto through all the fluctuations of public opinion and all the vagaries of party action.

No other man in Congress has made so thorough a study of the history and science of political economy and national finance, or is better grounded in his convictions upon sound principles. Independent republicans remember that he has never been an ultra-partisan, and that he has more than once shown the courage to stand almost alone in opposition to his party in Congress. Straight-out, stalwart republicans know that his judgment as to the best course for the party to pursue has always been safe and conservative, and has generally been justified by events. His leadership in the house has not been dashing and brilliant, but when he has marked out a position for the republicans to take they have always been able to hold it, and have come out victors in the contest before the people. Better, perhaps, than any man in public life, he represents the strong, average good sense, patriotism, liberality, tolerance, and progressive impulses of the republican organization.

He will have to go through an angry contest and face much detraction and slander. Unfortunately for both parties, the democrats are without a clearly-defined, vital issue this year. In their poverty of principles on which to appeal to the public, they will yield to the temptation to resort to abuse and vilification of the opposing candidate, and the republicans will no doubt be led to retort in kind. The charges the democrats bring against General Garfield have been fully tried before the most exacting jury a man can face, — that of his own neighbors and constituents, — and have been rejected as unworthy of belief. They will be repeated, however, and new ones will be invented, but his character is too well established and his record too well known for him to suffer from them. The leader of the republicans of the house, with eighteen years of congressional service behind him and a term of six years in the senate ahead, to resign in case he should be elected president,

will not be damaged in the eyes of republicans by the personal abuse of the opposing party. We are going to have a square fight between the two parties this year, each polling its full vote, and the one which has the most votes at the start will win. The campaign will not change the party attachments of any considerable number of voters. It will only consolidate the two parties, and rally all their stragglers.

There are questions concerning this nomination other than the popularity, availability, and good character of the candidate, — questions which will be asked by men who care nothing for politics save as a means of securing good government, and value parties only as instruments to that end. What sort of an administration, they ask, will General Garfield make? Will the good tendencies of the Hayes administration be continued and strengthened by him, or will the country be thrown back into the rut of selfish, trading, machine politics into which it sunk during the eight years of Grant? A beginning has been made in Washington, during the last three years, towards the elevation of national politics to the plane of patriotic statesmanship, — halting and cautious at times, it is true, but still an honest beginning. Will the good work go on, or will it stop?

The answers to these questions must be sought in the career, surroundings, and bent of thought and purpose of the republican candidate. During his seventeen years' service in the house, General Garfield has taken so prominent a part in debate and legislation that his opinions, and even the intellectual processes by which he arrives at conclusions concerning public questions, are known to all his associates. No other man in Congress has a record of such fullness and clearness. The political history of two decades might be written from his speeches, if no other material existed. Not only on the general questions of

politics has he made this broad, plain record, but his ideas on all the details of government policy and expenditure have been expressed again and again, with such definiteness and consistency that there is scarcely a question likely to arise during his term in the White House, if he should be elected, on which his views might not be found by searching the pages of the Congressional Record. The country is not called upon to make an experiment with this man. The general course of his administration can be confidently predicted in advance. A strong believer in the value of the republican party as the best political organization the country has, or is likely to get in our day, General Garfield is not a bigoted partisan. The temper of his mind is essentially judicial. He never jumps to a conclusion. He gathers his facts with conscientious care before making up his mind. Instinctively he asks himself, "Is there not another side to this question than the one I now see?" If he finds another side, his intellect argues both to his judgment before he decides. This inherent desire to be fair has often weakened his position as a party leader in the house, but it is an excellent qualification for a high executive station.

General Garfield has not grown up in the spoils school of politics. Representing a district overwhelmingly republican, he has never been tempted to make use of official patronage for his own advantage. In recommending appointments to office in his district, he has always consulted the public sentiment of the locality where the place was to be filled. Where there was a doubt as to the candidate favored by the people, an informal election has frequently been held, at his request, and he has then recommended the man having a majority of the votes cast. He was one of the first, if not the first, Congressmen to institute competitive examinations for applicants for appointment to the Military

and Naval Academies. In more than one instance he has appointed a young man of obscure parentage, wholly unknown to him, because he had passed the best examination before a board of teachers and physicians. All practicable ideas of civil-service reform have always found in General Garfield an earnest advocate, and we have a right to expect from him an even fuller development and wider application of these ideas than we have witnessed under the present administration, because he will have the advantage of Mr. Hayes's experience to guide his own efforts.

We have no reason to apprehend an attempt at personal government from General Garfield. He is essentially a man of the people, open, cordial, and accessible. Like President Hayes, he will be approachable with all, wholly free from the arrogance and conceit of office, and regarding the presidency as a grave public trust to be conscientiously administered for the good of the people. The simplicity of his tastes and manners has not been affected by his long career in Washington, and will not be changed if he goes to the White House. He is still the wholesome product of Western Reserve farm life that he was in his younger days, and will always remain so. His personal surroundings are good. His near family friends are without exception persons of intelligence and character. The best men in politics, science, literature, and journalism are his associates. He never had the slightest inclination for low company. His administration will not savor of the barrack and the stable-yard, nor will it imitate the pride and exclusiveness of Old World courts. The plain, practical, hearty republicanism of President Hayes will continue to be the rule at the White House under his successor.

Besides the judicial temper of his thought, his perfect familiarity with public affairs, and his excellent personal associations, General Garfield has another

qualification for the executive office such as few presidents have had when inaugurated, — a remarkably extensive acquaintance with public men throughout the country. There are scarcely a score of men of the type and experience that aspire for public office whom he does not know personally. His intellectual and social qualities and his rank as a republican leader have caused men from every State to seek his acquaintance. He is a good judge of character, and this wide knowledge of men will be of great help to him in making good appointments. We may expect from him a cabinet and a diplomatic service representing the best brains and the best purposes of the republican party, and a civil service where fitness will be the test for appointments, and where competent, honest men once in office will not be displaced at the dictation of party managers.

There is still another question, and one of great importance: What will be the tendency of his administration, apart from its personal surroundings and its function of filling the public offices of the country? What impress will it leave on the history of the United States? President Hayes has done the country an immense service in restoring specie payments, and in giving the people a repose from intense political excitement and an opportunity to concentrate their attention on the development of their industries. The new administration, if directed by General Garfield, will without doubt prolong this epoch of tranquillity and devote its chief attention to economic problems. All his life General Garfield has been a close student of industrial, commercial, and financial questions. Few of our statesmen are as familiar with the resources of the country and what has been done to utilize them, and no one is more competent to give wise direction to government policy in all its constitutional avenues of activity concerning their further develop-

ment. The new problems raised by our advancing civilization, our increasing material wealth, and our growing density of population will be studied by him with characteristic thoroughness and conscientiousness. If we are correct in the view that this nation is at the beginning of an era of remarkable material development, during which the questions of our politics will be mainly of an economic nature, General Garfield is exactly the man for the time. If, on the other hand, the solid South continues to give cause for sectional agitation beyond the next apportionment of representation in Congress, we may trust his steady republicanism and his broad views of the scope of national authority steadfastly to

maintain the results of the war as they affect the integrity of the Union and the equal citizenship of all its inhabitants.

The Chicago convention has therefore given the republicans a candidate who possesses in a remarkable degree the elements of popularity and availability, and who is peculiarly fitted by training, study, experience, and character for the high office of president of the United States. So fortunate a result has rarely come out of the conflict of local pride, personal feeling, selfish ambition, and low considerations of expediency which rages in all national nominating conventions, and goes under the euphemism of the "deliberations" of the body.

SOME AMUSING BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

PROFESSOR NORDENSKIÖLD has won for himself a high place among arctic explorers by his accomplishment of the northeast passage, a bit of navigation that had been often tried, and always in vain, during the last three centuries. The English were the first to make the attempt, in 1553. This expedition was fitted out under the care of Sebastian Cabot, and it sailed with Sir Hugh Wilbroughby as commander. He was found afterwards frozen to death along with his crew, while his companion, Chancellor, made his way to Russia. Chancellor was lost, however, in another expedition, and Stephen Burrough was unsuccessful a few years later. Arthur Pit had no better luck, and when the Dutch tried the experiment, which the English at last gave up, Henry Hudson failed three times. The Danes then took it up, but only to share the same fate. The Russians sent out eighteen expeditions to explore their northern coast, and especially the Kara Sea, which lies just to

the eastward of Nova Zembla, but they failed to accomplish much. In 1875-76, Nordenskiöld succeeded in exploring this sea, and this inspired him with renewed zeal for pushing on to Behring's Straits, his latest and greatest feat.

He believes that the voyage is a possible one for ships of commerce, but one ship in three hundred years would hardly tempt merchants to try many experiments with the Siberian markets. But whatever the commercial value of his voyage, it is most interesting to science, and the long training of the leading men enabled them to profit most fully by their advantages. This volume¹ by no means pretends to completeness, but it gives in compact form an intelligent outline of Nordenskiöld's life and work. He was well trained for scientific study, and it is curious to observe how far adventure and commerce become compara-

¹ *The Arctic Voyages of Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld. 1858-1879. With Illustrations and Maps.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

tively insignificant in undertakings like these to which Nordenskiöld has devoted himself, in comparison with what is done in the cause of science. From the beginning of his career as an explorer of Spitzbergen, Nordenskiöld has dedicated himself with enthusiasm to his work, and he has well won the admiration of the civilized world.

In short, his success is the result of long-continued, well-directed endeavor. His completion of the northeast passage was but the last step of a series of undertakings, all of which had been done with the utmost care. First, Spitzbergen was explored thoroughly; then gradually investigation extended itself further and further eastward, until the whole wild coast was, as it were, brought into order.

It is curious to read, as one of the incidents of arctic travel, that his ship arrived at the northern part of Behring's Straits only in time to be frozen in for the winter. The distinguished traveler himself said, "A single hour's steaming of the *Vega* at full speed had probably been sufficient to traverse this distance, and a day earlier the drift ice at this point, would not have formed any serious obstacle to the advance of the vessel;" but "a winter's meteorological and magnetical observations at this place, and the geological, botanical, and zoölogical researches which our being frozen in will give us an opportunity of prosecuting, are besides of sufficient interest to repay all the difficulties and troubles which a wintering involves." This extract makes Nordenskiöld's method clear, and satisfactorily accounts for his success.

Those who take an interest in Siberia, and who care to see what sort of country it is that Nordenskiöld has opened to the

world, will find a certain amount of information in the little volume that has been compiled for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, by Mr. Charles H. Eden.¹ This writer has carefully collected his facts from a number of authorities, and the reader will be strengthened in whatever patriotism he may have by gratitude for not being born in Northern Asia. The raw edges of civilization are unattractive places at the best, and it is a dreary picture that Mr. Eden draws, but it seems to be a faithful one. The little volume contains an interesting abstract of Nordenskiöld's last voyage. As interesting as any part is the account of the native races that are fading away before the advance of the Russian power.

Mr. W. Fraser Rae is one of the vast swarm of English tourists who have of late years been improving their minds by a brief visit to this country. When they get home again, they generally publish a book about their journeyings, recording the number of buffaloes they have shot, if they have gone far into the West, or describing the ways and manners of our fellow-citizens, if they have taken an interest in anything but sporting matters. Mr. Rae was here at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, and he describes with considerable humor some of the things he saw at Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston, and Saratoga, with an account of a hasty trip in Canada. His book² is sufficiently amusing from his lack of sympathy with our most cherished institutions. Thus in speaking of the Knights Templar, who visited Philadelphia at the time of his stay in that interesting city, he says, "It was difficult to believe that they were simple citizens of the republic, so grand was their appearance, and

¹ *Frozen Asia: A Sketch of Modern Siberia. Together with an Account of the Native Tribes inhabiting that Region.* By CHARLES H. EDEN, F. R. G. S., Author of *Australia's Heroes*, *China, Historical and Descriptive*, etc., etc. London: Society

for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New York: Pott, Young & Co.

² *Columbia and Canada. Notes on the Great Republic and the New Dominion. A Supplement to Westward by Rail.* By W. FRASER RAE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

so proud did they seem of their new clothes. As a rule, there is no more soberly dressed person than a citizen of the United States. A paternal Congress has forbidden a civilian to indulge in the vanity known as court costume, and has enjoined that when he attends a foreign court he shall wear ordinary evening dress. No restriction, however, is put upon the citizen donning any kind of military uniform he pleases, and this is said to be one of the reasons why the order of Knights Templar is attractive and popular in the United States. Its members have the further gratification of reading their names, with handles to them, in the newspapers; and when plain Brown, Jones, and Robinson see themselves in print as Sir John Brown, Sir Thomas Jones, Sir Joseph Robinson, they may experience the satisfaction of men who have made their mark."

"Till I beheld the Knights Templar, I had never realized the effect produced by entire regiments clad in the uniforms of general officers of the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. With cocked hats adorned with feathers upon their heads, embroidered trousers upon their legs, tunics round their bodies, their breasts being as thickly covered with ribbons and medals as the breasts of officers in the service of the Prince of Monaco, and with swords in their hands resembling the toy swords of children, these Sir Knights appeared to the simple-minded a splendid spectacle, and to the critic a set of guys."

It is only necessary to add to this the statement that the author speaks disrespectfully of the east wind that occasionally rages in Boston.

Mr. N. H. Bishop has a singular fondness for long voyages, in strange craft, through almost unknown waters, and he writes very interesting accounts of his mysterious trips. It is not long since

he published the story of a journey in a canoe along the Atlantic coast, and now he gives us the log of his passage down the Ohio and Mississippi, along the Gulf of Mexico, to the point in Florida where his previous trip had ended.² His vessel this time was what is called a sneak-box, a little skiff, much used by New Jersey sportsmen. His sneak-box was twelve feet long, four feet wide, and thirteen inches deep, weighing two hundred pounds. It has a spoon-shaped bottom and bow and a removable centre-board, and is what boating-men call stiff. It carries a mast ninety-eight inches high, with a boom ninety-six inches long and a sprit of the length of the mast. If the sail is not wanted, the mast can be unshipped, and then the craft may be propelled by rowing, though this is naturally slow work against a head-wind.

It was early in December, 1875, that Mr. Bishop started from Pittsburgh, Pa., and made his way through the ice-cakes as long as daylight lasted. He began at once, what he afterwards did habitually, to camp out in his little boat, which he moored somewhere on the shore. For food he was mainly dependent on what he carried with him in the shape of potted meats, canned fruits, etc., although at times he was driven to the society of man by stress of weather. The monotony of the trip was relieved by amusing adventures with the flat-boat-men who were traveling in the same direction, and with the inhabitants of the river-banks, all of whom were exceedingly interested in this boat and its owner.

Mr. Bishop adds to his book some valuable historical and statistical information, and he gives useful accounts concerning the natural history of the regions he visited. We can only regret that a man who has shown himself so good an explorer should not once more

¹ *Four Months in a Sneak-Box. A Boat Voyage of 2600 Miles down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and along the Gulf of Mexico.* By NATHANIEL

H. BISHOP, Author of *A Thousand Mile Walk across South America*, and *A Voyage of the Paper Canoe*. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

visit some really unknown region, and put his gifts to what may be called more genuine work.

The most striking thing about Miss Bird's very entertaining volume¹ is her indomitable energy and good spirits. From the moment that she appears on the scene, dressed so as to ride on a horse man-fashion, to the end of her book, where she is writing letters with her ink directly in front of the fire that it may escape freezing, one finds nothing but the utmost persistence and cheerfulness, in the face of obstacles that would surely break the spirits of less dauntless travelers. The severer the hardships she encountered, the happier she seems to have been. She very nearly tasted of perfect happiness when living with some "low-down" settlers, of the grim and silent kind, who were "thoroughly ungenial." "They wear boots, but two of one pair, and never blacked, of course, but no stockings. They think it quite effeminate to sleep under a roof, except during the severest months of the year." She climbed Long's Peak, and achieved perfect happiness at Estes Park, Colorado. She was snowed up in the middle of October: the thermometer fell to zero; the snow drifted through the chinks in the wall; and after a chilly dressing "we all sat in great cloaks and coats, and kept up an enormous fire, with the pitch running out of the logs." This was but a trifling adventure. She rode alone in the coldest weather, through snowstorms, over wild mountains. She found Denver too highly civilized for her comfort, and when, owing to the panic, she was unable to cash her circular notes, she returned to Estes Park, for a new experience of cold and hunger.

Her account of her deeds is certainly worth reading; a more extraordinary tale of adventure it would be hard to

find. The book is made up of letters written at the time, and they are as entertaining as they are curious. Great as was her interest in the people she saw in outlandish places, there is no doubt that she herself must have afforded a vast deal of pleasure to the inhabitants, who might in time become indifferent to the scenery and the misdeeds of ruffians.

Very little like Miss Bird's method of viewing the world is that which Mrs. Brassey describes so agreeably in her *Sunshine and Storm in the East*.² Mrs. Brassey has a steam-yacht at her command, with stewards, cabin cook and cabin-cook's boy, and a fore-castle cook with a fore-castle-cook's boy. Some of her voyages in the Mediterranean are what she has narrated in this volume. The first feeling that the reader has is one of intense envy for so delightful a method of traveling. For the ability to choose one's destination between Cyprus, Constantinople, Southern Spain, and Italy, and to be able to move about in such delightful quarters, are things that make one discontented with muddy streets and crowded horse-cars. When we have agreed that there could be no pleasanter method of traveling, and no more interesting part of this globe than the shores of the Mediterranean, there is no room for doubt about the charm of this volume. Of course, there are no new descriptions of the places visited,—at least, no formal descriptions, such as travelers of old times used to employ as a ballast for their light works,—but there is plenty of agreeable information about one place and another, and notably of Cyprus, concerning which there has been of late more curiosity than knowledge. The illustrations are numerous, and with but few exceptions good, most of them being from photographs taken by the travelers. One

¹ *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*. By ISABELLA L. BIRD, Author of *Six Months in the Sandwich Islands*, etc., etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879-80.

² *Sunshine and Storm in the East*; or, *Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople*. By MRS. BRASSEY, Author of *Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam*. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

thing the book infallibly suggests is wonder that more of the rich Americans, whose highest ambition seems to be to play hockey on horseback before a number of admiring ladies, do not put their yachts to some better use than sailing short races around a light-ship, when the wind is not blowing too hard. These accounts of Mrs. Brassey's serious and to a certain extent perilous voyages should make our lily-handed, pink-cheeked fresh-water yachtsmen ashamed of their timid trips from New York to Newport, through Long Island Sound, and back.

There is no doubt that Mr. J. Mortimer Murphy has sound views about sporting matters, and in his entertaining volume¹ he has given us a good deal of information about the game of the West, from grizzly bears to muskrats. Of late years there have been a good many books written about hunting in that region, but there is hardly one that has quite the practical value of this convenient volume. The general directions to sportsmen are valuable, and all that he has to say about the game is important. The book contains a number of interesting anecdotes of adventures, some comic, and some tragic enough. As to the way in which fur-covered animals are slaughtered by men who sell the skins, nothing need be said except that in a few years there will be nothing left to kill. The buffalo is disappearing, as well as the elk, moose, antelope, etc., the process of killing the goose with the golden egg keeping pace with the improvements in fire-arms. Meanwhile, however, Mr. Murphy's book tells us all that is to be known about the process, and he raises his voice against the present indiscriminate slaughter.

Another good book is Mr. F. A. Ober's

Camps in the Caribbees,² in which he describes his adventures in the Lesser Antilles, a region of the earth that is but little known to most of us. The author's object in taking this trip was to make ornithological discoveries in behalf of the Smithsonian Institute, and he did his work well. He brought back many rare birds, and he has described his experiences in getting them with the double zeal of an ornithologist and a hunter. Moreover, he tells in agreeable style all that he saw in these remote regions. His book is very pleasant reading, and is adorned with many engravings from Mr. Ober's photographs. An amusing chapter is the one in which he narrates his experiences with a number of monkeys, none of which he was heartless enough to shoot.

If Mr. Cox's reputation as a humorist were, geographically at least, less extensive, he could probably have written a better book than this *Search for Winter Sunbeams*,³ a second edition of which has just been given to the world. The book is made depressing reading by the fact that the author seems to have labored continually under the feeling that it was incumbent upon him to be funny, and in obedience to this sense of duty he frequently indulges in jests by the side of which grinning through a horse-collar is a serious and dignified occupation. If he had been content to be natural, his book would have been an interesting account of some still tolerably little-known regions, but he incessantly pokes us in the ribs, kicks at the tambourine, and reminds us by his forced merriment that he remembers his position as "end-man." When he is sensible he is readable, but when he is funny he is lamentable.

Mr. Oppert is not to blame that his

¹ *Sporting Adventures in the Far West*. By JOHN MORTIMER MURPHY. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *Camps in the Caribbees*. The Adventures of a Naturalist in the Lesser Antilles. By FREDERICK A. OBER. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1880.

³ *Search for Winter Sunbeams in the Riviera, Corsica, Algiers, and Spain*. By SAMUEL S. COX, Author of *The Buckeye Abroad, Eight Years in Congress*, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

book¹ about Corea has not more information concerning that unknown country. He evidently did his best to explore that inaccessible region, but in spite of his boldness and energy he was able to do extremely little in his three attempts. Naturally enough, travelers turn to any part of the world which has not yet been described, and Mr. Oppert, besides this reason, was anxious to see if Corea could not be brought into relations with civilization. At first, so far as the people were concerned, he seems to have been received with kindness. They were curious about these foreigners who had dropped down among them, and even the officials with whom they came in contact were personally agreeable, although they were obliged, by their position, to frown upon all attempts to explore the land. The second time he made the experiment was just after the outbreak against the French missionaries and their converts. It was at this time that Mr. Oppert had the curious experience of receiving some information about the survivors of the massacre from a native Corean, who wrote down what he had to say in Latin, which he had learned from the missionaries. The feeling against foreigners was only heightened by the taste of blood, and Mr. Oppert had no success. The third time had an even more unfortunate ending.

The author has amassed a good many statistics about the country and its inhabitants. He says, among other things, that he believes it to abound in mineral wealth. If he is right, the policy of exclusion which the government of Corea has hitherto maintained is pretty sure soon to disappear before the inroads of foreigners.

Mr. Arnold is fortunate in the choice of his subject,² for a great many people who are more or less familiar

with other parts of Europe have but the slightest knowledge, if any at all, of Pontresina and the Upper Engadine. In his book he gives the reader a certain amount of statistical information about this spot, and, what is better, he gives us, what statistics alone can never do, the air of the place, its scenery, the ways of the inhabitants, the manners of its visitors, and all the impressions of his visit there. The whole book is written in a humorous fashion that recalls to the reader Sir Francis Head's Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau, but Mr. Arnold's humor turns into something like venomousness when he has occasion to write about English people. International recrimination is quite as poor a thing as international flattery, with but this advantage, that it is generally much sincerer; and there seems to be but little profit in pointing out the faults of those who in traveling abroad, at least, are our neighbors. Still it cannot be denied that he sees the faults of the English people as they stand out in glaring prominence; but they should certainly receive credit for the way in which they try to alleviate the loneliness of journeyings by ready and interesting talk. We believe the chance traveler who declines to enter into conversation abroad is as likely to be one of our fellow-countrymen as an Englishman.

Besides the English, Mr. Arnold discusses the Etruscans, and on this subject he runs less chance of wounding delicate susceptibilities, unless they be those of the German who has written a book descriptive of alleged traces of the Etruscans in those remote regions. This book Mr. Arnold proceeds to controvert, and apparently he is perfectly successful. It is not only the traveler to the Engadine who will enjoy Mr. one Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

² *Gleanings from Pontresina and the Upper Engadine*. By HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

¹ *A Forbidden Land: Voyages to the Corea*. With an Account of its Geography, History, Productions, and Commercial Capabilities, etc., etc. By ERNEST OPPERT. With two Charts and twenty-

Arnold's humorous account of his travels; those of us who are too patriotic to spend our money in Europe will find pleasure in his humor.

The lady who has received so many blessings from her contemporaries under the name of Marion Harland, besides composing novels, has, like a great many other people, written a book¹ about her travels in Europe. Her book, too, is so much like a great many other books on this subject that there is no need of describing it at any great length. The journey was taken for the benefit of the author's impaired health, and the book contains much that cannot fail to be of practical value to invalids. Let them take warning from this lady's experience of a foreign cook's preparation of oat-

meal. After full and doubtless most lucid explanations of what was wanted, the irrepressible *chef* sent up this simple dish flavored with garlic.

Mr. A. Judd Northrup has written a very pleasant account of various excursions to the wilderness, and especially to the Adirondacks. The book² is a simple, readable, and evidently photographically true record of all the pleasures and easily forgotten misadventures of his experience. He does not omit to mention the mosquitoes and black flies, but he contrasts with them the trout and deer that also await the sportsman. Every lover of the woods, whether he be destined to pace the scorching sidewalk or to share the joys it describes, should read this volume.

PROFESSOR FISHER'S DISCUSSIONS.

THE recent debate occasioned by the call for an added endowment to the theological school connected with Harvard University turned in part upon the possibility of a scientific study of theology. To those whose notion of science is limited by the perceptions of the senses, nothing can be said; but if there are any who still regard theology as a mere field for unlimited speculation, outside of scientific methods, we commend to them Professor G. P. Fisher's recent collection of essays and reviews,³ as an excellent illustration of a treatment of theological subjects which is eminently scientific. The method which Professor Fisher employs in dealing with questions of history, belief, government and development in the religious domain, is

in no respect different from that which any candid student in natural science would employ. He postulates God and a divine order, but so does a student in nature postulate an origin and an order; if the facts with which he deals are facts in history and consciousness, they are no less facts than stones and bugs are facts. He may have his predilections for one order of church government over another, but we doubt if a reader unacquainted with his ecclesiastical connection would readily discover what they were beyond the fact that, in any case, they were in favor of an inclusive rather than an exclusive order. That he has a reverent attitude toward religious subjects only renders him a more competent historian and critic.

¹ *Loiterings in Pleasant Paths*. By MARION HARLAND, Author of *Common Sense in the Household*, etc. New York: C. Scribner's Sons. 1880.

² *Camps and Tramps in the Adirondacks, and Grayling Fishing in Northern Michigan*. A Record of Summer Vacations in the Wilderness. By

A. JUDD NORTHRUP. Syracuse, N. Y.: Davis, Bardeen & Co. 1880.

³ *Discussions in History and Theology*. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D.D., LL.D., Titus Street Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

When was it discovered that the naturalist was a surer guide who felt a contempt for the world he was surveying, or eyed every object presented to him with a doubt as to its right to exist?

We are saying that Professor Fisher treats his subjects impersonally and judicially, but it must not be inferred that his manner is indifferent, or, what is worse, patronizing. In a previous volume,¹ more strictly historical in its method, there was even better opportunity than is given here to mark the temper of the Christian scholar. He was called upon to display the historic connection between Christianity at its inception and the world of humanity which it has been reorganizing ever since. His task was no new one, and he did not attempt a novelty of treatment. Yet he gave to this familiar subject a freshness and value by the fairness with which he stated, it and the interest which as a student he took in so mighty a matter. There have been discussions of the planting of Christianity which would seem to imply that an order which has changed the current of the world's history was to be measured very much as the Mormon delusion or Shaker eccentricity might properly be measured. A scholarship which treats a great subject in a petty way shows itself incompetent to record, much less to judge in history. It professes to be impartial, but in reality has divested itself of the means of forming a judgment; it is like an attempt to judge Christianity as Celsus judged it, and reminds one of the school-master who, when the world was ringing with the sound of Frederick's victories, doubted if his majesty could conjugate a Greek verb in *mi*.

It is not the school-master who speaks in Professor Fisher. Everywhere there are the caution and prudence of the accurate scholar, but there is also the generosity of a catholic mind. His Discus-

sions, bringing together studies in various fields, include mainly three classes of topics: there is a group relating to the history, polity, and dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church; another of New England Theology; a third relating to Theism and Christian Evidences. These groups, though pointed out by the author in his preface, rather follow from the lines of his general study and interest than appear as the occasion of the volume. They do not, indeed, quite include all the papers, but it is of little moment that the book should have a specific unity; as the collected papers, on generally related subjects, of a wise student, they have sufficient justification. They range in point of original publication from 1867 to 1880, and, while the subjects discussed are none of temporary interest, it is a pity that in reprinting the author has not in some cases brought the discussion to date. In the paper, for example, on the Temporal Kingdom of the Popes, which was tolerably complete in 1867, we miss a full treatment of the very interesting movements since that date; in the same paper, by the way, we see scarcely any reference to the political recantation of Pius IX., whose short-lived liberalism gave rise to lively hopes.

The essays forming the first group are perhaps the most interesting, and as giving a Protestant examination of certain phases of Roman Catholicism are free from bitterness or unkindness. His interest in contemporary questions will quickly be perceived by the reader. Unlike many polemical writers of his own bias, he is capable of seeing that Romanism is not a fixed, immovable system, and he searches eagerly for signs of change from within it. His catholic spirit and his sagacity are both shown in the admirable words with which he closes his paper on the Old Roman Spirit and Religion in Latin Christianity.

¹ *The Beginnings of Christianity. With a View of the State of the Roman World at the Birth of*

Christ. By GEORGE P. FISHER, D. D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

We should be glad if we could quote more than these few passages :—

“Starting with these principles respecting the nature and use of symbolism, we are prepared to allow to Protestantism the liberty of conforming its ritual to the temperament, taste, and national peculiarities of the several peoples among whom it may be planted. . . . A rigid adhesion to a particular method of worship, when there are reasons for varying from it, is itself formalism, one of the principal evils against which Puritanism contended. A certain elasticity must be allowed in things external. The criterion is to ascertain what conduces to the edification of the flock, not in some foreign latitude, but in the place with respect to which the question is raised. Should the Protestant doctrines spread extensively in Latin countries, it is not impossible that forms of worship may arise specially consonant with the native characteristics of the inhabitants of those lands. There may arise a Latin Protestantism, different in its external features from Germanic Protestantism.” He shows more than once the abortive character of Old Catholicism in its reluctance to abandon the theory of a mediatorial priesthood. Again, in *The Temporal Kingdom of the Popes*, he says well : “It is on a believing, and not on a free-thinking, Protestantism that we must depend for a success that is to be enduring. It is requisite that deep and enlightened convictions of Christian truth, and a true love of the gospel as understood by Protestants, should spread among the people of Catholic countries. The church is founded not on Peter as an individual, but on Peter as a warm and sincere confessor of the faith that Jesus is the Son of God and Saviour of the world. With the progress of this faith, unencumbered by the traditions of men, the decline and fall of the papal system are linked. Political changes may be valuable auxiliaries, but it is easy to overestimate their importance.

. . . Every blow struck at one of the great churches is a blow struck at all, and at Christianity itself. The Roman Catholic and the Protestant have adversaries in common, who are far more distant from both than the Catholic and Protestant are from one another. The Catholic and Protestant profess the same Christian faith, important as the points of disagreement are between them. The adversaries attack this faith, and their attacks at the present day are mischievous and formidable. It is, therefore, suicidal as well as wrong for Protestants to join hands with indifferentism and irreligion, for the sake of weakening their ancient theological antagonist.”

In his papers on *New England Theology*, Professor Fisher writes with a freedom which personal knowledge, unhampered by partisanship, gives; and, while some of the discussions have rather a local than a general interest, his consideration of Channing's position appeals to all readers, and will carry force by its acuteness and judicious tone. His statement of what he calls the clew to the explanation of Channing's dissent from catholic theology is an admirable example of his breadth and decision. “The catholic theology,” he declares, “if I may venture to interpret its verdict, does not find in him and in his teaching, as a whole, that discernment of the *guilt* of sin, of that particular quality of evil-doing which may blanch the cheek and strike terror to the heart of even the prosperous criminal; which moved the publican to beat upon his breast; which makes the strong man bow his head in shame and trembling; and which pierced as a sharp arrow the souls of Augustine, Luther, Edwards, and the Apostle Paul. I have no wish to bring an accusation against Channing, or to magnify a defect. I simply seek to account for an antagonism which he himself and everybody else admits to exist. The catholic theology, once more, fails

to discover in Channing a sufficiently strong grasp of sin as a principle, revealing itself in multiform expressions or phenomena, entering into numberless phases of manifestation, exercising sway in mankind, and holding fast the will in a kind of bondage. . . . The moral malady is not explored to its sources; and hence the tendency is to treat it with palliatives. He is too much inclined to rely on education to do the work of regeneration."

It would be easy to cite many instances of Professor Fisher's catholicity and acumen. He proves in these two

volumes, as in his other works, better than any theoretical argument could, the possibility of a science of theology, catholic, scholarly, and unsectarian. Here and there among our students there are such men, and as a practical matter we are disposed to think they are of more service in the various divinity schools than if they could all be brought together under the walls of a single university. No school of theology can be hopelessly devoted to party which gives residence and occupation to such men as the author of these Discussions.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

WHEN the young die the fact of death is very reluctantly conceded. The will accepts it tardily, though the understanding has received it. The condition before death is canvassed afterward as earnestly as if hope of life still remained, and the inherent immortality of youth joined to our own resolution seems for a moment to check fate. The bitterness of death, then, is not at the moment of death, but when the fierce flame of life in us has died down. It is two years since Armitt Brown died. His memoir has been written, his four orations collected, and it is useless longer to try to believe that he is living here, except through an influence which this volume¹ may help to extend. It is part of the significance of his life that his college course was coincident with the war for the Union. He was a graduate of Yale in the class of 1865; while the young men who graduated as he entered were fighting for the country, he was preparing for that later contest, not yet closed, in which the idealism of youth is quite as conspicuously needed.

The memoir, in its earlier pages, sets before the reader a delightful picture of a generous, hearty boy, growing by natural degrees into self-possession and well-defined power of consciousness. The college life, stamped with the special mark of Yale characteristics, was not at all singular, nor was it unobserved or commonplace. It was followed by study of the law as a profession and by travel in Europe; in 1871 he settled to his work as a lawyer in Philadelphia, and the seven years which remained of his life were now crowded with professional, political, and social service.

He made his mark as a public speaker in December, 1872, when he responded for The Juniors of the Bar, at a dinner given by the Philadelphia bar to ex-Chief-Justice Thompson. In the short, melodious speech which he then made, he disclosed a rare power, which gave him at once a hearing among men whose ears were deaf to any mere achievement of rhetoric. He himself had only begun to feel the rising of his genius for

¹ *Memoir of Henry Armitt Brown, together with four Historical Orationes.* Edited by J. M.

HOPKIN, Professor in Yale College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

oratory, but he showed the make of his nature when he turned his power into a turbid political channel. A Citizens' Municipal Reform Association had recently been organized, to secure purity of elections and effect a change in the corrupt organization which was an unconnected part of the prevalent political immorality. He was identified with this movement from the outset. There was an evil to attack, and the young lawyer became a political knight. The power of speaking to a crowd was not a simple gift of nature, nor the product of careful art, but it was the character and purpose of an enthusiastic young American spending himself, without counting the cost, upon the nearest political duty, and using the weapon which he could wield most effectively. His political work, begun in his own city and upon municipal questions, extended and widened by a natural impulse. He was found in 1875 among the reformers in the Pennsylvania State election, and in March, 1876, he may be said to have opened the ball for the Bristow movement in his noble letter to the New York Tribune. He was a member of the Fifth Avenue Conference, and as delegate to the Cincinnati Convention, in June, made a stirring speech in behalf of a candidate who had character, capacity, and courage. When the campaign began he threw himself into it with extraordinary vigor, and no one Eastern man did more at the West to insure Hayes's election. He returned to Philadelphia again to take up the battle for municipal reform, in which he was recognized now as the leader. The sentences which closed his most important speech in that cause hint at the sources of power in him:—

"My countrymen: 'Time makes no pauses in his march.' The moments are swiftly passing, and you who make up this mighty multitude will presently have scattered to your homes. Great opportunities come but once, and stay

but a little while. Days quickly make the weeks, and soon this battle will be lost or won. Change is ever going on about us, and you who listen, and I who speak, shall in brief time pass from the stage on which we are to-day the actors, and our places be taken by our own children. Let it not then be written that while the sounds of your great festival still lingered in the air, ere yet that pleasant city which Penn founded, where Jefferson wrote, and Washington lived, and Franklin died, had filled her second century, self-government was already an outcast, and true liberty could find no stone to pillow her head. Let them rather say that then, as always, in every crisis of her history, though leaders were weak and parties wanting, the heart of the people did not falter, and the sons of those who had so often protected others still had the courage to protect themselves."

The names to which Brown appealed, the history which enrolled them,—these he used not for rhetorical effect, but because they were the weightiest arguments he knew. Running by the side of his political work was a series of notable achievements in oratory upon subjects more purely historical. The centennial celebration at Philadelphia owed its success not to any merely commercial considerations, nor to lively sentiment kept energetic through months and years, but chiefly to the solid national sentiment of men and women ably led. Brown was one of the leaders, and out of his enthusiasm came both executive labor, and that fine aid which his oratory could so well give. His address at Carpenter's Hall, September 5, 1874, on the anniversary of the meeting of the first Continental Congress, gave him a national reputation, and the three orations which followed—at Burlington, December 6, 1877, at Valley Forge, June 19, 1878, and at Freehold nine days later, but, alas, not from his lips—are incontestable evi-

dences, as they stand upon the printed page, of his remarkable skill in grouping historical events, his insight into sources of political life, and, above all, of his glowing and lofty patriotism. His rich voice and impassioned delivery are but a shadow to the reader of these orations.

It is easy for one, with the help of Professor Hoppin's memoir, to catch a glimpse of the social and domestic life which Brown led, and the letters and passages from his diary offer clear pictures of his rare nature. There were the beginnings, in all that one reads, of a large and impressive life, and it seems impossible for one, whether he knew him personally or not, to withhold the offering of praise and affection. Yet what Brown might have done, had he lived, affects us less than what he actually did. Ben Jonson's noble lines rise to our lips when we think of him:—

"In small proportions we just beauty see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

The life of the country at this day is not so dramatic as in the time of war, but Brown's career is as signal an example of devotion to country in peace

as was that of any brilliant, regretted young soldier. He had seen men like himself die for their country, and, wanting that opportunity, used what was given to him, and lived for her. He had the old and noble passion of patriotism, and if he did not buckle on his sword, it was because there was no enemy to be assailed in that way. There was an enemy in the corruption of public life, and there were no more fatal blows dealt it than those which came from Brown's fervid lips and untiring mind. His patriotism was fed from the higher streams, and the force of his nature rose to an equal height. If it be said that no country need despair which can point to the rolls of her battles and show the names of her noblest young men, it can be said with equal truth that the devotion to public civil life of such men as Brown marks the possibility of a greatness in politics as heroic and glorious as any that can be shown in war. The inspiration of this life comes to one with a power unsurpassed by that which one feels when he stands before the tablets of the dead in our memorial halls.

NATURAL SCIENCE AND RELIGION.¹

THERE are theological creeds and there are scientific creeds.

One scientific creed in its essential elements runs as follows:—

"I believe in the great age of the world; the existence of a susceptibility to variation in living forms; the action of natural selection, in aid of a grand scheme of development from the lower to the higher; and the continuity between the vegetable and animal kingdoms."

Another creed differs from this only in not expressing a belief in a supernatural scheme of development. And still another creed, which may be denominated the guarded scientific creed of the trinitarian theologian, runs as follows:—

"I believe in the great age of the world, with sentiments of respect still for the first chapter of Genesis. I believe that each species of living form is a separate creation, and that the Creator

¹ *Natural Science and Religion*. Two Lectures delivered to the Theological School of Yale Col-

lege. By ASA GRAY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

from time to time has filled the earth with new forms of life."

The first of these creeds, we gather from his lectures, is that of Dr. Gray. In one place he says: "The great antiquity of the habitable world and existing races gave some anxiety fifty years ago, but is now, I suppose, generally acquiesced in, — in the sense that existing species of plants and animals have been in existence for many thousands of years; and as to their associate, man, all agree that the length of his occupation is not at all measured by the generations of the biblical chronology, and are awaiting the result of an open discussion as to whether the earliest known traces of his presence are in quaternary or in the latest tertiary deposits."

In another sentence he speaks of the change of view in which the Bible is now regarded. At one time it was held that Holy Scripture must speak with authority on points of natural science which occurred in its context. At the present time the most that is claimed is that the teachings of Scripture and science are not incompatible. And the lecturer states his belief that "the fundamental note of the Old Testament is the declaration of one God, maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible, — a declaration which, if physical science is unable to establish, it is equally unable to overthrow." Leaving the dangerous ground of theological discussion, however, Dr. Gray passes to a discussion of purely scientific beliefs. His own studies have been largely upon the continuity between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Movements of plants which could not be explained by the action of heat or of elasticity, and which closely resembled the movements of the lower forms of animal life, early attracted his attention. He expresses his conviction that "the animal and vegetable lines, diverging widely above, join below in a loop. At one

time cellulose, which makes up the bulk of a vegetable, was thought to be peculiar to the vegetable kingdom, but it is now found to enter into "the fabric of certain animals not of the very lowest grade." Chlorophyll, also, which constitutes the green of leaves, is found in sea anemones and planarias, "which are as certainly animals as are oysters and clams." It has been discovered, moreover, that chlorophyll performs the same office — that of decomposing carbonic acid and evolving oxygen gas — in the case of the green leaf and in that of the lower forms of animal life. Next, the digestive organs of plants are alluded to, especially in the case of *Dionæa* and *Drosera*. The latter plant, which is common along our northern sea-coast, and is found in abundance at Mt. Desert, digests flies which alight upon its sticky leaves, and the *Dionæa* is capable of movements which can imprison a restive fly securely in its trap-like leaves.

The movements of tendrils of plants are likened to certain actions of animals, and, rising from the observed facts to a broad generalization, Dr. Gray shows that both plants and animals are alike in their function of storing up energy at the expense of the sun, and the doctrine of the conservation of energy binds them together in a close relationship. He traces the building up of cell walls, the growth of component cells, and the continued structure which is "animated and operated by a common life of higher grade than that of any of its components." There is no doubt that the author of these lectures is thoroughly imbued with the doctrine of development. The lowest animals differ from vegetables only in greater capability of motion; the higher animals are superior to the lower in possessing a greater range of "unconscious feeling;" and man rises above the brutes in his gift of reflective reasoning. "The beginning of organization is individuation, or

tendency to individualize. The completed self is man."

Dr. Gray then touches upon the mooted point of successive creation of species, and leaves no doubt of his belief in the opposed doctrine of development. At one time, not very remote, species were supposed to be absolutely fixed, and to have descended to us from the time of Noah's Ark. This belief has been gradually changing. Once the capacity to interbreed was the criterion of species, but now it is found that this test is of use only in the "discrimination of the higher grade of varieties from species. Now, in fact, some varieties of the same species will hardly interbreed at all; while some species interbreed most freely, and produce fully fertile offspring." In the absence of any true test, naturalists have gradually come to the conclusion "that species as well as varieties were natural developments." Dr. Gray alludes to the fact, also spoken of by Darwin, that Dr. Wells, the author of the theory of dew, while resident in America, hit upon the idea of natural selection. The reader will perceive from these lectures that natural selection is no longer a hypothesis or a theory. It is the expression of a number of observed facts, or, as the author says, "it is a truth of the same kind as that we enunciate in saying that round stones will roll down hill further than flat ones." The hypothesis based upon natural selection is that the operation of the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest accounts for the rise and ramifications of living forms, and the progress from lower forms to higher. It is shown that the hypothesis says nothing upon the question of the introduction of life, but concerns itself only with the development of forms which we can study. Here a direct issue is made with those who invoke miracles to account for the introduction of new species. The lecturer treats his audience tenderly here, but leaves no

doubt of his conviction that the doctrine of evolution contains a higher and grander conception of deity than can be held by those who believe in successive creations. Those who are impelled to preach upon natural selection and Darwinism would do well to read the portions of the lectures which carefully define the meaning of these expressions; for there is much looseness of interpretation of them in the pulpit. In the first place, we have a tendency to variation. This tendency to variation gives us natural selection, and natural selection leads to Darwinism proper, which endeavors to explain why we have species.

Another interesting point of Darwinism Dr. Gray touches upon, but does not commit himself to, namely, "that the variation of plants and animals, out of which so much comes, is indefinite or all-directioned and accidental." Darwin believes that this assumption is warranted by the facts. It is evident that if the tendency to variation is indefinite the result will be many-sided, and will radiate according to no fixed laws. Dr. Gray thinks that since it is generally agreed that the variation is from within, and is in answer to certain external impressions, the connection between these external impressions and the internal response must constitute certain laws of limit. He also deprecates the idea, entertained by many, that Darwinian evolution is a function of the time,—in other words, that the variation must take place among all existing species, and must be connected in some way with the time. "Evolution," he quotes, "is not a course of hap-hazard and incessant change, but a continual readjustment, which may or may not, according to circumstances, involve considerable changes in a given time." The mind of a physicist connects the conclusions of Dr. Gray in relation to the action of variation with the new theories in conservation of energy which

deal with chemical equilibrium. In the concluding lines of the first lecture there is an eloquent plea for broad views of our kinship with the varied lower forms of life about us. "We are sharers not only of animal but of vegetable life,—sharers with the higher brute animals in common instincts and feelings and affections. It seems to me that there is a sort of meanness in the wish to ignore the tie." When we read these words, we are reminded of the touches of sympathy for the brute creation in that fine poem of Arnold, *The Light of Asia*. Thus it is that the broad sympathies of the naturalist and of the poet unite in one stream.

In the second lecture, *On the Relations of Scientific to Religious Belief*, dogmatism and bigotry, though not referred to by name, are delicately and happily contrasted with the attributes of an open and receptive mind. There is one sentence in this lecture which expresses the difficulty a scientific man has in getting upon a common ground of interchange of opinions with the unscientific sectarian. This sentence runs as follows: "The proofs upon which both biological and theological investigations have to rely are largely probabilities, some of a higher, some of a lower order, and much that is accepted for the time is taken on trial or on *prima facie* evidence. Much is or should be held under suspense of judgment, a state of mind eminently favorable to accurate investigation. As to those who can forthwith assort the contents of their minds into two compartments, one for what they believe and the other for what they disbelieve, neither their belief nor their denial can be of much account."

Dr. Gray shows that modern physical conceptions of states of matter rest upon the same degree of faith as ultimate religious ideas. No one ever saw an atom; yet we are led by various facts to build up a hypothesis which is daily on trial in our laboratories. Many facts

tend to prove the existence of a subtle ether whose properties are entirely different from a gas in any condition of which we have knowledge. We have faith in our belief, for many lines of reasoning tend to prove the existence of atoms and the ether. No one can rigidly prove the existence of a God, as one can prove a geometrical proposition. No one can prove the existence of an atom by steps free from assumption; yet there are higher methods of reasonable proof than are contained in any one school of human philosophy. The highest mathematical analysis breaks away from the thralldom of Cartesian coördinates, and deals with probabilities. The difficulty which a scientific man has in addressing the non-scientific sectarian is therefore very great. There is a wide-spread desire for expressions of authority in religious teachings. This longing for something definite, something which breathes of authority, something which puts to rest anxious doubts and fears, constitutes the stronghold of many sects. The scientific man finds very few who can tread the heights where he leads, and can balance themselves even for a moment where he has learned to walk with an open mind. In the progress of development men and women may be found who can acquire a balance of philosophical faith which can guide and illumine their path through this life of doubts and perplexities; but the average man and woman cannot obtain this philosophical basis; they feel themselves safe only under the teachings of authority. We therefore doubt whether the utterances of a scientific man, however reverential they may be, can be put in a form which will not be criticised by some of the religious organs of the day.

The acceptance of authority cramps the reasoning powers on the points at issue between religion and science. One critic objected to the lectures of Dr. Gray on the ground that they implied

that God needed rest after having made the world, and therefore had not set things right from time to time. The want of maturity of thought in such criticism as this is very evident. Yet from the reasons which we have already given, such want of acumen must be expected.

A late critic attacks Dr. Gray's metaphysics, and attempts to show that he is afraid to relinquish the doctrine of supernatural interference in favor of "the fundamental principle of modern science that every event has, and has ever had, its adequate physical consequent since the beginning." This indisposition to relinquish the doctrine of interference, taken with Dr. Gray's avowed belief in miracles, is thought by the critic to destroy the force of the argument which the lectures were written to set forth. A metaphysician can perhaps find points to attack in these lectures; but we question if intellectual culture in its broadest sense would gain more by detecting logical fallacies in these lectures — limited, necessarily, in scope by the exigencies of time and place — than by accepting the frank, spontaneous testimony of a great naturalist of a belief working within him, which he finds not to be inconsistent with what science reveals. We have personally no trust in the power of metaphysicians to set scientific men and theologians aright. It must be recognized that the religious stronghold is in faith and reliance upon a spiritual faculty which is more or less developed in every human creature. Every thinking man knows that there is within him this faculty for growth in spiritual things. On the other hand, rigid methods of proof form the basis

of all secure advance in science: sentiment is put aside, and faith must be supported by experiments the truth of which every one can test. Dr. Gray is a receptive man, and believes in the possibility of both religious and scientific growth. To a metaphysician his utterances may not tally with any system of logic; but how can there be materials for the metaphysician to readjust from a logical point of view when science is in its infancy, and we do not know whether there may not be a break in the present order of things? We are ignorant of the mechanical equivalents of men's thoughts. Psychology to-day has no system of absolute measurements, and Dr. Gray can be pardoned, from the present state of our ignorance, in retaining a belief in miracles, or in certain forms of supernatural interference, at the same time that he gives the reasons of his belief in the theory of the conservation of energy and the development theories of the day, as far as he perceives them to be operative.

The strength of these lectures is, we repeat, in their exposition of the attitude of Darwin as an attitude of suspense of judgment; in their clear presentation of the continuity of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. While the metaphysician cannot reconcile the glow of religious faith evidenced in this book with the scientific logic set forth, the true worker in science, who realizes the marvelous power given to man to develop in all directions, spiritually as well as intellectually, will recognize a fullness and receptiveness in the lecturer which will have its force, and cannot be supplanted by the limited results of the limited reasonings of any school of philosophy.

ITALIAN POETRY.

MR. SYMONDS'S two volumes,¹ already well known as published in England, are a collection of essays mainly on Italian subjects, most of them first written for the Cornhill Magazine and the Fortnightly Review. In a certain sense, this is a book of travels, and yet between this and the old-fashioned book of travels there is a vast difference. The enlargement of the functions of our newspapers and the increased ease of communication have both done their part in working this change in what is written about foreign countries. If there is a great occasion, such as the Ober-Ammergau play, we hear of it not from the published journal of a chance traveler, but from the "special correspondent;" while the picturesque incidents of travel are reduced to a minimum by the railway and the telegraph. A comparison of what Mr. Symonds has to say of the ruins at Syracuse and Girgenti and of Palermo with Mr. Patrick Brydone's account of the same places in his *Tour through Sicily and Malta*, published just one hundred years ago, makes it plain that it was far easier then than now to write what was readable and new about foreign parts. The adventures which befell the travelers, their entertainment by various great people, — notably by the clergy at Girgenti, who all, from the bishop down, became disgracefully drunk on the occasion, — fill the greater part of Brydone's entertaining book, the interest of which culminates in a description of the festival of Saint Rosalia at Palermo, far beyond the powers of the "special correspondents" of to-day. In place of such an account of personal adventures, with scattered reflections upon the monuments, the people, their history and their

literature, Mr. Symonds has written upon these various themes a number of careful essays, each of which may profitably be read out of connection with the rest.

Adopting the rough classification of the title, we will consider first the sketches, and then the studies. In the sketches is given a description of various places and works of art which the author has visited and studied. The places are, for the most part, off the beaten track of tourists, such as Bergamo, Cremona, and Orvieto. The studies are upon historical, literary, and æsthetic subjects, too numerous and various to summarize. In the sketch of a town Mr. Symonds first strives to call it up before the mind by an effective description, and then carries the reader with him to see its great monuments and pictures, telling also of the striking names and events which fill its past. Of Amalfi he gives a most vivid picture, as follows: "The houses are all dazzling white, plastered against the naked rock, rising on each other's shoulders to get a glimpse of earth and heaven, jutting out on coigns of vantage from the toppling cliff, and pierced with staircases as dark as night at noonday. Some frequented lanes lead through the basements of these houses; and as the donkeys pick their way from *stêp* to step bare-chested macaroni-makers crowd forth to see us strangers pass. A myriad of swallows or a swarm of masonbees might build a town like this."

In his account of historical persons Mr. Symonds is equally vivid. One of the most interesting chapters is that on Como and the pirate-prince, whose brother became Pope Pius VI., and whose sister was the mother of Saint

¹ *Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe*. By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, Author of *Studies*

of the Greek Poets, etc. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

Carlo Borromeo, while he himself was variously known as Il Medeghino Gian Giacomo de' Medici and the Marquis of Marignano. It is in what he writes of the art of Italy that Mr. Symonds seems to be least effective; not because he finds fault with things recognized as the greatest, but because he has chosen things of minor importance for mention in these pages. This, no doubt, is due in part to the fact that he has very properly sought to write on unhackneyed topics; but, allowing for this, surely the pages devoted to Correggio's frescoes at Parma might have been fewer, and thus have left room for some account of the frescoes in the church of St. Francis at Assisi. And, more than this, the works of art on which our author's great power of description is lavished are very apt to be of the later time; he seems fond of dwelling upon the overwrought detail in Renaissance work, though he himself says that much of the Renaissance art is "worth more for its decorative detail than for its constructive design."

The many studies of literature which these volumes contain show that literature is the field where our author is most completely at home. Indeed, the three chapters on English Blank Verse, added by way of an appendix, will seem to many almost the best part of his book. Nowhere have the supreme merits of Shakespeare's versification been more clearly and appreciatively pointed out; and Milton's periods are here most triumphantly defended against Dr. Johnson's ponderous attacks. All that is required to justify these great poets is that their verses should be read with reference to the meaning and connection, in place of making emendations and changes to suit the over-refined ears of Pope's admirers. In the essays on Popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance and on the Orfeo of Poliziano, the reader finds copious translations of Poliziano's poetry, with a commentary which by no means overpraises that scholarly trifter.

Unfortunately, even Mr. Symonds's skill cannot adequately reproduce the slender charm of a writer like Poliziano. The worth of his poetry lies completely in the way in which he expresses things in themselves hardly worth saying, in the skill and taste displayed in fitting together turns of expression and thoughts, which are borrowed most frequently, perhaps, from Virgil and the later Latin poets, but very often, too, from Dante or from Guido Guinicelli and other early Italians. If Poliziano was satisfied with the manner in which he had expressed himself, he was capable of losing all sense of appropriateness, and would drag in his musical *tour de force* at any point; and this is the best proof that he hardly bestowed a thought upon what he was saying. Certain musical lines on the inconstancy of woman, to be found in his Stanze per la Giostra, reappear in the lament of Orpheus over the loss of Eurydice, whom he had but just won from the domain of Pluto. Their effect in this new context is simply ludicrous, and it is not surprising that Mr. Symonds, though he did not notice where these lines were taken from, should complain, in speaking of the whole of Orpheus's lament, that the poet "fails to dignify" his hero's grief.

If the Orfeo of Poliziano hardly deserved the pains which Mr. Symonds bestowed upon its translation, the same is by no means true of the popular ballads reproduced in the chapter on Popular Songs of Tuscany. What could be simpler and more winning than these lines?

"Grind, miller, grind; the water's deep!
I cannot grind; love makes me weep.
Grind, miller, grind; the waters flow!
I cannot grind, love wastes me so."

One of the most entertaining of these studies is on Two Dramatists of the Last Century. It is a contrast between Alfieri and Goldoni, founded upon their autobiographies, which culminates as follows:—

"These two scenes would make agreeable companion pictures: Goldoni staggering beneath his wife across the muddy bed of an Italian stream,—the smiling writer of agreeable plays with his half-tearful helpmate, ludicrous in her disasters; Alfieri mad with rage among Parisian Mænads, his princess quaking in her carriage, the air hoarse with cries, and death and safety trembling in the balance." The essay on Antinous and the one on Lucretius are most excellent and solid contributions to our knowledge. The account of the worship of Antinous is particularly thoughtful, and the essentially Roman traits of Lucretius are most appreciatively set forth.

Speaking broadly of the style in which these essays are written, it should be said that Mr. Symonds's very exceptional command of English, which so constantly makes his work attractive, sometimes has the opposite effect; the language occasionally seems to outstrip the thought,

as in the following passage written of the Baglioni at Perugia:—

"From the balconies and turrets of these palaces, swarming with their *bravi*, they surveyed the splendid land that felt their force,—a land which, even in midsummer, from sunrise to sunset, keeps the light of day upon its upturned face." Again, at the beginning of a most interesting and instructive chapter upon Rimini, Mr. Symonds speaks of the story of Francesca da Polenta as "known not merely to students of Dante, but to readers of Byron, . . . to all, in fact, *who have of art and letters any love*." But whatever flaws may be found in them, these essays make every one who reads them look forward with pleasure to new work from Mr. Symonds, and rekindle in those who have seen it a yearning to revisit "the fair land where the *Sì* doth sound," while they open a new world to those who have not traveled there.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE Atlantic for April, 1860, contained an article (entitled *Come si Chiama?*) on the names of American towns. At that time there were some ten thousand places, cities, towns, and villages, on the census return for 1850. The United States Postal Guide now contains the names of thirty-nine thousand three hundred and twenty-five post-offices. There are only about half that number of names for use in distinguishing them. If mere nominal differences be overlooked, where the variation is in the mode of writing, as Flat Woods, Va., and Flatwoods, Pa., or the adding of *s* apostrophized, as Foster and Foster's, the names would be less than one half the places. The postmaster-general has therefore issued an official circular re-

questing the use of the county names. But for the two thousand five hundred and sixty-seven counties are provided only one thousand four hundred and fifty-five names. Some popular names are found in half the States of the Union.

Since the article of 1860, much has been done to correct the evil. There were then *one hundred and thirty-eight* towns named Washington. There are now but *twenty-six* post-offices so entitled. The same is true of other names, then popular, that they have been reduced in like proportion.

But the poverty of invention then complained of remains. Many of the names are not names at all. They are simply appellations. They might be

borne by a ship or a horse or a locomotive with more fitness than by a town.

For instance, all proper names of persons. The classic names which perpetuated the founder or the founder's favorite showed by the grammatical termination what was meant. Alexandria or Antiochia was the city of Alexander or Antiochus, Cæsarea the city of Cæsar. The name recorded a fact. It may be pretentious for Mr. Smith or Mr. Dodge to call his new factory village Smithville or Dodgeopolis, but it is legitimate. Smith or Dodge is the real *conditor urbis*, and has as good right to say so as had Nimrod or Belus.

But if patronymics are objectionable, given names are more so. The Postal Guide shows how deeply we have sinned in this particular. Under the letter A alone are more than thirty, beginning with Aaron and Abel, and ending with Aubrey and Aucilla.

Again, names belonging to countries or natural features are unfit. What is the sense of calling a town Europe, or America, or Andes, or Australia, or Italy, or Ireland? Yet this has been done repeatedly, as the Postal Guide shows.

There is no good reason for applying to petty places the names of famous cities and towns abroad. There is one exception, which is justifiable on the ground that it records a fact, namely, that the settlers of the new town came from the old. Thus, in my former paper I was puzzled over the title High Spire. A correspondent informed me that it was the corruption of Neu Speyers, — New Speyers, — from the famous Rhine-land city.

Scriptural names were once highly significant; but repeated they lose all their meaning, and become as distasteful as when the good New Englanders bestowed on their children names taken at random from the Bible, regardless whether they were of prophets or of apostates, of martyrs or of malefactors.

The classic fever which led to the baptism of so many unhappy towns, notably in Western New York, has died out. But names taken from modern literature, as *Ivanhoe*, *Waverley*, *Highland Mary*, *Don Juan*, are not much better.

Also, there is a class of names which seem borrowed from the sheet music which lies on the pianos of rural inns, such as *Hazel Dell*, *Sunny Dale*, *Glen Julia*, and the like.

Then there are names chosen mainly for the sound. Thus I find in the Postal Guide *Ambrosia*, *Alpharetta*, *Animosa*, *Alexandriana*, *Amicolola*, *Alpha*, *Beta*, *Delta*, *Kappa*, *Omega*, *Caverna*, *Colita*, *Robious*, *Noverta*, *Padora*, *Omro*, *Ora*, *Orel*. There are quaint names with a meaning, such as *Accident*, *Recklesstown*, *Troublesome*, *Difficult*, *Disputanta*, *Discord*, *Antiquity*, *Agenda*, *Alert*, *Alembic*, *Arcana*, *Arcanum*, *Harmonious*, *Jollytown*, *Jolly*, *Industry*, *Glad Tidings*, *Good Intent*, *Gravity*, *Mirabile*, *Mutual Love*, *Energy*, *Liberty*, *Effort*, *Equality*, *Eminence*, *Justice*, *Enterprise*, *Modest Town*, *Clear Grit*, *Sublimity*, *Temperance*, *Tolerance*, *Bird in Hand*, *Blowout*, *Bargaintown*, *Cash-town*, *Businessburg*, *Pay Down*, *Convenience*, *Congruity*, *Day Book*, *Buyers-town*, *Competition*, *Compensation*, *Confidence*, *Concert*. Form is represented by *Angle*, *Acme*, *Apex*, *Ogee*, *Oblong*; architecture by *Fan-Light* and *Cupola*; Latin grammar by *Amo*, *Amor*, *Esto*, *Novi*, *Ira*, *Cela*, *Caput*, *Strata*, and *Caro*. Mythology appears as *Lethe*, *Medusa*, *Saturn*, *Ceres*, *Juno*, *Clio*, *River Styx*. *Cleon* and *Denos* suggest *Aristophanes*. There are unsavory names, too, as *Graball* and *Bangall*, *Muck*, *Drain*, *Cuthand*, *Cut Shin*, *Catarrh*, *Dirt-Town*, *Dismal*, *Bogus*, *Saw-Dust*, *Frost*, *Hurricane*, *Cyclone*, *Fussville*, *Poverty Hill*, *Raub*, *Trickum*.

There are names without meaning or euphony, as *Ari*, *Alzey*, *Anso*, *Baloil*, *Bashi*, *Busti*, *Canni*, *Chilo*, *Chino*, *Cul-*

drum, Drenthe, De Turksville, Elo, Elrod, Eucutta, Gardi, Cisne, Hahira, Hico, Harthegig, Hiko, Hika, Lapidum, Inkpa City, Jadden, Leopaa, Marak, Moe, Mattawoman, Gonic, Medybemps, Nurey, Nuzums, Pysht, Clitherall, Slagle, Speonk, Squak, Skagit, Zif, and Zig. There are compound titles, also odd, as Cob Moo Sa, Coinjock, Bonduel, O. K., O. Z., Jay Eu, Ni Wot, Ty Ty, Nola Chucky, Dragonsville, Colehour, Gap Civil, U Bet, Shoo Fly, Funny Louis, Happy Jack, Board Tree, Calf Killer, Birthright, Blowzit, Old Brother, Keep Tryst, Loyalsock, Lucky Queen, Sir John's Run, and Chismville. Some of these are, as Sir Thomas Browne says, "capable of a wide solution," if one knew where to look for it.

Laurel Bloomery would do fairly, if one could recognize the bad English of the termination, though Creamery is getting itself naturalized; but the names which belong to times of day, as Sunrise, Sunset, Daylight, etc., are hardly legitimate. There are many names of saints, some two or three hundred. These are historical. They mark first a settlement by French or Spanish pioneers, and next a possible clew to the date as found in the saint's day whose name the place bears. But where in the calendar is one to find St. Tammany? Tammany is regarded as the English or Dutch corruption of the Indian Sachem, Miantonomoh, who certainly was never canonized. Yet a county in Louisiana bears that name. Saint Gilman and Saint Wendell look suspiciously like a bit of Protestant beatification. Also, St. Jo and St. Joe are hardly reverent enough for formal appellations, though permissible in colloquial use. There are traces of other religious or philosophic proclivities which are characteristic; thus Laud and Calvin, and some sympathizer with the French Revolution has Ça Ira. But Philomath and Catharpin, this last a nautical term, require explanation. Selah, which puzzles read-

ers of the Psalms, is more puzzling as the name of a town.

But one marked feature of this nomenclature is the repetition of popular names. Paradises, Edens, appear by the dozen. Names like Auburn and Melrose are everywhere. In 1850 there were *fourteen* Newports, now there are *twenty-two*. Apropos of the confusion this makes, I once came to the Hartford station with a fellow-traveler. On one side of the building was a train bound north, on the other one bound east. He was going to Newport, Lake Memphremagog; I to Newport, R. I. He, with American brevity, said, "Check for Newport." Why I suspected a mistake I forget now, but I did, and interposed just in time to save his trunk from going astray, and was duly grumbled at for my officiousness by everybody but the proprietor, and he was too busy in anathematizing the confusion of names to notice me. Like Dean Ramsay's hero, "he did na sweer at onything in parteecular, but juist stude in ta middle of ta road and swoor at lairge." Dean Stanley lost a day of his hurried trip by going to Concord, N. H., for Concord, Mass.

It is not always fair to transfer names from the old States to the new. Thus Charter Oak and Plymouth Rock are both found in Iowa, and this is a manifest wrong to history. The historian of 1979 may be much bewildered in his facts.

Now it is evident that the post-office department has tried to do something to correct this reduplication, and has partly succeeded. In 1850, presidential names abounded. Out of ten thousand names, over *five hundred*, more than *one twentieth* of the whole, were divided among *nine* presidents. This list has been greatly cut down. Still, vast confusion remains. The Burlingtons, Springfields, Salems, Cambridges, are manifold.

The English way of distinguishing in such cases is to append a title, as Har-

row-on-the-Hill, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and New York State has sensibly followed this by Hastings-on-the-Hudson, etc. Might not the department enact that the oldest town of a name should keep its title, and all the rest either change, or put on a distinguishing surname? The newest comer should be required, under penalty of lacking postal facilities, to drop the reduplicated name, and to adopt one unappropriated. Perhaps, in view of the post-offices which will be, ere this paper sees the light, probably forty thousand, this may not be easy.

It was once the case that human beings were called by some name which denoted their personal peculiarity. This passed away, either because names or because peculiarities were exhausted. The supply fell short of the demand. All parents and sponsors had not the inventive genius of the mother who presented her infant at the font as Cular Semira, informing the rector that "she made the name up out of her own head." One would think she had been at the christening of some of the above-named towns.

I think there is a principle which should rule the matter. The mark of locality should, if possible, be upon the names of a section. When one hears an English name for the first time, it is generally possible to guess the quarter of the island to which it belongs. Thus, nobody would put Trewartha in Yorkshire, or Thirsk in Cornwall. Where the Indian names have been kept, the same is true of this country. Eufala, Alabama, are quite unlike the many-consonanted jaw-breakers of Maine.

The local names of natural objects vary with each section. I notice the word Glaze in several Western names. I presume it is from the French *glaise*, potter's clay. It is a good local title, and implies French discoverers at once and what they found. Where they can be, Indian names should be retained.

The worst of them can hardly be as bad and meaningless as Globe or Cosmos. Where they cannot be kept, they may be translated. Failing this source, why not fall back upon the archaic form of the English name already in use? Thus, Birmingham the second might be required to take the Saxon form of Bromwich-ham, still preserved, by the way, in the popular Brummagem. There is an instance of this in the Connecticut Killingworth, named by first settlers after their native Kenilworth, but pronounced according to local use.

There is a usage somewhere, when new townships are made out of parts of two old ones, of combining the names, and the effect is not always unhappy: thus Waterbury, in Connecticut, out of Watertown and Woodbury. Here is a historical fact preserved in a shape which can survive the loss of town records.

It is sometimes said that this continent has no history. In a certain sense this is true. It has had no infancy, no childhood. Its civilization came over ready-made in the Mayflower and Half-Moon, and still exists in the shape of antique furniture enough to load Noah's Ark to the water lines. But that is the more reason for preserving what history there is. Names of places are history's landmarks. And since a name once given is like a label pasted on a trunk, not easily gotten off again, it is simply an outrage to allow the caprice of an early pioneer to affix to a town a title which shall ever after be hateful in the ears of its citizens. Let the reader look back over the lists given (and these are but a few of the weeds pulled up from the parterre), and think of himself writing many of them after his name in a hotel register, or being greeted by Mr. Speaker as the honorable gentleman from, say, Squak.

I do not know where the ultimate power of reform resides. I only do know, on comparing the present Postal

Guide with the census report of 1850, that a great reform has been partly accomplished.

If it is in the power of the post-office department absolutely to correct the evil, — which can hardly be the case, — I suggest that it is still a flagrant one. If it is not, then I ask, What pressure can be brought to bear upon recalcitrant towns? How can Burlington, Vt., Burlington, N. Y., and Burlington, Iowa, for instance, decide their claims?

Some force there should be, and, as in certain cases mentioned above, rebaptism seems particularly needful. I have ventured to try what a dip in the Atlantic may do.

— But few things, in the opinion of Mr. Freeman, have had greater influence in furthering, in a liberal direction, the development of the English constitution than the apparently unimportant fact that the younger sons of peers are not distinguished, by a “particule” or otherwise, from the mass of commoners.

The Slavic languages, also, do not permit the particule, although French journalists continue to speak of *Monsieur de Gortschakov*, as they used to of *Monsieur de Palmerston*. But English nations are probably the only ones which set little value upon fine-sounding names, the reason, of course, being that, with them, they confer no practical advantage. How different this is in France, especially when a rich *roturier* desires to marry, we all know. Not many, however, are aware how few genuine noble names there are, nor how easy it is to establish a claim to a false one. In Mr. Hamerton's charming book on French life, there are some agreeable pages on this subject; though Mr. Hamerton describes only the manner in which titles are assumed, and ignores statistics. But in a conversation which the late Mr. Senior had with Mr. Adolphe de Circourt in 1862, I get the numbers required. In 1789, he said, there were some 220,000 persons *censés* to be noble.

At least nine tenths of these families perished in the Revolution, or died out, or sank into poverty so abject as to be now unknown. “In my province, Lorraine, there were then about two hundred and fifty families of recognized nobility. In 1815, only eleven were left. The creations by later sovereigns have not been numerous enough materially to affect the number. If there are now in France 22,000 nobles, it is the maximum. At three to a family, they form 7333 families.”

But, however few the real nobles may be, the spurious ones are numerous enough; and, in most cases, nobody but some old woman who has made a Bible of her peerage can tell the difference. And even if it were easy to do so, it would not be for the interest of the noblesse to expose false claims, for it is only through the eagerness to please and to be received on the part of the spurious gentry that it maintains any hold upon the country. An apparently invented name is sometimes an accident in the case of the person who was first called by it, but it is likely to become a barefaced assumption with his descendants. In the Parliament of 1848, for instance, there were two men named Dupont, and one of them, who was called, from the district whence he came, “de l'Eure,” became well known. But the son of Mr. Dupont (de l'Eure), if he had one, probably calls himself, briefly, Mr. So-and-So de l'Eure. Thus Mr. Adolphe Granier de Cassagnac, who died last January, printed his name as we have here; but his son Paul ignores the plebeian Granier, and is De Cassagnac simply. Sometimes, however, a noble patronymic can be acquired in a single generation; as in the case of Mr. Eugène Jacquot (de Mirecourt), a country town in Vosges. In Germany, the making of high-sounding names is even more common than in France; for the ways in which the assumption can be made are there more numerous. Of the

Cassagnac style, the name of the Paris correspondent of *The Times* is an amusing instance. This gentleman's name was Oppert, and he came from the village of Blowitz, in Prussia. He was, therefore, in his native land, Mr. Oppert *aus* Blowitz; but as the French knows no distinction between the meaning of the words *aus* and *von*, he was, in that language, Mr. Oppert *de* Blowitz, or, as he usually signs himself, O. *de* Blowitz; whence arose the suggestion of *Le Voltaire*, that, so long as he had entire liberty of choice, he might as well have called himself O. *de* Cologne. This, however, is not the common way in which German names are assumed. As the titles of the lower grades of the German nobility are shared by all the sons, some device is necessary to distinguish between them, and this is usually done by bracketing with the family name that of the personal estate. Bismarck, for instance, being the only *Fürst* of the name, can now afford to do without an appendage of this kind; but he began life as Mr. von Bismarck-Schönhausen, the "Schönhausen" distinguishing his branch of the family from their cousins, the Bismarck-Bohlens, and perhaps others. Now, while there are plenty of instances of German *bourgeois* substituting the aristocratic "von" for the merely descriptive "aus," the ordinary way of distinguishing one's self is to make out of the vulgar Schulze, for instance, the comparatively high-sounding Schulze-Delitsch; out of plain Braun and plainer Schmidt, the new and beautiful appellations of Braun-Wiesbaden and Schmidt-Weissenfels. Of the other kind of improved names, the best examples are perhaps those of the poets Müller von Königswinter and Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

It remains to mention a third way in which Germans become noble. While, in that country, some are born noble, and others, as we have seen, acquire nobility, a third class have nobility thrust

upon them. Thus the husband of Mrs. Paalzow, whose life and work have recently been brought so agreeably to our notice, was a simple bourgeois, nor did letters patent ever bestow nobility upon his wife. But her characters breathed an atmosphere so aristocratic, and she herself was so patronized at court, that the public regarded it as a matter of course that she had the *von*, and, though she never herself used it, it accompanies her name in the literature histories to this day.

—A comparison of the various "authorities" on the life of Poe furnishes as great a curiosity as there is in American literature. I have not tried to go through the whole list, but from a few works I have gathered these interesting facts.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Boston, on the 19th of January and the 19th of February, 1809. It would seem that this might have satisfied him as a beginning, especially if Bostonians are right in thinking—as a famous divine once said they do—that a man who is born in Boston does not share with the rest of mankind the need of being born again. But for some unknown reason Poe changed his birthplace in 1811, and this time began life in Baltimore. On the face of it this seems a grave error of judgment; but it was not; it was merely the working out of an inherited tendency: for his parents died quite as often as he himself was born. His mother died of pneumonia, in Richmond, December 8, 1811; "Mr. Poe died of consumption, two weeks after the death of his wife;" he was also burned to death at the destruction of the Richmond Theatre on the 26th of December, 1811. (According to one authority, he perished in a vain attempt to save his wife, who was in the burning building.) Finally both parents died of consumption, in 1815.

Young Poe was then adopted by Mr. John Allan of Richmond, in 1811, and

by Mr. John Allan of Baltimore in 1815. After some rather mythical experiences at English schools, he returned home, and in 1822 entered the University of Virginia, from which he graduated in 1826, after having been a member of the University only one session; he was also expelled for "gambling, intemperance, and other vices," leaving a spotless record behind him ("at no time did he fall under the censure of the faculty"). After all this, one is not surprised to learn that without leaving America he went to Athens to aid in freeing the Greeks, but was mysteriously sent home from St. Petersburg before he reached Athens. And so the stories go, through a great part of the life of this man who is variously described as being almost as satanic as Beelzebub, almost as angelic as Gabriel, and quite as nobly human as the purest and tenderest husband and son.

It is certainly a pity that our standard works of reference, and the books which we put into the hands of our school-children, should be so contradictory. It is easy to see how Allibone, Thomas, Underwood, and the others who wrote ten years ago, or more, were led into their inaccuracies. They naturally trusted much to Griswold's imaginative book, which he called a memoir of Poe, and hence they repeated many of his statements, drawing from them such inferences as they severally chose. But since Mr. Gill's fruitful labors have found expression in his *Life of Poe*, and since the publication of several memoirs in which there is at least a close approximation to the truth, it has been possible for critics and anthologists to avoid the mistakes of their predecessors. Yet Adams, in his *Dictionary of English Literature* (1877), though he refers to Ingram's excellent memoir, gives the old, wrong date of birth; and Mr. Eugene Lawrence, in his *Primer of American Literature* (1880), says doubtfully, "Poe was born at Baltimore, 1811

(1809)," — while Mr. Richardson, in his book bearing the same title, published two years ago, gives only the wrong date. The latest anthology that I have seen, too, credits Poe with being born at Baltimore in 1811, and graduating from the University of Virginia.

— "Father has an ear for grammar," said a lady who wished to signify that her father used correct language, although he had little knowledge of rules. It struck me as an odd expression when I heard it, but I have since had reason to regard it as a very appropriate one. I was again reminded of the saying by the article on *Unlearnable Things* in the *June Contributors' Club*, which I read with a great deal of interest. (It is strange what an interest people *do* take in such matters, — even people who have only "an ear for grammar.") The writer of the article in question gives it as his opinion that "one man can't punctuate another man's manuscript." Should one man ever try to amend in *any* way another man's, or woman's, manuscript? I had occasion to use the expression "to look charming," in a recent article which I sent to a magazine. Imagine my annoyance, when I saw it in print, at finding that the editor had substituted "charmingly" for "charming," — as if I did n't know where adverbs should be used, and where adjectives!

You see the adverb is not included in the "freightage of unlearnable things" which I carry, — in fact, it is my strong point, as it is *A Boston Girl's*, — but the thing that troubles me most is the use of the subjunctive mood. I have studied Bullions' *Grammar* on the subject, which, though an old work, seems still to be very good authority, judging from the conformity to its rules which I have noticed in the best writers; and I thought when I read, "The present subjunctive, in its proper form, according to present approved usage, has always a *future* reference; that is, it denotes a present uncertainty or contingency respecting a

supposed *future* action or event: thus, 'If he *write*' is equivalent to 'If he should write,' or 'If he shall write,'" that I had found a safe rule to follow, and resolved that I would use the subjunctive only in reference to a future action or event. This rule, however, I find is constantly violated by good writers and I conclude that the distinction therein laid down has become obsolete, and that I must draw the line somewhere else. Therefore it is a great comfort to me to see it stated that "some grammarians reject the subjunctive altogether,"—if they only *all* would, it would be such a happy way out of my difficulty!—although, as it confronts me everywhere in my reading, I can not avail myself with a quite clear conscience of the license allowed by that rather vaguely defined class.

—Our friend Saavedra is in Curaçao again, on his way to Caracas, and he has been telling us of the *fiestas* in his town of Bocono. Saavedra, whose father was at one time president of the state of Trujillo, was sent abroad to study, with a number of young men, by the Venezuelan government. On returning to his country he resolved to devote himself to the education and elevation of his countrymen, preferring to begin his work in Bocono, — far in the interior, — and rejecting all proffered advantages, so tempting to young Venezuelans, held out by friends in the larger cities, who earnestly desired him to make a name for himself, and "not bury himself in the interior." He lives in the Cordilleras, in the most beautiful valley, full of trees, with three rivers, all large enough for boats, where the climate is a little cooler than in Caracas. When Saavedra returned from Europe he founded a Society for Recreation and Progress, hired two large rooms, and began to form a library. Each member gave a book or two, so that now they have two hundred and fifty volumes and a number of periodicals. The library is open all night, and

the workingmen go there to read. Next, Saavedra proposed to buy a printing-press. Immense enthusiasm. Everybody contributed: "eighty señoras and señoritas," he says proudly. The money was sent to the United States, and they soon heard that the famous press was in Curaçao. Then it was proposed to make a great fiesta in honor of its arrival. The members of the society decided to name all the streets of Bocono, and to plant trees in the central square. The authorities had nothing to do in all this but give the permission, and added twelve dollars to buy paint. The members themselves painted the names. Bocono has six thousand inhabitants, and there are sixteen streets, eight one way and eight the other. Thus they form squares, which are named Calle de Bolivar, Calle de la Independencia, etc. The people also planted one hundred and eighty trees in a square where there is a tree called Liberty, set there on the day which gave liberty to the slaves. When they heard that the press was on the road and almost there, eighty people on horseback went to receive it. There were thirty ladies, each with a small flag and a wreath of flowers. When they reached the cart with the press, they covered it and the packages with the flags and flowers, and conducted it in triumph to Bocono. They dedicated the square with music and speeches, and in the evening met in the library. Imagine it, — they had never seen a printing-press! The printer came from the capital, Trujillo. Saavedra says there was a breathless silence when the press was put in motion, and as the sheet was drawn out with the declaration of the independence of Venezuela printed on it every one, ladies, gentlemen, and the populace in the doors and windows, burst into cheers. Bocono is full of Indian caves, in which they find skeletons, arms, and big-headed idols. Saavedra is founding a museum, and intends to have a grand exploration of all the caves.